April 5, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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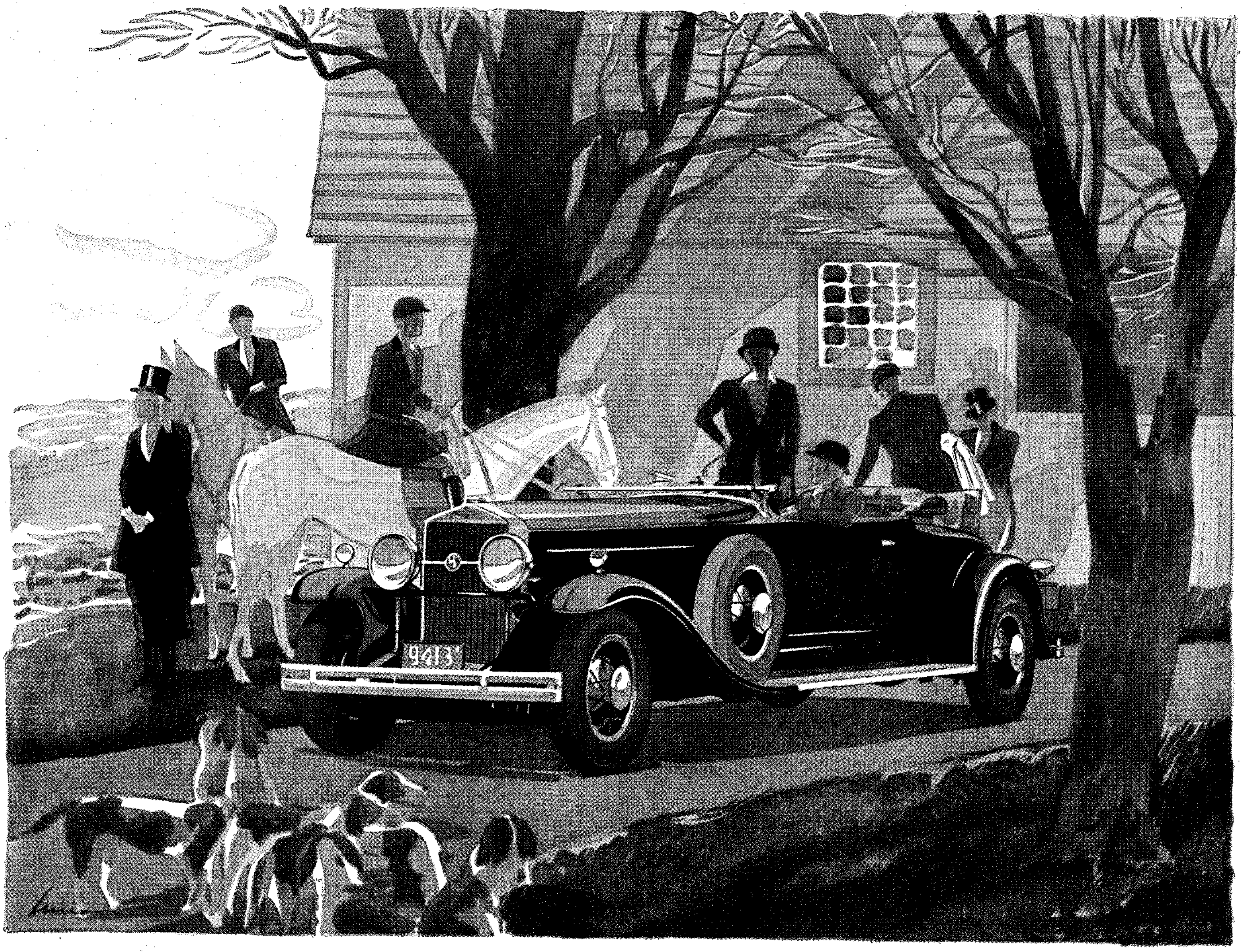

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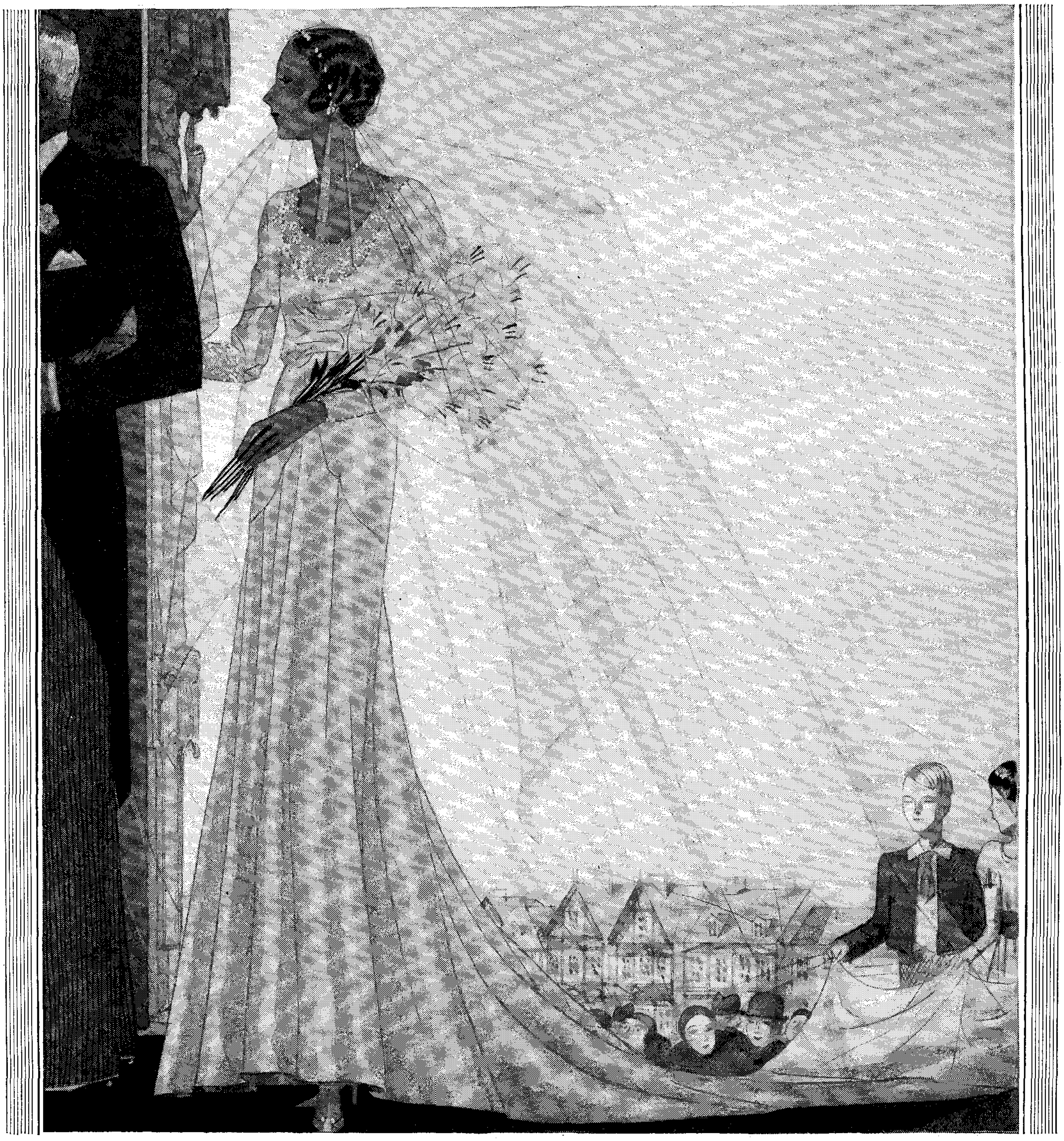

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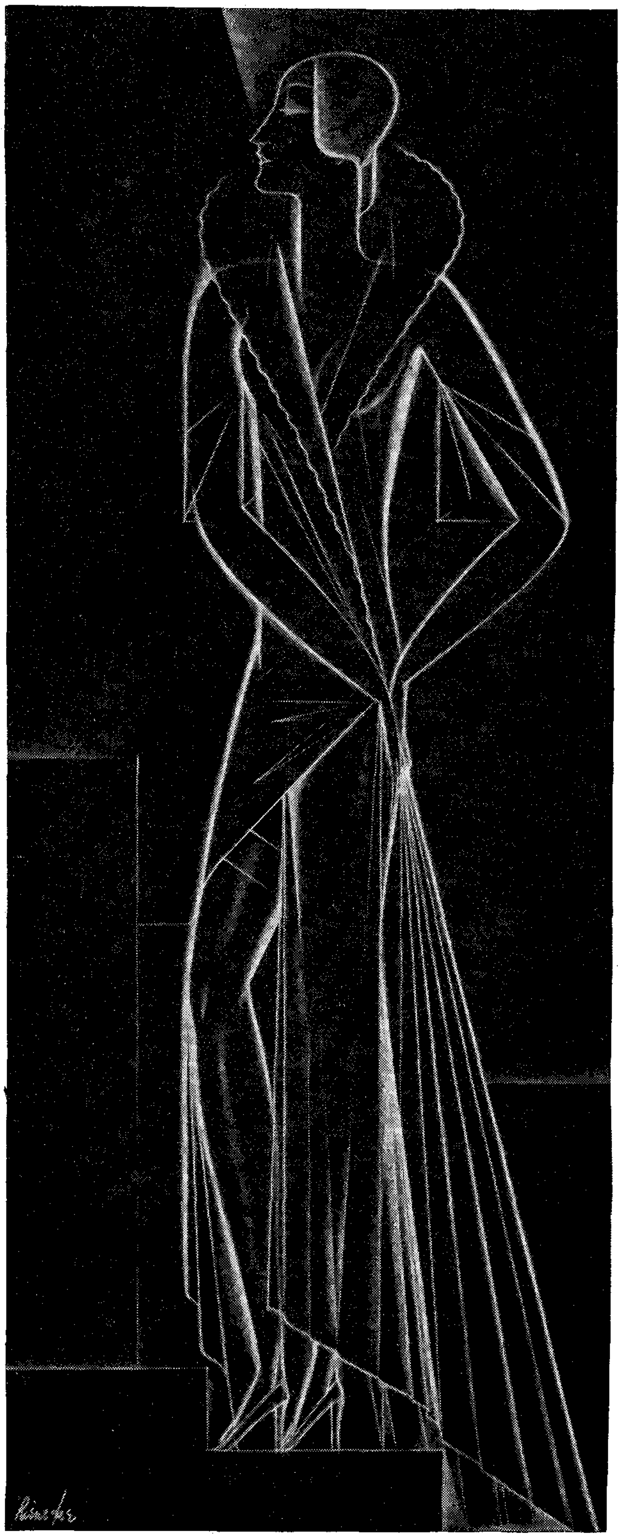
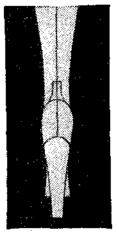
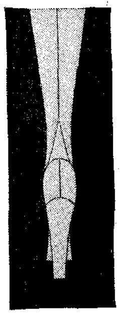
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 7, April 5, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.





SLENDO* HEEL



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This Easter, Kayser Colors Classique...will be a colorful part of the Parade. Glance through the following "chart" to chic. Aphrodite, for the beige...Phoebe for the neutral tone tailored costume...Juno for the soft blues...Diana for vibrant blues...Vesta with black...and, with the Sunday evening gown there's Aurora. These shades attain their richness and beauty by the pure Kayser dyes and pure thread silk. In both "Slipper Heel" and "Slendo" Heel styles. $1.35—$1.50—$1.95 and up.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 12]

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE APPLE CART—Shaw's latest thesis on democracy in a first and third act and an olio. Some good stuff well-nigh buried in words. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

APRON STRINGS—The unfortunate plight of a young wife whose husband regulates his life by a series of letters from his mother. A good comedy. (Cort, 48, E.)

BERKELEY SQUARE—Leslie Howard at his best (or anybody else's) in a ghost story with a metaphysical twist. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's ingenuous comedy, wherein three travellers become involved in the quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. (49th Street, 49, W.)

BROKEN DISHES—A modest little comedy of the revolt of a downtrodden husband. Donald Meek makes it worth seeing. (Masque, 45, W. Closes Sat., Apr. 5.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Fri. Eve., Apr. 4.) . . . "The Cradle Song," Sierra's tender little play. (Sat. Mat., Apr. 5.) . . . "La Locandiera," eighteenth-century Italian comedy. (Sat. Eve., Apr. 5.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. Season ends Sat. Eve., Apr. 5.)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Philip Merivale personifying a character named "Death" who mixes with mortals and finds out what it is like to have to die. Not quite as effective as it might have been. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

DISHONORED LADY—Katharine Cornell bringing her commanding presence to a career of melodramatic and anti-social violations of several codes. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A pleasant, if not highly original comedy by St. John Ervine, dealing with a wife who gets her first (and only) husband back. Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith make it what it is. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A Negro's idea of the story of the Old Testament, acted by a fine all-Negro cast. Marc Connelly has written here the outstanding play of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Comedy of small-town life crowded with amusing character and incident. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officer's dugout. A singularly beautiful and moving play that has recently completed a year's run. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—This play of Tin Pan Alley by Ring Lardner and George Kaufman has more laughs in it than all the other shows in New York put together. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—What it feels like to live in the death house. A grim but powerful account of a prison revolt. (Harris, 42, W.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—A. A. Milne, having dropped winnying and poohing, writes a straightforward play which involves a man and wife who unwittingly kill somebody. With Henry Hull and Edith Barrett. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—Turgenev's gentle comedy of love-life among the Russian bourgeois in 1840, with Nazimova as the most loving. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE OLD RASCAL—Notable, if at all, because it presents William Hodge in the new rôle of an old reprobate who actually drinks and talks dirty! (Bijou, 45, W.)

REBOUND—A comedy of marriage manners which is quite a little more than that. Rich in the Donald Ogden Stewart brand of humor. Hope Williams heads an excellent cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE RIVALS—Mrs. Fiske and an all-star cast in Sheridan's play. Last two days. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:30 P.M. Closes Sat., Apr. 5.)

SHAKESPEAREAN REPERTORY—Fritz Leiber and his company—"King Lear," Fri. Eve., Apr. 4; "Twelfth Night," Sat. Mat., Apr. 5; "Hamlet," Sat. Eve., Apr. 5. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:30 P.M. Engagement ends Sat., Apr. 5.)

STREET SCENE—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionnel* in a New York tenement. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. Extra Mat. Tues., Apr. 8.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—More fun than you ever had in the subway. Murder before your very eyes. (Republic, 42, W.)

TOPAZE—A school teacher who learned how to be a business success, with Frank Morgan excellent in the title rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL SKETCH BOOK—Typical Earl Carroll show, with better comedy than usual and the same high-grade girls. (46th Street, 46, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Americans in Paris going at a great rate between the Ritz Bar and the American Express. Comical, with occasional raw spots. William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Broderick, and Cole Porter music. (Lyric, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—The new musical-comedy hit, with some nice tunes, good dancing, Oscar Shaw, and the uproariously comic Bert Lahr. (Apollo, 42, W.)

LEW LESLIE'S INTERNATIONAL REVUE—Gertrude Lawrence, Harry Richman, Jack Pearl, Moss and Fontana, in a show that is a lot better than it was when it opened—which it had to be. (Majestic, 44, W.)

SIMPLE SIMON—Ed Wynn, Ed Wynn, Ed Wynn. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—Mr. Jack Donahue carrying the whole war on his shoulders, and very funny about it too. A good show. (Imperial, 45, W.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND—Clark and McCullough, Blanche Ring, and a fine Gershwin score, making the only satirical musical comedy in town also one of the funniest. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Mr. Cochran's very British revue, which has Jack Buchanan (who leaves the cast after Apr. 5), Jessie Matthews, Cole Porter music, and a corps of fine dancers headed by Tilly Losch. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

●

MAURICE CHEVALIER—In a program of songs in French and English, accompanied by Duke Ellington's band. (Fulton, 46, W. Every Eve. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:50 P.M.)

RUTH DRAPER—Don't miss this one-woman repertory company. (Comedy, 41, E. Fri., Sun., Tues., and Wed. Eves. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

VAUDEVILLE—Helen Morgan and Jules Bledsoe are at the Palace Fri., Apr. 4. Helen Morgan, Hal Skelly, Carl Randall and Virginia Watson, and Ben Bernie's band will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Apr. 5. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—"Cinderella," presented by the Charlotte Lund Opera Co., Sat. Morn., Apr. 5, at 11. (Town Hall, 43, E.) . . . The Juvenile Players in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Sat. Aft., Apr. 5, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue atmosphere; Harold Stern's orchestra.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's orchestra, and dancing by Rosita and Ramon.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Irene Bordoni, and Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Topnotch as usual. Sherbo's orchestra, with dancing by Murphy and Johnson, and Moore and Revel. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—High-hat Broadway; with Harry Richman and Norma Terriss.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band playing in agreeable surroundings.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—A few of the more interesting places of this type are: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with an elaborate revue and no cover charge. . . . The Night Boat, 117 W. 48, with Miss June Day. . . . Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, recently opened, with the Koutzetzof Nicolina Trio. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusingly decorated place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, has The Sunshines, Mentalists. . . . The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—The Moscow Art, 216 W. 44, has an entertaining show. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is agreeably romantic. . . . Way down East and inexpensive: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

DISRAELI—George Arliss playing the great Minister again, in a screen version that should satisfy the

(Continued on page 6)

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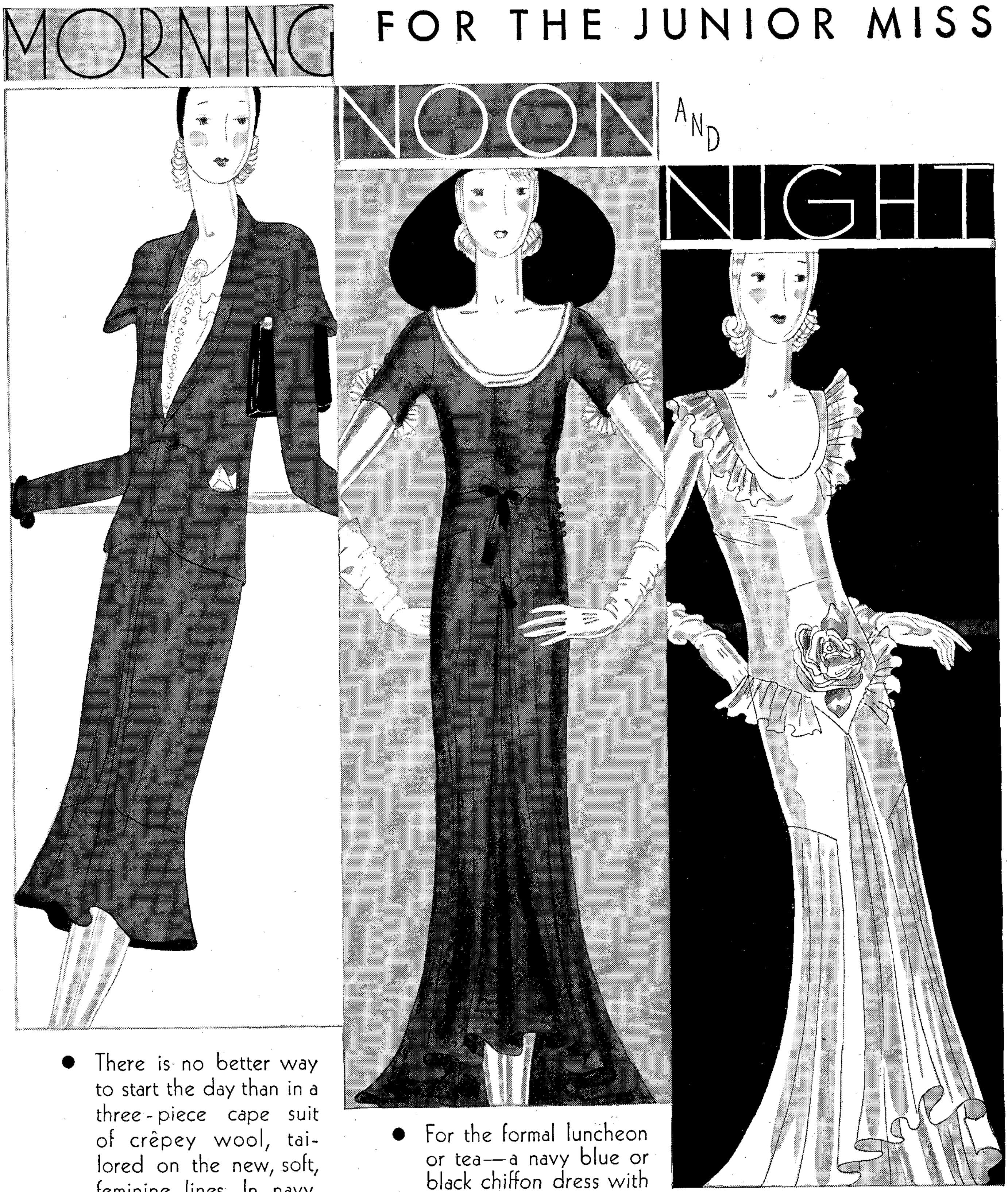

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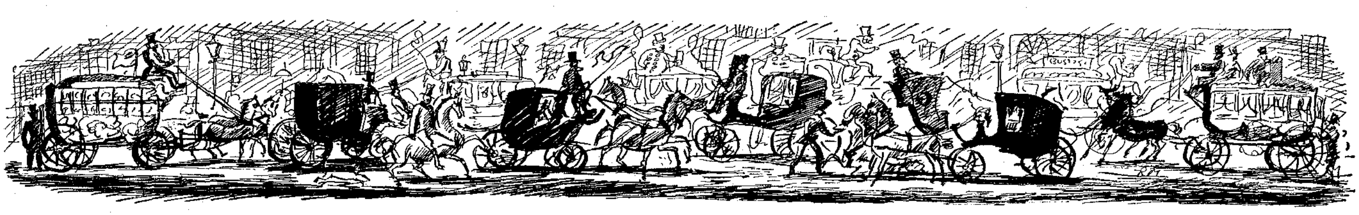

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(Continued from page 4)

fastidious public. (Strand, B'way at 47; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

Mammy—If you like minstrel-show movies you will like this with Al Jolson. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The Rogue Song—Mr. Tibbett of the Metropolitan in an operetta of bandits and gypsies and Russian countesses. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

Song o' My Heart—Laughter and tears in the John McCormack manner, skillfully presented. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

The Vagabond King—The musical show screened, with Dennis King singing his best. All in color. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

News Reel Theatre—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Anna Christie," Greta Garbo as the hapless heroine of Eugene O'Neill's play; "The Green Goddess," George Arliss as a suave but wicked rajah in a polite melodrama; "The Love Parade," Maurice Chevalier in an attractive comedy with music; "Puttin' on the Ritz," lively and amusing songs, with Harry Richman and Joan Bennett; "Street of Chance," stud poker on a big scale along Broadway, with William Powell.

OPENING OF NOTE

Journey's End—Movie version of the famous British war play. Opens Tues. Eve., Apr. 8, at 8:45. (Gaiety, B'way at 46.)

ART

Academy—Spring show of the National Academy of Design: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M. through Sun., Apr. 6.

African—Famous Guillaume collection of African sculpture: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Dove—Annual showing of paintings by a very fine American: Stieglitz' An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

Foreign Posters—Exhibition of modern European posters: Harper's Bazaar Galleries, 10th floor, 572 Madison. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 5.

Havemeyer—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection on view at last, and raising the Museum's batting average from .129 to .400: Galleries 20-25, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Living Art—Permanent exhibition of twentieth-century Americans and Europeans: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

Modern—The new show at the Museum of Modern Art, opening Thurs., Apr. 10, will include early water colors by Burchfield, and paintings and sculpture by a group of young artists: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

Sergei Rachmaninoff—Spring recital by the man who can't live down his most popular composition. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 5, at 2:30.

Beniamino Gigli—A chance to hear him sing in evening clothes. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Apr. 6.

Russian Cultural Centre Concert—Many eminent Russians in all kinds of music. Metropolitan Opera House, Tues. Eve., Apr. 8.

Katherine Bacon—Another recital by this pianiste, who is as able as she is ubiquitous. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 12.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Apr. 4, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Apr. 5, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Apr. 6; Wed. Eve., Apr. 9, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Apr. 11, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Apr. 12, at 8:45.

New Jersey College for Women Combined Choirs—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 4.

Barrère Little Symphony—Barrère conducting; Maria Kurenko, soprano soloist: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Apr. 6.

American Orchestral Society—Clifton conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Apr. 8.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 8, at 8:45.

Harvard Glee Club—Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 8.

Fordham Glee Club—Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Apr. 9.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 10; Sat. Aft., Apr. 12, at 2:30.

Juilliard Graduate School String Orchestra—Stoessel conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 11.

New York University Glee Club—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 12.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Louise," Fri. Eve., Apr. 4, at 8; "La Gioconda," Sat. Aft., Apr. 5, at 2; "Die Meistersinger," Sat. Eve., Apr. 5, at 7:45; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Apr. 6, at 8:30; "L'Elisir d'Amore," Mon. Eve., Apr. 7, at 8:15; "Tannhäuser," Wed. Eve., Apr. 9, at 8; "Mignon," Thurs. Eve., Apr. 10, at 8:15; "Sadko," Fri. Aft., Apr. 11, at 2; "Lohengrin," Fri. Eve., Apr. 11, at 8.

ON THE AIR

Boxing—From Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eve., Apr. 4, at 9:30, over WMCA.

Bebe Daniels—Singing in a radio version of "Rio Rita:" Sat. Eve., Apr. 5, at 8:30, over WEAF.

Walter Damrosch—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Apr. 5 and 12, at 9, over WEAF.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Apr. 6, at 3, over WOR.

John Charles Thomas—Baritone: Sun. Eve., Apr. 6, at 9:15, over WEAF.

Manhattan Symphony—Hadley conducting: Sun. Eve., Apr. 6, at 9:30, over WOR.

Rosa Ponselle—Operatic soprano: Thurs. Eve., Apr. 10, at 10, over WEAF.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Al Singer vs. Ignacio Fernandez, Fri. Eve., Apr. 4; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

Indoor Polo—National championship playoffs:

At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Apr. 5: Class D finals, at 8:30; Class A semifinals, at 9:30. . . . Wed. Eve., Apr. 9: Open semifinals, at 8:30; Class A finals, at 9:30. . . . Sat. Eve., Apr. 12: Open finals, at 9:30.

At 101st Cavalry Armory, Bedford Ave. and President St., Brooklyn—Sat. Eve., Apr. 5: Class B finals, at 8:30; Open eliminations, at 9:30.

OTHER EVENTS

Circus—Annual visit of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey combined show: Madison Square Garden, opening Mon., Apr. 7; performances at 2 and 8 P.M. daily. . . . For a preview of the circus you can go to the Coliseum, Tremont Ave. at 177, where it will be Fri. and Sat., Apr. 4 and 5; performances at 2 and 8 P.M. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

A Night Under the Big Top—Supper dance in a circus setting; Harry Richman, William Gaxton, and Charles Butterworth are scheduled to appear: Grand Ballroom, Hotel Commodore, Sun. Eve., Apr. 6, at 10.

Public Balls—Supper dance for the benefit of Holiday House; Vivian Tobin, Genevieve Tobin and Ward Fox, Helen Morgan, Harriet Hoctor, and Bobbe Arnst will provide the entertainment: Park Lane, Fri. Eve., Apr. 4, at 11. . . . The Silhouette Dance, Society of Illustrators costume party: Hotel Plaza, Sat. Eve., Apr. 12, at 10. . . . Rainbow Ball: Ritz-Carlton, Sat. Eve., Apr. 12, at 10:30.

Auctions—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Gothic and Renaissance tapestries, textiles, rare Oriental rugs, and Italian furniture, from the V. and L. Benguiat collection: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 4 and 5, at 2:15. . . . H. C. Hoskier's library, together with other groups of first editions and standard sets: Tues. and Wed. Afts., Apr. 8 and 9, at 2:15. . . . Paintings from the Havemeyer collection, including Goya, David, Delacroix, El Greco, Mary Cassatt, Courbet, Cézanne, and many others; also, a small group of antique musical instruments, including a Stradivarius: Thurs. Eve., Apr. 10, at 8:15. . . . Roman, Syrian, and Egyptian glass, Hispano-Moresque lustre ware, Mohammedan pottery, Italian majolica, and Oriental rugs, from the Havemeyer estate: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Apr. 10-12, at 2:15.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

Aviation Show—New York Aircraft Salon, Madison Square Garden, May 3-10.

Baseball—Local season opens: Giants vs. Boston, Polo Grounds, Apr. 15; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Yankee Stadium, Apr. 22.

Crew—Yale-Columbia-Pennsylvania, Derby, Conn., May 3. . . . Yale-Princeton-Cornell, Princeton, May 17. . . . Harvard-Navy-Pennsylvania, Cambridge, May 17. . . . American Henleys, Philadelphia, May 24.

Golf—Mason and Dixon Amateur Championship, White Sulphur, Apr. 14-18. . . . Walker Cup Matches, Sandwich, Eng., May 15 and 16. . . . British Amateur, St. Andrews, Scotland, May 26-31.

Horse Shows—Brooklyn Horse Show, Apr. 22-26. . . . Essex Troop Horse Show, Newark, May 1-3.

Music—Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Toscanini conducting, through Apr. 20; Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Apr. 23. . . . Important recitals: Elman and Gabrilowitsch, Apr. 14; Horowitz, Apr. 15; Roland Hayes, Apr. 27. (All at Carnegie Hall). . . . Opera: Metropolitan supplementary season, Apr. 14-19. . . . League of Composers and Philadelphia Orchestra, stage production of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," at the Metropolitan, Apr. 22.

Racing—United Hunts, Aqueduct, Apr. 17 and 19. . . . Jamaica, Apr. 21-May 14. . . . Belmont Park, May 15-June 10. . . . Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, Louisville, May 17.

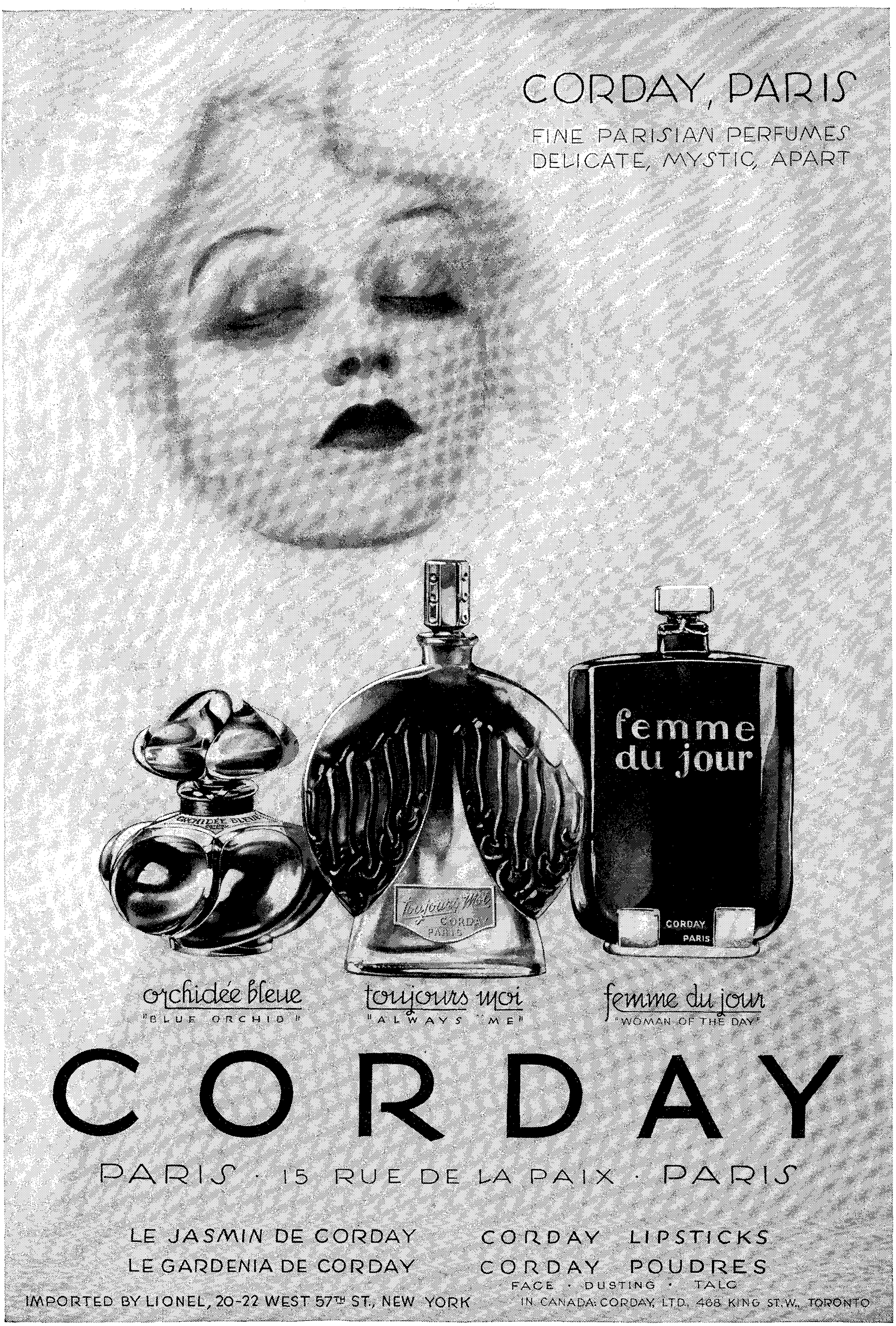
Tennis—Annual North and South Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C., Apr. 14-19. . . . Mason and Dixon Cup, White Sulphur, starts Apr. 21.

Theatre Openings (Dates uncertain)—"Hotel Universe," Theatre Guild production of Philip Barry's new play, with Ruth Gordon, Glenn Anders, and Earle Larimore: Apr. 14. . . . "Uncle Vanya," Jed Harris' production of Tchekov's play, with Lillian Gish, Walter Connolly, and Osgood Perkins: Cort, Apr. 15. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," with Eva Le Gallienne, Donald Cameron, and Jacob Ben-Ami: Civic Repertory, Apr. 21.

Track—Penn Relays, Philadelphia, Apr. 25. . . . Intercollegiates, Cambridge, Mass., May 30 and 31.

Other Dates—Butterfly Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Apr. 22. . . . Lambs' Gambol, Metropolitan Opera House, Apr. 27. . . . Annual Charity Carnival, "Romance," Madison Square Garden, Apr. 29.

Note—Daylight Saving starts Sun., Apr. 27, at 2 A.M.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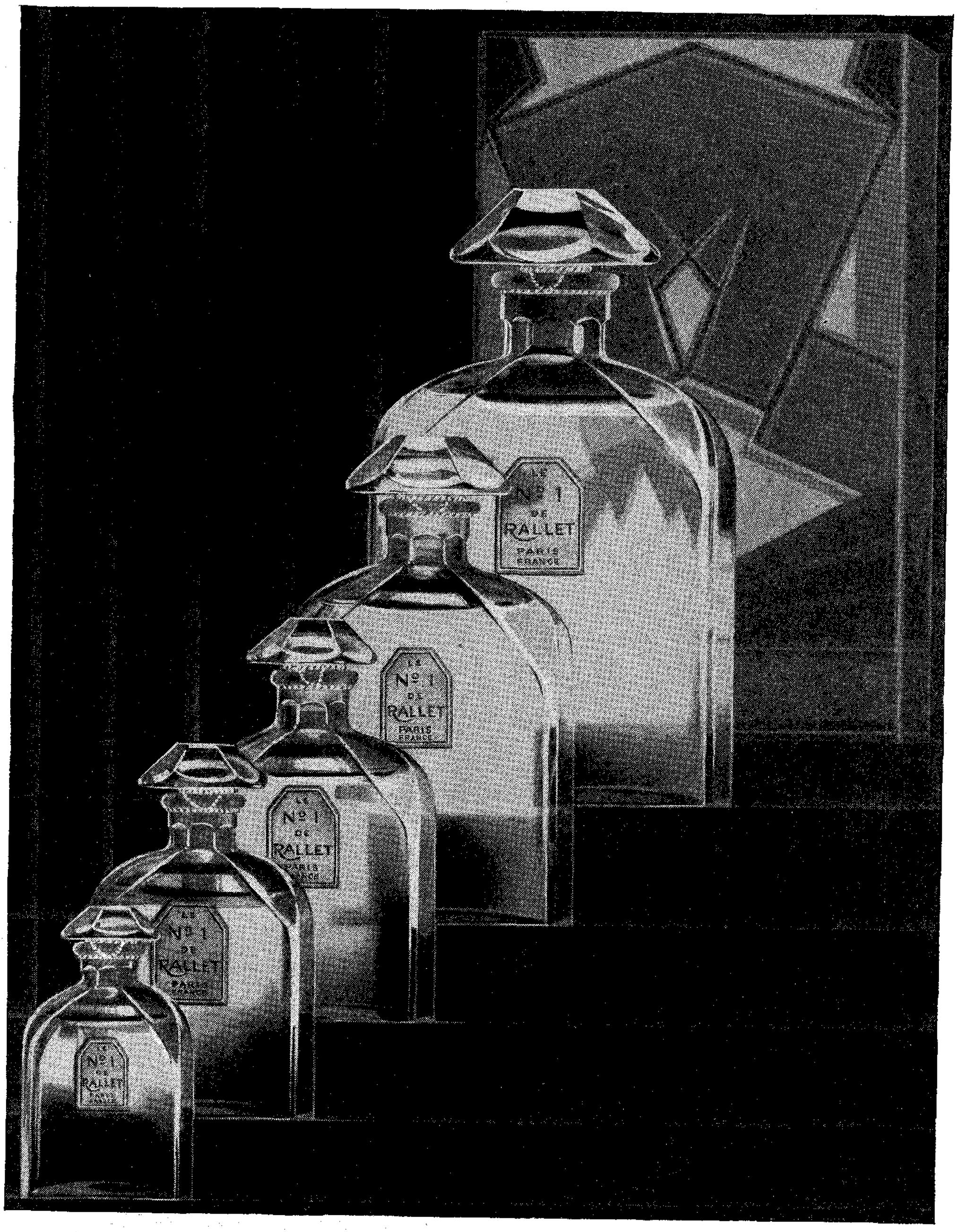

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The suit of mannish suiting, is as masculine as it dares to be in this season of femininity! It's the tailored suit, *softened*.. for in spite of padded shoulders . . mannish vest . . mannish fabric, it manages to look very feminine! . . . 85.00

STEWART

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY SIXTH ST.

A Thought On Town and Country Clothes

WHEN the Major meets his old cronie, Lord Chesterfield, it is not to be assumed that their conversation is devoted entirely to matters of State; indeed the Major's eloquence is apt to refer with enthusiasm to his favourite shop, where at this season new Town and Country Suits are being presented. Well worthy of note, is the new double breasted jacket suit cut from fine British flannels in a wide choice of colours, also to be had in fine worsteds, in tans, grays and light browns. Particularly well suited for their purpose are the country suits —three buttoned—with patch pockets and notch lapels in soft draping and mellow-toned Shetland homespuns; also in hard wearing tweeds.

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NEW YORK

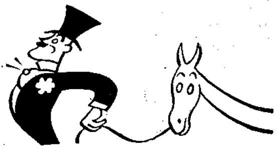
Our Men's Shop in the Financial District is a Favourite Rendezvous of the Major. Equitable Building—120 Broadway—Suite 3001.

THE NEW YORKER

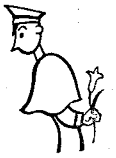
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IF it is true, as is rumored at present writing, that Mr. Whalen is going to resign as Police Commissioner, we have in mind a good opening for him. Desirous, as he certainly will be, to continue in public life to some extent, he could nowhere, we believe, find a more agreeable post than awaits him in Philadelphia, with the Rising Sun Association for the Recovery of Stolen Horses. This organization, we understand, is a very old and honorable one. It was established one hundred and five years ago. Doubtless it needs new blood, new ideas, new uniforms. Of late it has just drifted along, meeting once a year, electing its officers, talking over old times. The members have probably become less dressy, less aggressive, less alert than they used to be. They haven't recovered a stolen horse since 1913. Where else could Mr. Whalen bring his peculiar talents to bear to greater advantage? Fresh from his Union Square triumphs, his linen-duster war, his traffic revision, his taxicab dictatorship, and covered with the scars of battle, he could go in and put the Association for the Recovery of Stolen Horses on its feet as no other man in the world could. Starting with a thorough shake-up and the introduction of a new style of horse-recovery cap, he would soon be in the midst of a hundred reforms; and if there weren't any stolen horses to be recovered, Mr. Whalen could be counted on to recover some anyway. Nothing stops him. By the second week, the recovered horses would be all groomed, bedded down, and dressed in linen dusters.

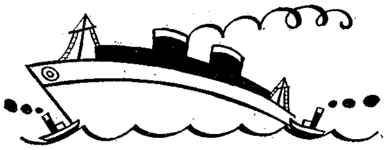


IT is our patriotic duty to warn the War Department about one of the cadets at West Point. We had a letter from this young man secretly advising us that the students of the Military Academy were to be taken on a visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He thought it was such a funny idea—cadets absorbing culture—that he ought to let us know about it. His action, of course, was treacherous in the extreme: a West Point man betraying his Academy to a weekly magazine. What kind of a fighter will he make, knifing his regiment in the back? We think he should be hung for the spy he is. Either that, or he should be discharged from the Academy so that he might become the useful citizen he shows great promise of being.



TO be a schoolboy today must be ever so much less onerous than in the days of our enlightenment. In our grammar school, classes were classes, and no fooling. The teacher always showed up, and when occasionally she didn't show up, a substitute (called a "subsatute") was right there to take her place. It was with clear memories of this scholastic regularity that we read, last week, that the entire faculty of the Avon School for Boys had resigned. Well, the resignation of an entire faculty is the sort of dream we used to have in seventh grade, during history hour, even if the resignation only lasted twenty-four hours. It was just a dream. We had to grow up to see it realized for the new generation. The Avon School boys are lucky little fellows, and they don't know what a privilege it is to be a child in these breezy and disturbed days of academic dissatisfaction and discussion.

WE sailed in a ship to a small island port recently. When the ship entered the harbor it was greeted with tumult and song, although it was just an ordinary steamer, arriving on schedule time. Small harbor craft rushed out to meet it, bands played, sailboats tacked rakishly across its bow, and the whole town was down on the quay to see it brought alongside. This salt gaiety set us thinking about New York, and the comparative dullness of harbor life here in Manhattan. Although this is one of the great seaports of the world, one seldom sees a ship. Except for a few lucky persons who work in downtown skyscrapers and people who commute to Jersey in ferries, people are strangely unaware of the great arrivals and departures in the harbor. The piers are built solid and high, and the North River is as lost to view as a walled garden. The Berengaria docks, and only a few taxi-drivers, customs



men, and intimates are there to extend a greeting. Occasionally, on Friday midnights, there float in the air long rumors of departing ships saying good-bye, but that's as near as we come to having a personal waterfront life during the workaday section of the year.

Whips

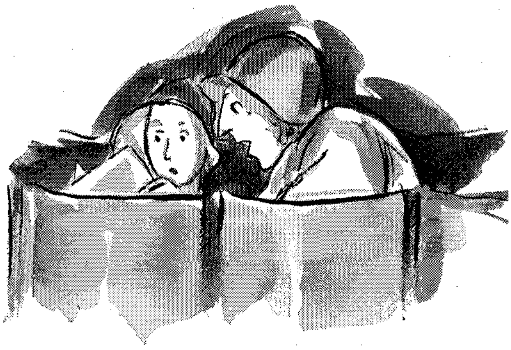
ALONG with the other vanishing occupations, such as music-box making, pipe carving, shaving-mug painting, and so on, which we have mentioned from time to time, is that of whipmaking. George S. Overin, at Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, is almost the only whipmaker left in town. He is still prosperous: he makes about ten or fifteen thousand riding crops alone, every year, and has, besides, a lucrative business in policemen's billies, polo mallets, and fly-flickers, or "chowries," which are short switches made of horses' tails, used to brush away flies. Last year he made a thousand sword-loops for the Venezuelan government. This year he is working on an invention of his own, a revolver holster which will permit you to shoot from the hip. The Overins, besides being whipmakers for four generations, have always been inventive. The father of the present head of the firm, for instance, was the man who first thought of putting leather loops on the handles of umbrellas. He made a lot of money out of the idea.

Most of the Overins' riding crops and whips are sold wholesale but there are still some people who come in and buy direct. Seth Thomas, the clock man, is one of these; he buys plain hunting crops. Others go in for fancy styles, with special handles made of staghorn, wild boars' tusks, ivory, silver, even solid gold. One man had his crop set with diamonds. Ladies used to order riding crops with hollow centres, to provide a receptacle for cigarettes, or for a powder puff and mirror. They don't any more. Women who ride nowadays, Mr. Overin says, carry cigarettes in the package and don't go in for cosmetics.

He gets lots of orders from actors, who seem to like hunting crops. The longest whip he ever made was for an actor. It was two and a half inches in diameter and fifty feet long. He gets a lot of strange orders, and does the best he can with them. People send in hunting trophies, deer's feet, heirlooms, wedding rings, to be used as trimmings. Usually, riding crops are made of whalebone, covered with Tahiti cane, and then with leather, but recently an executive at Gimbel's wanted one made out of a fish's spinal column, which he sent down. Mr. Overin hadn't any idea what kind of fish it had been, but he dressed it up, covered it with leather, and made a fine whip out of it.

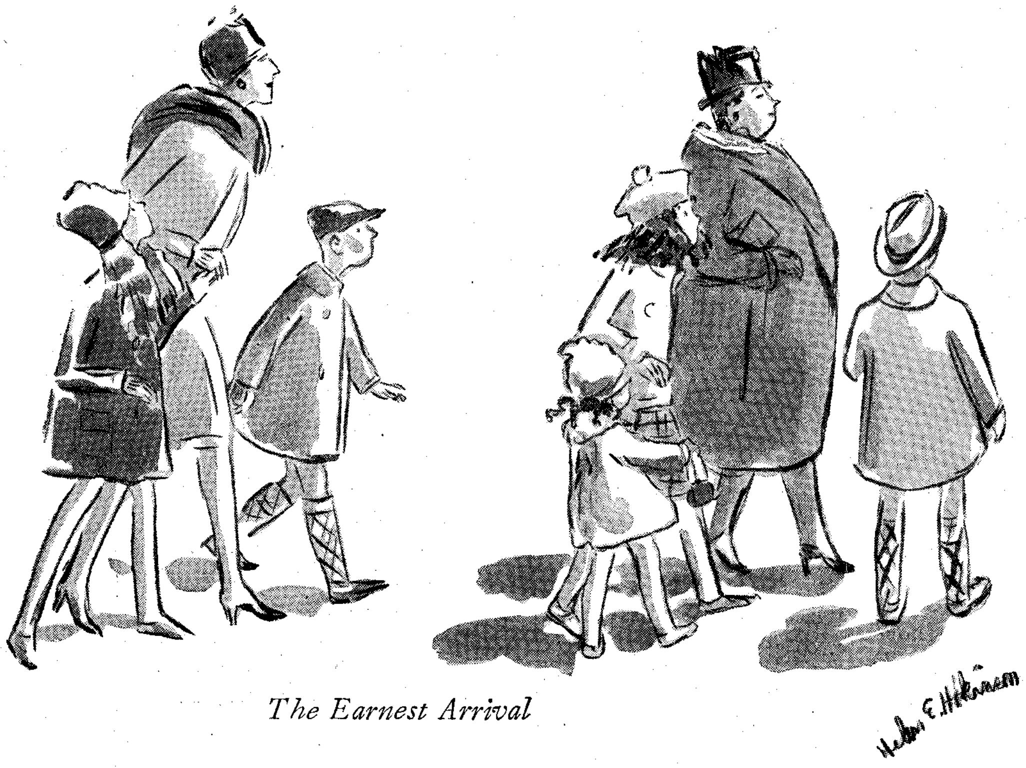
Big-Hearted Al

SOME of the guards and lesser officials at the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia, we learn, are wondering whether Al Capone is very generous or, rather, very shrewd. When he left that institution, he staggered everybody with the size of the tips he handed out to all who had had anything to do with him. Some of his gifts ran into hundreds, even thousands, of dollars. The thing is, they were not in cash, but in cheques, and there was a great hue and cry of influence and special privilege following the gangster's secret exit from prison. Fondling, from time to time, little pieces of paper which might be converted into a new spring car, the guards and others have come to realize just how bad it would look for them to be cashing cheques in large amounts



"See, darling? They're going to play Wagner. You know, Wagner."

CHILDREN'S CONCERT



The Earnest Arrival

made out by Al Capone. None of them has done it yet.

Men in Bronze

MANY people think Gene Tunney posed for the central figure of the war-memorial group at Sixty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue. We asked the sculptor, Mr. Karl Illava, about that, and he said it wasn't Tunney at all—it was a Mr. Paul Cornell, head of an advertising agency. He was picked to pose for it because he represented, in the sculptor's opinion, a typical American. (Scratch a bronze soldier and you find an advertising man.)

While we were on the subject we found out who else appears in that spirited infantry attack. The figures on either side of Mr. Cornell—figures representing the brute in war—are Kenneth Logan, a Scarsdale realtor, and Mr. Ollin J. Coit, big-game hunter and friend of the late Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Logan is on Mr. Cornell's right; Mr. Coit on his left. Nobody was asked to pose for the dying soldier, because there is a superstition about posing for death scenes, but George E. Holl, the etcher, not being superstitious, volunteered his services. Mr. Illava told us that Mr. Holl found the rôle of dying soldier attractive to him because he was naturally a shrinking type.

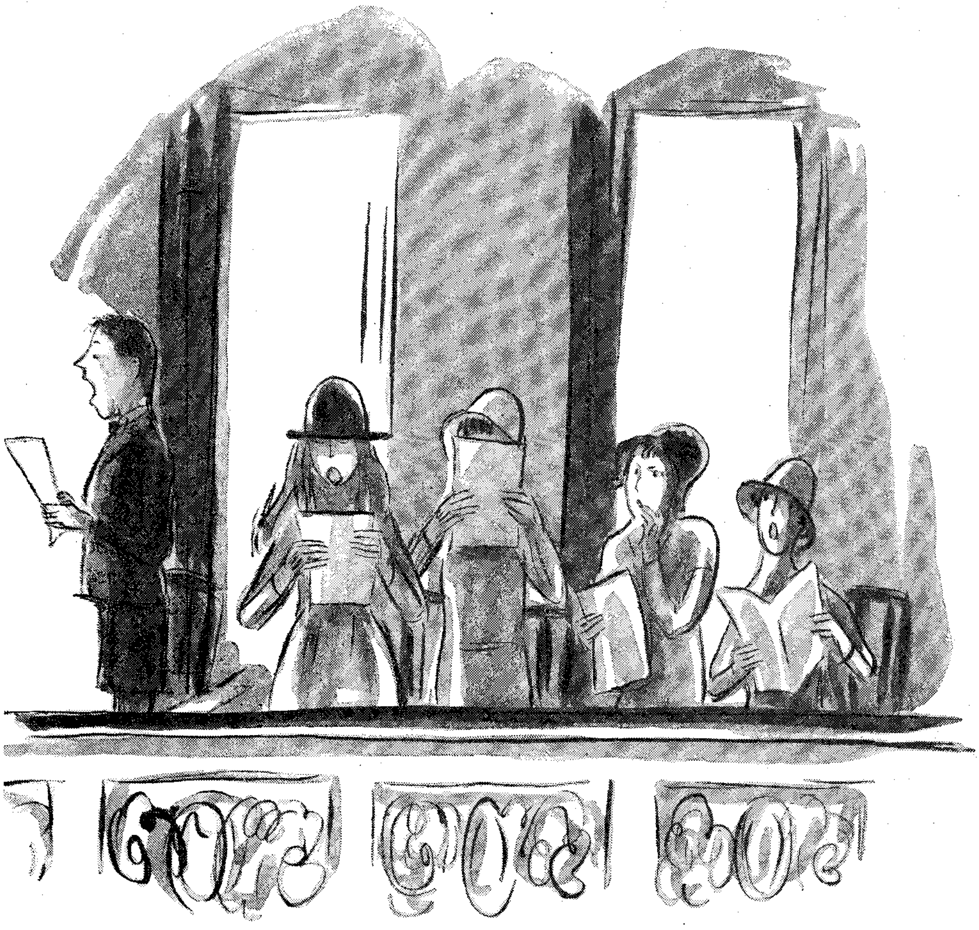
The soldier who seems about to hurl a hand grenade is Russell T. Kirby, who lives in Bronxville and who would be the last man in the world, Mr. Illava assured us, to throw a grenade. He is the erudite type, and was picked to pose for a grenade-thrower because he represented the slow, thoughtful fighter. The man supporting the dying soldier is Merwin Shrady, son of the late Henry Merwin Shrady, sculptor. None of the men in the group was in the 107th Infantry Regiment which the statue commemorates, but several of them saw military service. You ought to be able to pass Sixty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue now with a good deal more confidence.

Midnight in Brooklyn

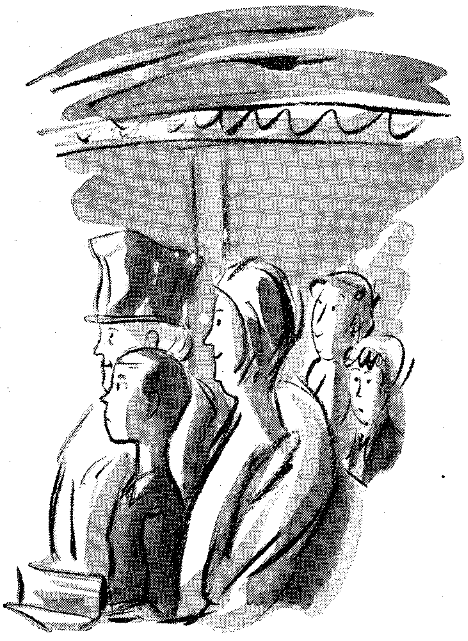
A LADY who lives in Brooklyn had been visiting friends in Manhattan the other night and, waiving all escort, decided to go home alone, by taxi. It was rather late for her quiet neighborhood when she reached the door; more, she found she had forgotten her house key, and no amount of ringing wakened anyone inside. The taxi-driver, however, had been watching from the curb. He jumped down from his seat and joined her. He pulled a bunch of keys from his pocket. "I'll open that door for ya, lady," he said, and did. Then, as she was thanking him, he bent close. "Skeleton keys," he whispered, darkly. The lady was grateful, is still grateful, but she is also a little jumpy.

What's in a Name

SOME of his oldest friends still call Truly Warner, the hat man, "Al." For one thing, it is pretty hard to think up a nickname for "Truly." For another, he was really christened "Albert J." His present name was chosen, by himself, in 1902, and represents a combination of business acumen and sheer sentiment. Two years earlier, in partnership with another man, he had opened his first hat store, near the corner of Broadway and Warren Street. Their combined capital was a little less than seven hundred dollars; their first day's receipts—including a five-dollar bill which someone, for no reason Warner has ever been able to discover, slipped underneath the door—totalled thirty-five dollars. Inside a year, however, they had prospered enough to open a branch store uptown, at Broadway and Thirteenth Street. Then the partners split. They flipped a coin for choice of the two stores. Warner drew the downtown one, and



All together, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"



Hoping to kindle the spark of musical genius immediately set about making things hum.

The first thing was the name. He wanted it distinctive, and suddenly, in one of those flashes of inspiration which men sometimes get, he had an idea. For years he had been signing his letters "Truly, Warner." Now, he merely omitted the comma. There was a little difficulty in making the change legal: in fact the judge who finally approved it remarked to the attorney afterward, "That man is making a damn fool of himself." Warner went ahead with his new name. It now is written, script fashion, over the doors of fifty-four low-priced hat stores.

Most of his success was gained by showmanship. He is a Barnum at window-display. When the Lusitania made its record crossing in 1908, he immediately cooked up a window card which pointed out that "like the Lusitania, our hats are a little ahead of all the others." Later, when Eliot collected his famous five-foot shelf, Warner made up one too, of hats. Nowadays he goes in more for "moods." He names his hats whimsically: It's a Daisy, Just Brown, Mr. Hawkins. Recently he created a new one, a snappy felt, called Hereafter. For this the hat was mounted against a background of dark red velvet; concealed lights flashed on and off, alternately illuminating the creation as with lightning, and plunging it in a darkness as of the void. It was, perhaps, a rather terrifying conception of the hereafter, but it attracted attention. It sold hats.

Our Navy in Peace

LIKE other naval vessels, the U. S. S. Sapelo has a mascot. The Sapelo has a cat. The Sapelo put briskly to sea one day in March, and some hours later officers and men alike became aware that something was wrong. The cat hadn't been seen. Bugles were sounded, a conference held, and a formal search ordered. Most of the crew was ordered to drop everything and join. No cat. At a subsequent dismal conference one officer hopefully remembered that the U.S.S. Sapelo and the U.S.S. Dobbin had been tied up at neighboring piers a day or two before and advanced the theory that the mascot might have got aboard the Dobbin. The rascally crew might even have taken him aboard as a lark. It was decided, therefore, to call the Dobbin, with a view to ascertaining the cat's whereabouts, and the message was sent off—numbered, dated, and everything, including a carbon copy for the files of the Navy Department at Washington. We are indebted to a lieutenant-commander of the United States Navy for a copy of the sad answer sent by the U.S.S. Dobbin. It was, in full, as follows:

TO: USS SAPELO
FROM: USS DOBBIN
-Z-V03 V V 34-GR 22 BT

ONE ZERO ZERO SIX YOUR ONE ZERO ZERO FIVE TWO ONE THREE ZERO CAT NOT ON BOARD DOBBIN ZERO NINE TWO FIVE
TOR 1035

The First Stone

ALTHOUGH he undoubtedly doesn't know it even yet, Rabbi Israel Goldstein made a remark which was pretty offensive to at least one hearer when he spoke at the laying of the cornerstone of the new Nurses' Home, St. Marks Hospital. He concluded with a familiar Biblical quotation: "And behold! The stone which the builders rejected, the same was made the head of the corner." The foreman of one of the construction gangs had been an interested spectator in the background, and at this he began to stamp around. "Rejected, it was! It's the likes of him as would be sayin' it, and it was me that okayed the stone meself, and it as sound as any stone in the buildin'!" The work on the Home has been progressing all right since, but the foreman has spells of bitterness every now and then.

Free Bach

YOU have to make an appointment a week ahead (for Saturdays, eight weeks) if you want to use the endowed phonograph booth in the Public Library's musical branch in East Fifty-eighth Street. The booth was endowed by Clarence Mackay, Felix Warburg, Mrs. Otto Kahn, and several others. The idea was Stokowski's. He uses the library a great deal and one day suggested to Miss Lawton, the librarian, that there ought to be a place where poor music students could listen to records—classic, not jazz. Thus it came about. It was like a shower for the poor music students finally: the Victor company gave a Victrola, the Columbia people a lot of records.

A person may use the room an hour at a time, but not oftener than three days a week. The booth holds five chairs, and sometimes music classes use it. Last summer it was in use constantly, even in the hottest weather. Miss Lawton says Wagner, Beethoven, and Bach records are the most popular. Someone called her up about Bach the other day. "Could you tell me the date of the birth of Bach?" he asked. Miss Lawton, who has dozens of such figures at her tongue's end, said it was 1685. "Thank you so much," said the caller, "I have a friend whose telephone number is one less than the birth of Bach—and I forgot what it was."

Chess, Standing

A CHESS game has been going on for months now, between two men who have offices in Forty-second Street. They play only at the noon hour, on a little pocket chessboard, while standing in line at a cafeteria near the Chanin Building. Each noon they pick up where they left off the previous noon.

Paint with Fish

JOHN MARIN is small and slight, wears high starched collars, and, although he is sixty years old now, his hair is still brown and long. He parts it in the middle and, all in all, looks like a pictorial conception of a poet of the nineties. He seldom talks about himself unless in some such way as he once did when standing before one of the little Goyas depicting the legend of the Monk and the Bandit. "Gee whiz!" he said. "I'd rather have painted that picture than all the other pictures in the world."

About nine hundred Marins are now in existence. In recent years they have brought him high praise and fortune. He once got six thousand dollars for a patch of water color on a piece of paper ten by fourteen. On good days he turns out paintings rapidly. He will set out from his Cliffside, New Jersey, home in a Ford, hunting landscapes and dashing them off. His best day financially was one during which he did three paintings for which he got seventy-five hundred dollars. Often people can't understand these prices—or the Marins either. His technique is in the nature of shorthand notes; he leaves out many things orthodox painters put in. When, about 1908, he first began doing water colors, even his associates thought him crazy. Women whose small sons paint thought their children's paintings as good as Marin's. They still do.

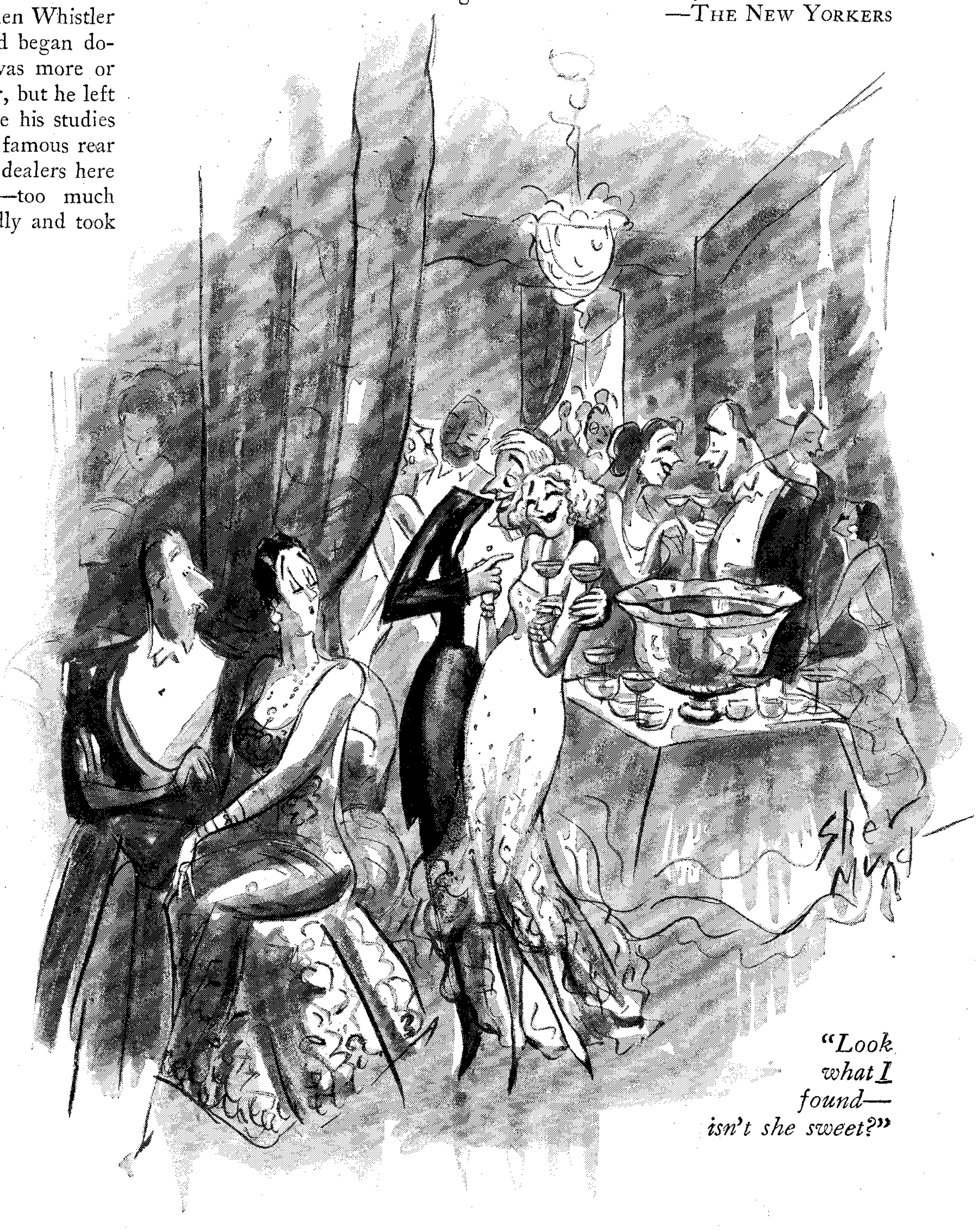
Marin was born in New Jersey of French-Canadian ancestry. He was one of Kenyon Cox's best students at the Academy in Philadelphia. Afterward he went to Paris, when Whistler was receiving acclaim, and began doing etchings. His style was more or less in the master's manner, but he left out things. He sent home his studies of bridges, docks, and the famous rear view of Notre Dame, but dealers here couldn't sell any prints—too much omitted. He returned sadly and took up water colors. Stieglitz heard about him and gave him a show. It was a success. With the proceeds he went to the Tyrol, where he did some paintings which established his fame.

Marin now averages about forty a year. His hobby is fishing and he would like to disassociate it from his art, but can't. He will start fishing and then his eyes will wander off and see a landscape. He lays down his rod and picks up a brush—has to. Sometimes, from standing at the rail of a steamer, or driving in a Ford, he catches cold, and at such times he is terrible. No one dares go near him, not even his wife or child. His friends regard him as pretty impractical financially. The first Stieglitz show netted two thousand dollars, enough to keep him painting two years in Europe, according to Stieglitz' figures. Marin spent the money in six months. Later, with another two thousand dollars in hand, Marin quickly spent half of it travelling and the other half for an island off the coast of Maine, subsequently found to have no drinking water on it. People guyed him about this but his is the final laugh, as every year he sells a picture or two from the island at many times what the place cost. Another time he spent his last six hundred dollars for a sheaf of Whatman paper which he had heard about in Boston. Whatman paper, highly prized by water-colorists, was made by James Whatman in the eighteenth century by hand from rag stock. Whistler and Pennell used it. Although descendants of Whatman still make the paper in Maidstone, Kent, Marin says it isn't the same and that all but the original stock slows up his brush, a serious matter with him. He now has only a few dozen sheets left and insists that when these are gone he will give up painting.

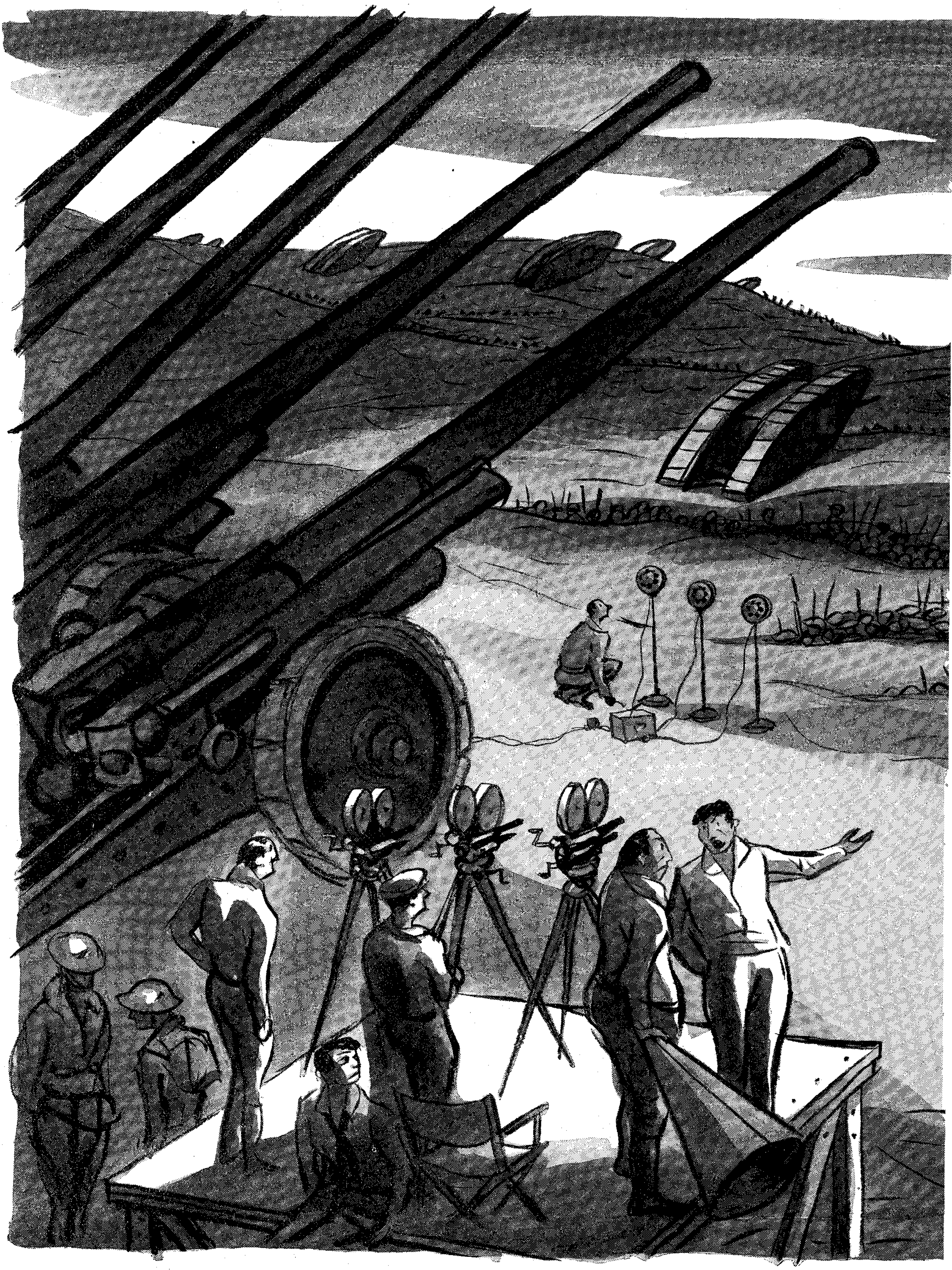
Seductive Scents

A YOUNG man, upon his departure for Havana, to which, as every good little girl knows, Parisian perfumes come duty-free, was told by his fiancée that if he wanted to be really nice he might bring her back a supply of her favorite scent, Gabilla's Foolish Virgin. He remembered the commission—remembered, that is, all but the name of the brand she wanted, and he even had a sort of general idea as to that. Only, however, a general idea: what he brought back was a large bottle of Lanvin's My Sin.

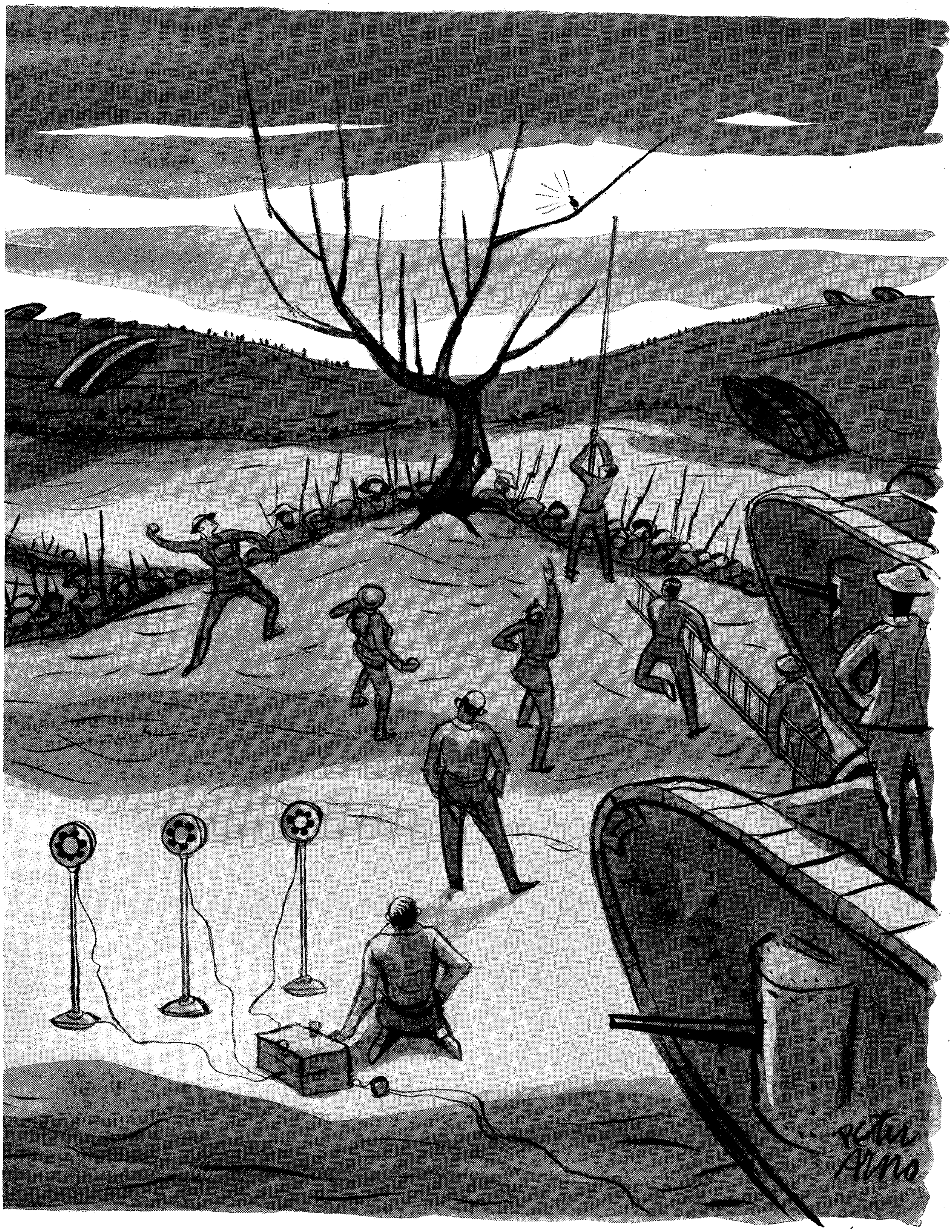
—THE NEW YORKERS



"Look what I found—isn't she sweet?"



"*Well, we can't start till we get that robin out of there.*"


Peter Arno

THE CONFESSION

MY name is Francis Occle. I killed Texas Bill Butcher, the cyanide poisoner. I poisoned him. It served him right. He tried to poison me first. I'm glad I did it. He was a brute. He got what he deserved.

On the night of the crime I was in my apartment, minding my own business. I was curled up before the fire with a book. No, it was a terrible book. The doorbell rang.

"Oh, pshaw!" I believe those were my words. I opened the door. There stood a man.

"I come to fix the radio," he said.

"You would," I said, and slammed the door in his face.

Then I got an idea. I opened the door again.

"You say you fix radios?"

"That is my business."

I looked him in the eye for a moment.

"Do you—can you—ah—*unfix* radios?"

I allowed the upper lid of my left eye the barest, almost imperceptible fillip.

"You mean? . . ." It was he speaking.

"Better take your cane, dearest. There's some talk about our Victrola not being paid for."

"I shall not mince words. I mean: can you *break* this radio?"

"We-ell," he hesitated, "it would scarcely be—er—ethical."

"Ethics be damned," I snorted. "Will you or won't you?"

"I should be a traitor to Graham McNamee, Atwater Kent, and Amos 'n' Andy."

"I shall make your treason worth while."

I tossed him a purse of gold.

"More where that came from," I added, significantly.

"I'll break your radio," he yielded.

"Step inside, young man," I said. "Mind now, I don't want it scratched a little. I want it broken. Busted. Irretrievably ruined, smashed, annihilated and . . ."

I STOPPED. It was something in the youth's look. Something in the way he stood there staring at me. It made my flesh creep.

"Proceed," I ordered, a trifle uneasily. I tossed him another purse of gold.

"Ha, ha, ha." His only answer was a laugh. It was horrid to the ear. It made me shudder.

"Break the radio as per agreement, and begone," I commanded. I was now definitely perturbed, and tossed him two more purses of gold.

"I am not a radio man," he said.

"Then who are you?"

"You shall see."

He took from his pocket a small powder. He dissolved the powder in a glass of water.

Suddenly it came to me. I am a great reader of the papers.

"Great Heavens!" I cried. "Are you . . . ?"

"Am I who?"

He was smiling.

"Texas Bill Butcher, the cyanide poisoner?" There was horror in my tone.

He bowed.

"At your service, sir," he said, politely.

"But you're not going to poison *me*?"

"And why not?"

"Why—why—why, I don't know. Nobody ever poisons me. I don't *like* poison."

"You didn't like olives, did you, at first?"

"I still don't like them." I was defiant about this.

"I'm almost persuaded not to poison you," said Texas Bill. "I hate them, too."

"But you'll not poison me, Texas Bill. You can't. I'm young. I'm too young to die. I'm too beautiful to die. Think of this lovely body, food for worms at such an early date. Spare me, Texas Bill. I don't want to die. I want to live, and love, and know the joy and the pain of living. And I'm so talented. So many people would miss me. Ah, Bill, it mustn't be. Are you entirely without compassion, callous man?"

"Yes," he said.

WELL, we argued back and forth like that for quite some time, I with the frenzy of a trapped and desperate creature, he with the air of a cat playing with a mouse. He interrupted me finally with an impatient wave of the hand.

"Enough," he cried. "This begins to pall. I begin to find you a bore. I enjoy these pleadings of my victims for a time. They are a kind of appetizer for what comes later. They give it zest. Now I want to see you writhe. That's how I get my real fun—seeing my victims writhe and squirm as the poison starts to take effect. I love it. I love it. Here. Take your poison. No more nonsense."

I thought of Merle, the elevator boy.

"Merle!" I shrieked. "Merle, Merle, Merle, Merle, Merle!"

Bill only laughed.

"I poisoned Merle on the way up," he said.

"Then there is no hope."

"None."

"In that case I'll show you that an Occle can die like a man. Pass me the poison."

"With pleasure," said Bill.

"And I propose to writhe as little as possible. As a writher, I'll be in

Joe Leblang's after one performance."

"After all," Bill said suavely, "I am your guest. The courteous host entertains his guests to the best of his ability."

The impudence of the cad!

"Give me the glass, fiend from hell," I commanded.

He handed it to me.

"Here's looking at you—and that's no treat, I assure you," I said, with a sneer.

"Luck," said Bill, politely, ignoring the affront. "Bon voyage."

I DRANK. Texas Bill settled himself comfortably in an easy chair to watch the fun. Some minutes passed. Nothing happened. Not a writhe.

"Damned funny," he mused.

"This suspense is awful," I said. "How long does this stuff take to work?"

"I can't understand it," said Bill. "I gave you a good dose, and it's the very best cyanide. I never stint myself in that respect."

"More?" I said, holding out my glass.

"Why, you're a regular Oliver Twist," said Bill.

"More cyanide this time and not so much water," I demanded.

"Toper!" Bill wagged a gently admonitory finger at me.

Well, that dose didn't work any better than the first. Nothing whatsoever happened and Bill was now rather worried, and a little peevish.

"You're a disappointment to me," he said. "A great disappointment."

"How should I know?" I said. "I never took cyanide before."

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse," he said, severely. "I could have been somewhere else poisoning somebody, instead of wasting my time here."

"Personally," I told him, "I'm just as well satisfied it didn't work. Poor Merle. Well, to show you there's no hard feelings—let's have a drink of Scotch."

The way that fellow changed at the mention of Scotch was a caution. His face got pale, his eyes popped, and he looked at me for a full minute before he could speak.

"Do you—drink—Scotch?" he asked, finally, in a faltering voice.

"Certainly. Love it. Nothing like it to buck you up."

"Is it—the kind you get off a—*boat?*"

"Never think of buying any other kind."

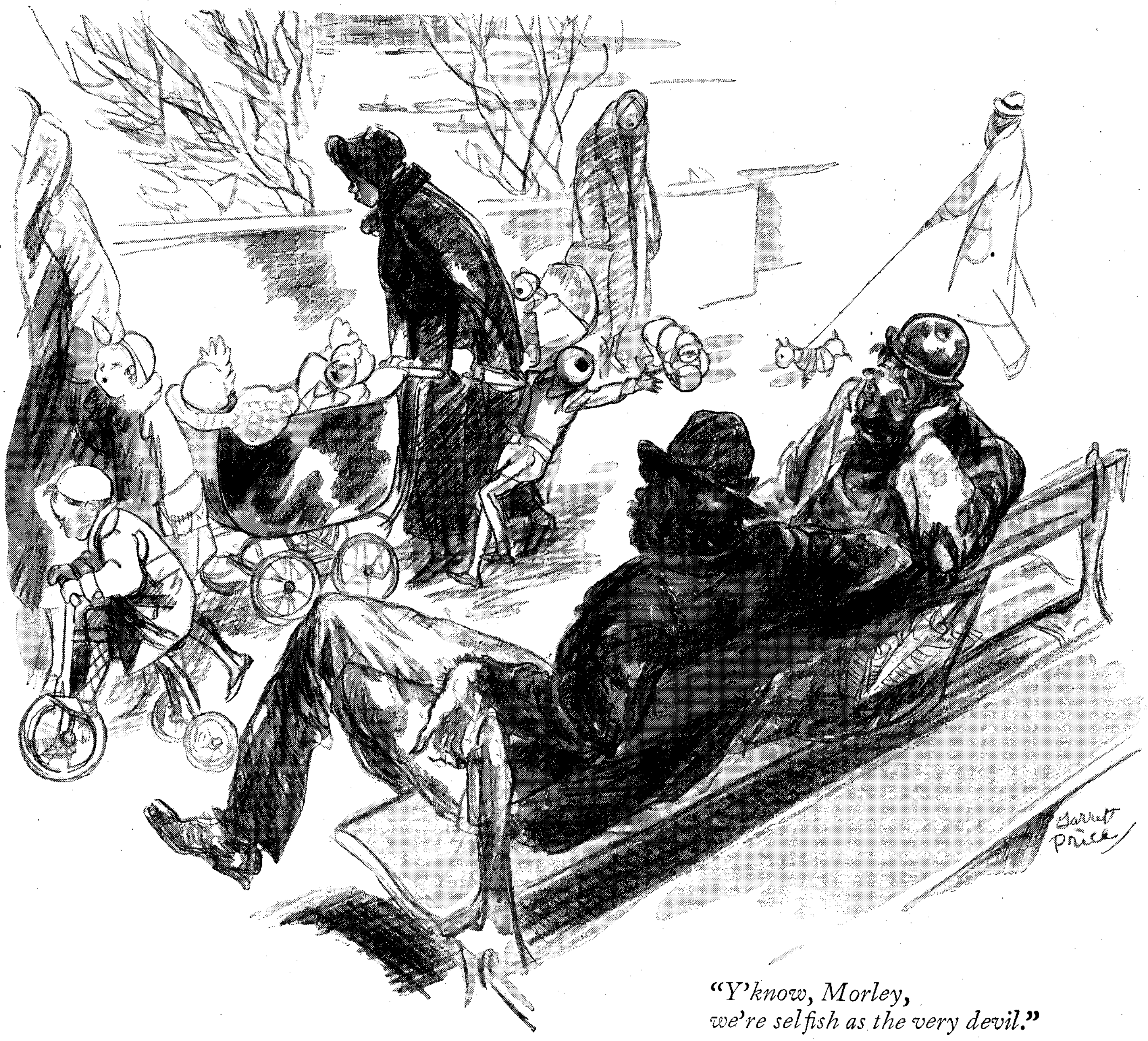
He groaned.

"Good grief! No wonder it didn't work."

"What didn't work?"

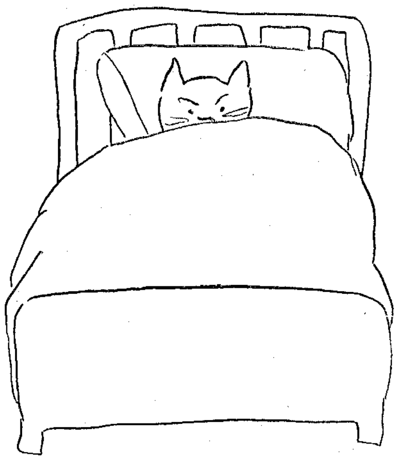
"I ought to have known," moaned Bill. "I ought to have known by your nose."

I FELT a little exhilarated and fairly belligerent by this time. Prob-



"Y'know, Morley, we're selfish as the very devil."

OUR PET DEPARTMENT

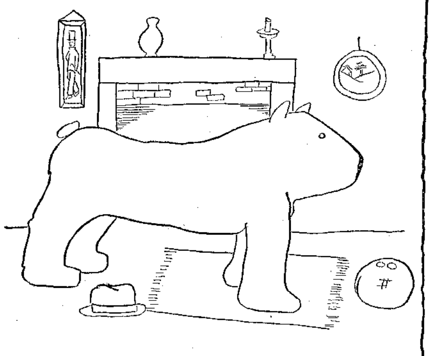


Q. Our cat, who is thirty-five, spends all of her time in bed, with her eyes wide open, staring at people. She follows every move I make, and this is beginning to get to me. She never seems sleepy nor particularly happy. Is there anything I could give her? Miss L. Mc.

A. There are no medicines which can safely be given to induce felicity in a cat, but you might try lettuce, which is a soporific, for the wakefulness. I would have to see the cat watching you to tell whether anything could be done to divert her attention.

Q. Mr. Jennings bought this beast when it was a pup in Montreal for a St. Bernard, but I don't think it is. It's grown enormously and is stubborn about letting you have anything, like the bath towel it has its paws on, and the hat, both of which belong to Mr. Jennings. He got it that bowling ball to play with but it doesn't seem to like it. Mr. Jennings is greatly attached to the creature.
Mrs. Fanny Edwards Jennings

A. What you have is a bear. While it isn't my bear, I should recommend that you dispose of it. As these animals grow older they get more and more adamant about letting you have anything, until finally there might not be anything in the house you could call your own—except possibly the bowling ball. Zoos use bears. Mr. Jennings could visit it.



This department, devoted to the interests of pets and their owners, will appear in this space, or in some space a whole lot like this, from time to time. Physical ailments and spiritual problems of birds and animals will be dealt with frankly, but at no great length.

—James Thurber

• •

ably it was the two shots of cyanide.

"What's the matter with my nose?" I demanded, advancing on Bill. I am sensitive about my nose.

"Nothing, nothing," he said, wearily.

"Well, don't make cracks about people's noses around here, that's all," I shot at him. "Come on. More poison." I held out my glass.

"I can't poison you," confessed Bill. "Cyanide has no effect on anybody who has lived through ten years of New York Scotch. No poison has."

"You can't poison me, eh?"

"You've seen for yourself."

"Do you drink Scotch?"

He looked at me in horror.

"Good God, no!"

"You wanted to poison me, didn't you?"

"Why-a . . ."

"You wouldn't listen to my plea for mercy, would you?"

"Why-a . . ."

"Well, it's my turn now. Want your Scotch neat or with seltzer?"

"You're not going to give me Scotch?" cried Bill, rising. He was pale as a ghost.

"That's certainly what I ain't going to give you nothing else but." I was finding that cyanide certainly sharpens the wits of a confirmed Scotch-drinker.

He tried to escape. He beat on the door.

"What was that elevator boy's name I poisoned?" he cried.

"Merle," said I.

"Merle!" shouted Texas Bill. "Merle, Merle, Merle!"

"But you forgot you poisoned him," I said. I was having quite a good time watching Bill's agony.

"Oh, what am I doing!" he cried, distrait. "Pity, pity, Mr. Occle. Please don't give me Scotch. I'm young. I'm beautiful. I don't want to die yet. I want to live, and poison people, and have fun . . ."

"Neat or with seltzer?" I was pouring him a good, stiff highball. "This will make you stiff," I said, jovially.

"You Juggernaut, you Frankenstein," he cried, rushing at me and beating my bosom with his fists. "Will nothing move you to pity?"

"You would have poisoned me," said I, laughingly. "Sauce for the goose, you know."

"Mercy, mercy. I'll do anything for you. I'll poison for you."

"Turn about is fair play. Come now, down this. You'll awake to a better world."

"I don't want this lethal cup," implored Bill.

"I suppose the lethal bit of Scotch you take goes to your head."

I WAS feeling very witty. I poured myself another drink of cyanide. Let Bill have the Scotch.

"Oh, archfiend of archfiends," shrieked Bill.

"I can make a sentence with Glenna Collett in it, too," I told him.

Hearing no request to continue, I nevertheless did so.

"You say to me, 'What are you going to call your new play?' and I reply, 'I'm Glenna Collett "The Blue Pastures." ' "

With one wild look at me, Texas Bill, the cyanide poisoner, seized the highball and downed it, bottoms-up.

The Scotch was right off the boat, so in five minutes Bill had ceased to struggle. I placed a tablecloth over him, poured myself another cyanide, took a Scotch as a chaser, and went out for a walk.

There you have the whole story, so help me. I'm glad I poisoned him. One man's Scotch is another man's cyanide. —Frank Sullivan

•

CHICAGO, March 8 (UP).—Mrs. Martha Johnson, a divorcee, told police she did not think the linen with which her fiance, Daniel Manella, 31, was filling her hope chest, was all that it should be. Officers discovered that it all bore the stamp of the Y. M. C. A. and arrested Manella, who, they said, confessed he stole it.—*The Daily News.*

What does she want, the Union League Club?

ROMEO AND JULIET

[RETOLD IN THE LIGHT OF THE "NEW" PSYCHOLOGY]

A LONG time ago, before Dr. Freud, Dr. Adler, Dr. Jung, or even Dr. Watson, were born—and so before sex was discovered—there lived in Verona, Italy, two great rival families: the Capulets and the Montagues. Both families were victims of an exaggerated will-to-power. Moreover they were all extraverts, and would frequently get all excited about the objective world, and cut off one another's heads.

There had been born a daughter, Juliet, to the Capulets, and to the Montagues a son, Romeo.

As our story opens, Juliet's father is giving an important ball, ostensibly in honor of a young man named Paris, an altogether eligible suitor for Juliet's hand. Actually, however, the purpose of this lavish function is to assert the well-known Capulet ego. Romeo, being a Montague, has not received an invitation, but, in a spirit of fun, he has decided to be a gate-crasher for the evening. He attends, wearing a mask, although in no other way does the Capulet sociable resemble a Beaux Arts Ball. Romeo openly asserts that he is wearing the mask to conceal his identity, which is absurd, for we recognize it at once as a regressional gesture evolving from some forgotten Halloween experience of his childhood.

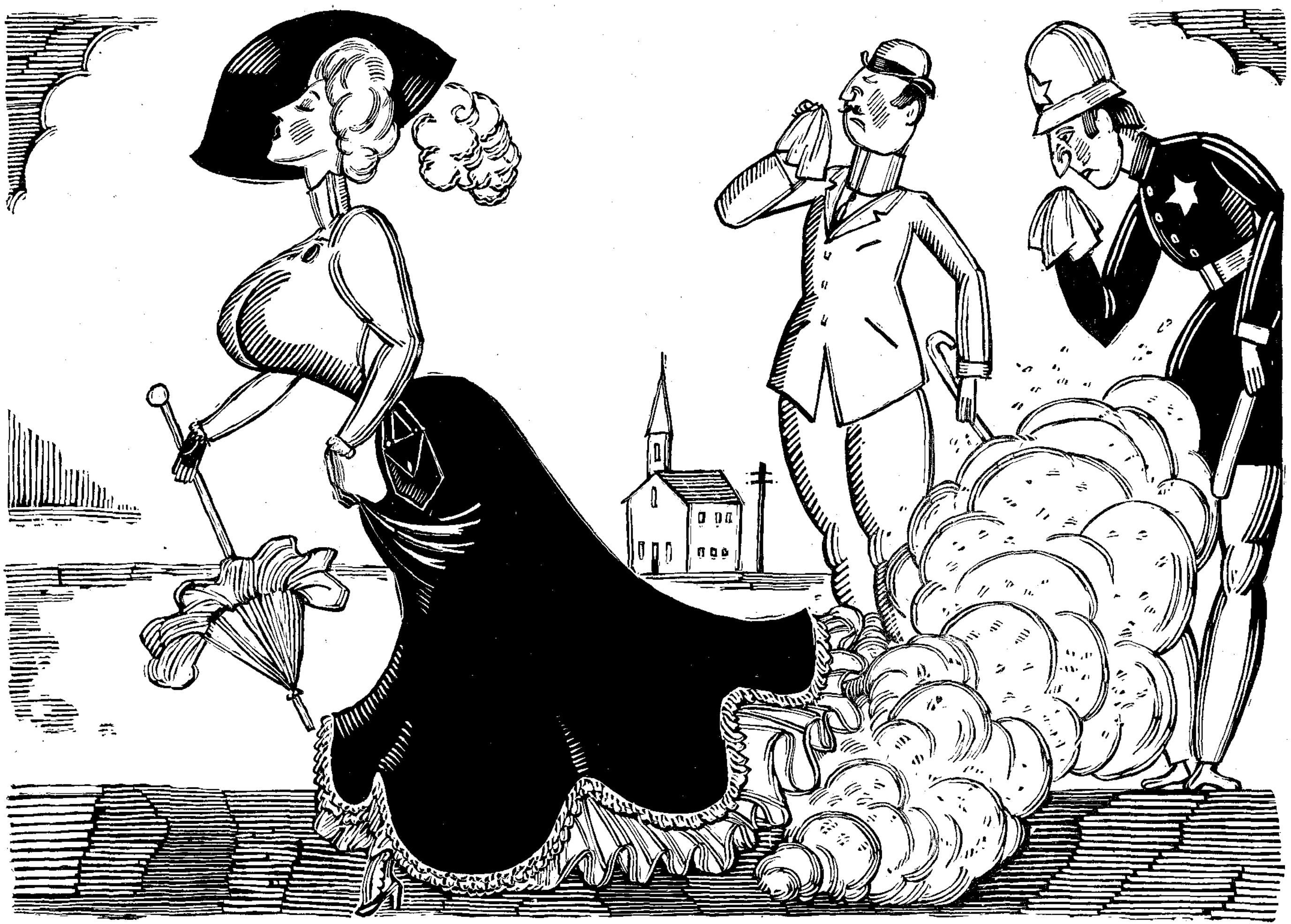
Be that as it may, it is at this party that Romeo first sees Juliet. Juliet had thought seriously of sublimating her libido, and explains to Romeo, when he frankly confesses his compulsion for her, that lips must be used for prayer. Romeo talks to her at length, implanting in her subconscious very definite emotional associations.

Later that night he stands beneath a balcony and sings a song, "Arise, Fairest Sun," and Juliet, not altogether unresponsive to the warmth of this idea, comes out and talks to him from the balcony—an extraordinarily clear case of defence mechanism.

Juliet's parents are determined that she shall marry Paris, and shall not marry Romeo. Her father, Mr. Capulet, desires primarily to compensate himself for the great expense he had been put to in entertaining Paris, but his rationalization is that he doesn't want a daughter of his to marry into the Montague family.

Meanwhile the compulsion, which is now happily mutual, added to the sex instinct, which seems throughout to have been somewhat overemphasized in the relations between Romeo and Juliet, finally drives these victims of the lack of psychotherapy into a secret marriage. Romeo and Juliet consummate their sex life in a night of conjugal happiness, not unaffected, perhaps, by a slight play of the guilt complex—for they both know their parents would not approve of it at all.

AFTER a most unfortunate exhibition of attention-getting in the way of murder, Romeo, the young hus-



A Dainty Requisite of Milady's Lingerie **THE DUST RUFFLE**
Eng. by **JOHN HELD JR** and there is no fool like an old fool.

band of a night, is banished from Verona. Juliet's family, as yet unaware that their daughter has faced the facts of life—and her so young—becomes persistent in urging her to marry Paris. Juliet's attitude in this instance is openly evasional, for she pretends to lend herself to their plans. Friar Lawrence, the unscrupulous priest who has surreptitiously married her to Romeo, gives Juliet a magic draught which he promises will put her to sleep for forty-two hours. While she is asleep, and her family and Paris believe her dead, he says, he will take her to her exiled Romeo. The friar himself is plainly a psychopathic case.

Little Juliet's frank delight in the funereal plan reveals an eagerness to exploit her ego, and as she wantonly drains the cup, we detect also a latent alcoholic tendency, which convinces some of us that her early death was really for her own good. Everything comes off as the priest has predicted, and Juliet, looking very pretty in a white chiffon shroud, is placed in a becoming tomb.

Romeo, hearing rumors, comes to her tomb, bringing a phial of poison with him, which substantiates the theory that, since his recent marriage, he has been a sufferer from hypochondria. Arriving at the tomb, he looks at Juliet and immediately takes it for granted that she is dead. It is obvious that he has had a repressed desire for her death, otherwise the simple fact of finding her in the tomb looking dead could not have inspired in him so macabre an idea.

There can be little question that in his heart Romeo resents Juliet's egotistic importance in being dead, and, yearning to project his own ego into the last act, he drinks the poison. He is about to die when Juliet wakes up and imparts to him gaily the little joke that she and the good old friar, in collusion, have played. Romeo tells her how well she has put it over, how seriously he has taken the whole amusing episode, all about having taken the poison, and everything. Juliet, not to be outdone, and finding that the phial is really empty—which proves to her that Romeo, in his turn, is not being playful—stabs herself with Romeo's dagger.

THEN they die together, and so happily that we are forced to believe they were both definitely masochistic. Some authorities on the interpretation of the "new" psychology, however, argue that the mere fact that they were both extraverts and had gone to kindergartens where "group activity" was stressed may explain the whole quaint and beautiful story.

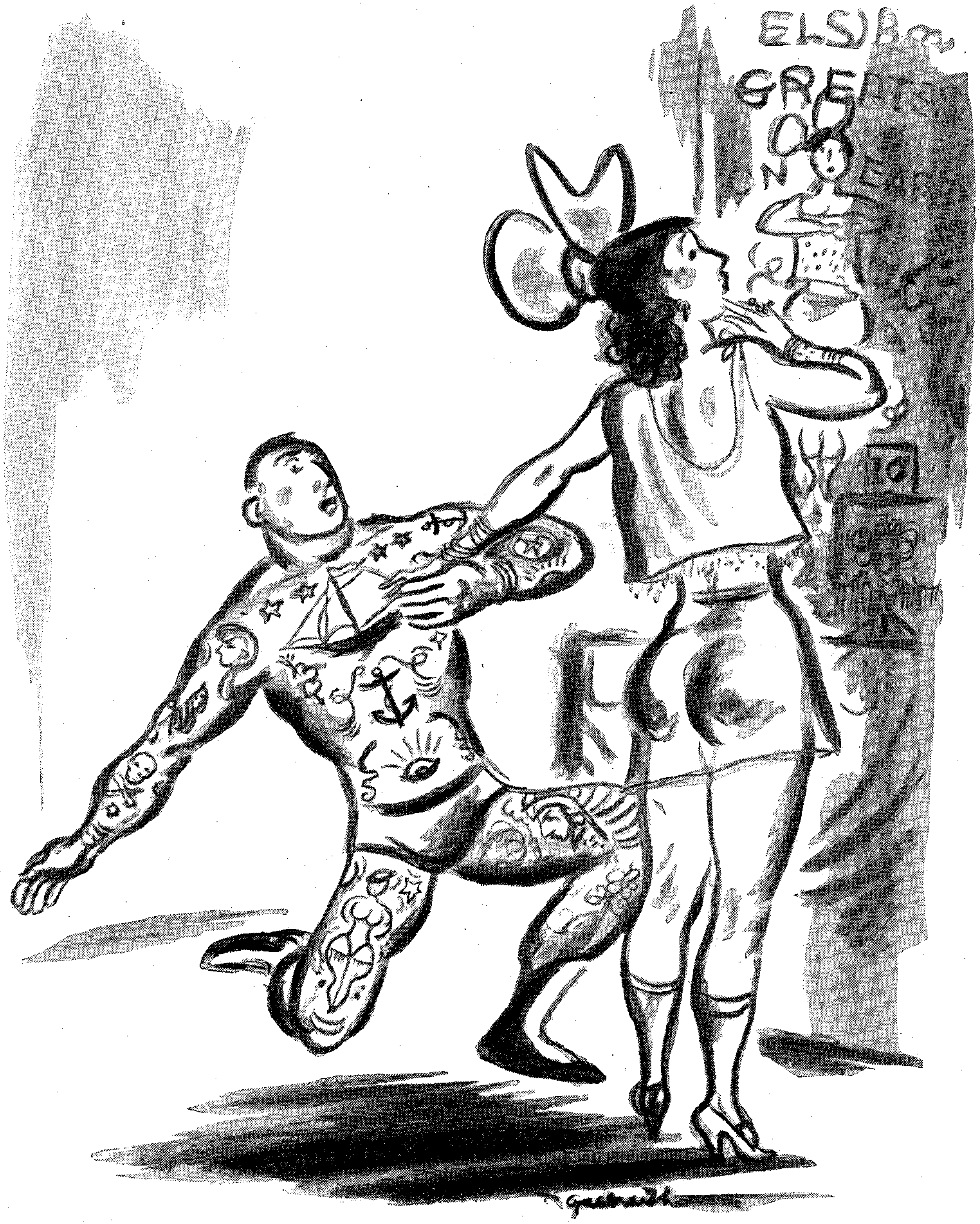
—GERTRUDE CARVER

RAFTER AND FEAST

Who, for his heart's house,
Chooses the thorny boughs
On a brush-covered hill
Is safer, if you will,
Than he who naked stands
With rain along his hands,
With storm against his face,
In a wide and windy place.

Who, for his heart's food,
Takes tang of root and bark,
Though meagre his feast and stark
His hunger, his secret mirth,
Is seasoned by the earth;
And he is more staunchly fed
Than one whose tossed, wild head
Searches the tides of sky
For stars to be nourished by.

—FRANCES M. FROST



"No, Bill, I can't marry you. I care only for the abstract in art."

PROFILES

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

THE recent election which sent a Roosevelt once more into the executive mansion at Albany sent another member of that ubiquitous family with him. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is not only married to the Democratic Governor of New York, she is distantly related to him; not only related to him, but born Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, niece of the late President, whom she resembles in energy, though not in political convictions. Like her husband, she exerts herself on the Democratic side of the fence, and at one time the relations between Mrs. Franklin and her Republican cousins were a trifle tart. The difference began, it appears, with a famous incident of the 1920 presidential campaign, when Franklin was the Democratic nominee for vice-president and T. R., Jr., was stumping the West for Harding. At Sheridan, Wyoming, someone yelled to the Young Colonel: "What about Franklin Roosevelt?"

"Oh, he's a maverick," replied that statesman hastily. "He doesn't have the brand of our family."

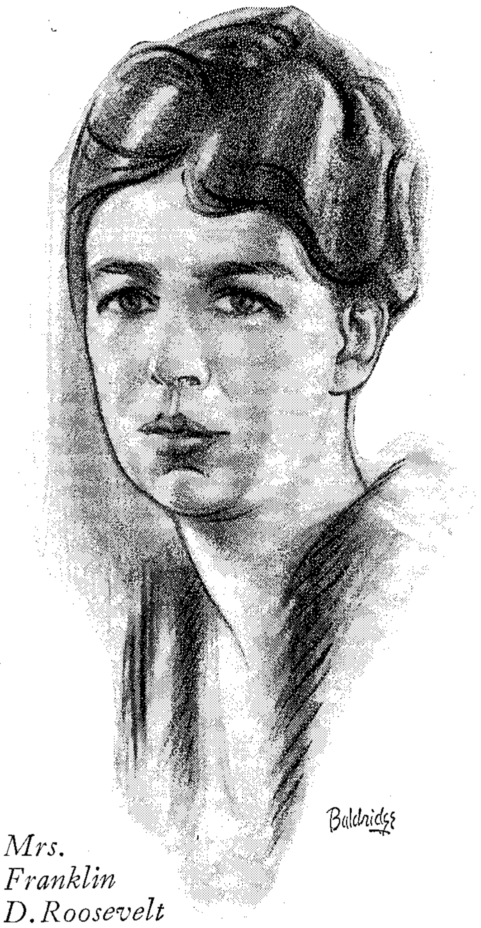
The sequel occurred in September, 1924. Young Teddy had just received the Republican gubernatorial nomination in New York; on the following day, at the Democratic state convention, Eleanor Roosevelt seconded the nomination of Smith for governor on the Democratic ticket.

"Of course he will win!" she exclaimed, meaning Smith. "How can he help it, when the Republican convention yesterday did all it could to help him?"

IT was whispered that the remark about the maverick had irritated Mrs. Roosevelt, first because it would have irritated anybody, and second because it was less than accurate. The Roosevelts were Democrats in the beginning, Eleanor's grandfather, who was the President's father, having turned Republican during the Civil War, while Franklin's father also turned Republican, but later came back to the Democratic fold. Mrs. Roosevelt is a member of the more-or-less liberal party not only by marriage, but by natural bent. As a young girl in 1904 or 1905 she was a pioneer in the sterner activities of the Junior League. She scandalized her elders, furthermore, by marching off to live at the Rivington Street Settlement and by working for the Consumers' League, at a time when people didn't do those things. Heroically she did her duty, asking swarthy sweatshop proprietors to let her look at the plumbing, and suffering agonies of embarrassment over it.

In the last decade she has worked prodigiously, though quite without heat, for housing laws, workers' compensation, better working conditions, and so forth. A few years ago she marched in a demonstration of striking paper-box makers, but even that gesture didn't in the least interrupt her judicial calm, because she is a liberal by conviction, from above, and not by aching protest, from below. It isn't likely that she got into the hugger-mugger of politics because it was primarily her idea of a good time. In this she is unlike the gay and talkative Ruth Pratt, who gives every evidence of a natural zest for people, talk, crowds, speeches, strife, and hubbub. In Mrs. Roosevelt's public activities people see an almost austere streak of responsibility, of duty, which is very Rooseveltian and a shade British. Hers is at bottom a serious conception of life. She still wears her watch pinned on her bosom, and up to now, despite the ravings of Paris, she has stuck to clothes which are good and loose around the middle. The camera, very unjustly, brings out only these details and the irregular conformation of her features. It misses her immaculate freshness of appearance, her graciousness, and the charm of a highly intelligent, forceful, and directed personality.

HER father was Elliott Roosevelt, the President's younger brother; on her mother's side she is descended from the Revolutionary Livingston who signed the Declaration of Independence, and the home at Tivoli on the Hudson, where she played as a child, is part of the old Livingston estate. As her parents died when she was young, she was brought up by her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Hall. That colorful person, her uncle, left no mark upon her childhood because she saw very little of him; the lasting impression was made by a woman. In her early teens Eleanor was sent to a school in England kept by an extraordinary and brilliant Frenchwoman, Mlle. Souvestre. Around 1900, when young ladies were expected to dabble in French, piano, and other elegant accomplishments, this woman set them to digging in a library—the school library in most cases, but the exceptional pupils, of whom Eleanor was one, were allowed to use her own. If a young lady's paper showed no marks of serious work, the schoolmistress was capable of tearing it in two before the class, with ferocious contempt. In the middle of a jingoistic England Mlle. Souvestre was bitterly pro-Boer, and when her British flock gathered to celebrate a victory, she would collect two or three non-English pupils and have one of them read to her, to shut out the sounds of celebration.



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

Eleanor returned to New York and in 1905, at the age of nineteen or twenty, she married her cousin Franklin, "cousin" only in an exceptionally clan-conscious family, as the two lines diverged about 1690. Uncle Theodore came up from the White House to give her away. She says there was nothing startling about her subsequent conversion to Democracy, because she had never been conscious that she was a Republican. In New York in those days political topics were considered unsuited to ladylike ears. But when she went abroad after her marriage a distinguished Scotswoman asked her quite matter-of-factly how Americans divided affairs between the state and the federal governments. Eleanor, not having the slightest idea, was first dumbfounded, then mortified. As a result of this conversation, she saw a great light, and proceeded to interest herself in such matters.

In 1912, the year Uncle Theodore was making history in Chicago, she and Franklin went to see Woodrow Wilson nominated in Baltimore. Mostly, however, she was busy with her family, the youngest of which was born in 1916, when Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Her sizzling efficiency was confined within the home, and in 1917 she mobilized the two adults, five children, and ten servants of her ménage so masterfully that the food administration picked it as the wartime model for large households.

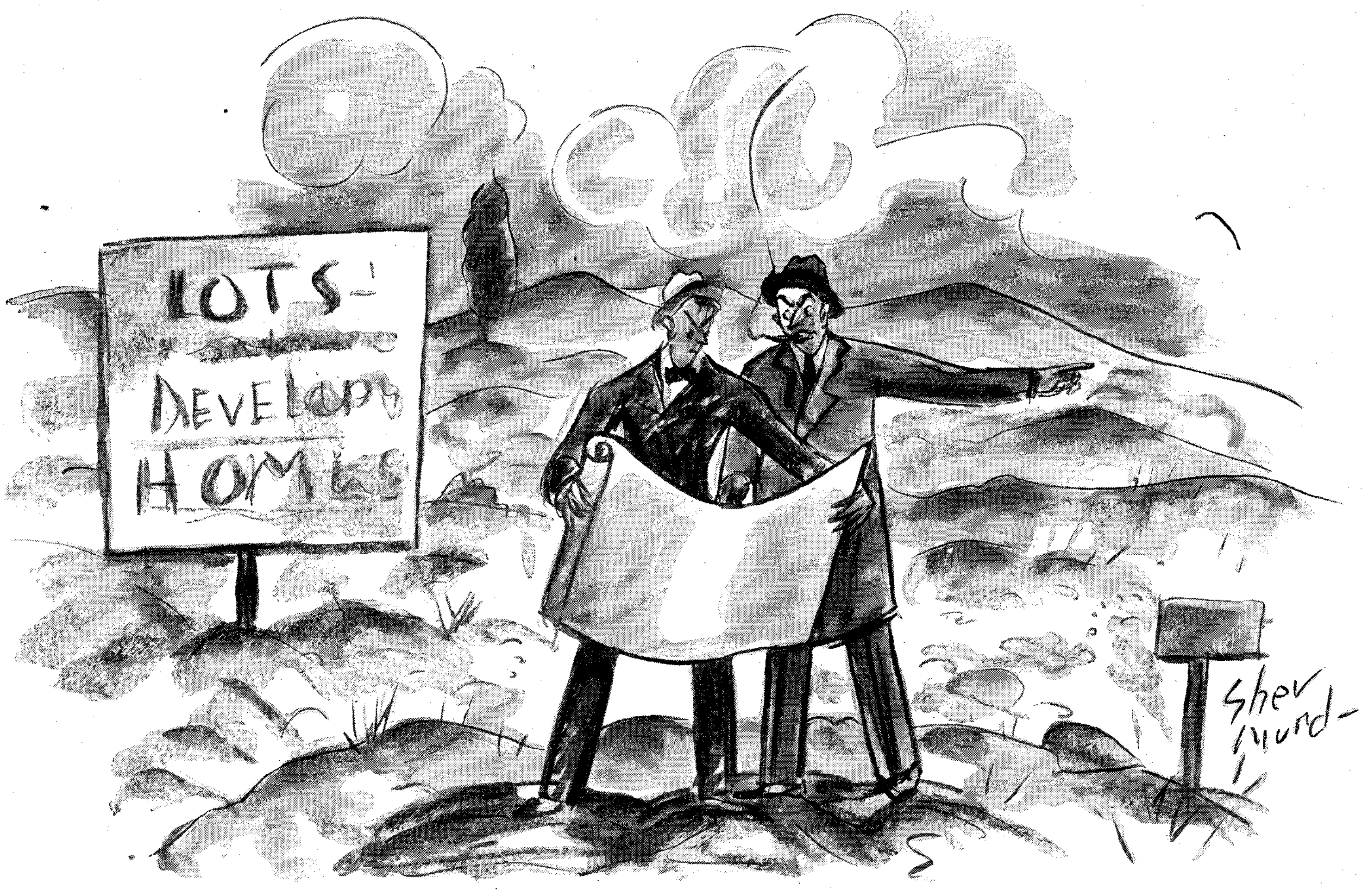
She is pointed to with pride for her solution of the modern woman's paradox: how to be successful both with a family and in spite of it. Mrs. Roosevelt's system was to tackle the horns of her dilemma one at a time; she didn't attempt to do much else until her children began to grow up. Her daughter is now Mrs. Curtis Dall, and a small granddaughter is named after Mrs. Roosevelt, who relates it with a touch of proper pride. Of the four boys one is at Harvard, one at Princeton, and two at Groton. She keeps her time free for them in vacations, and they often travel together in the summer.

From about eight years ago until Mr. Roosevelt became governor, she was vice-chairman and finance chairman of the women's division in the Democratic State Committee. In 1924 the National Committee head appointed her chairman of a women's sub-committee which was supposed to formulate welfare planks for the guidance of the Democratic platform-makers—the usual sop to the ladies. In 1928 she served again, this time as the busy and tactful head of the women's advisory committee which was subsidiary to the Democratic National Committee. For four or five years, too, she edited the *Women's Democratic News*, and although her name has disappeared from the masthead of that publication, she continues to write unsigned editorials, in a sort of galloping style—she doesn't believe in commas.

Not only her social background but something in her personality gives a touch of paradox to her Jeffersonian loyalties. "Psychologically," murmured one observer, "she is not of the party of Tom Foley." Why then her allegiance to that party and to Smith, especially when she is a dry? Perhaps the answer is in her cool, impersonal judgment of right and wrong, to which Smith's liberalism appeals just as various social reforms do. She is a personality ruled by reason. As to emotion, she probably rather dislikes it. A visitor once referred carelessly to her "passionate interest" in welfare legislation; Mrs. Roosevelt smiled her quick smile and interposed:

"Yes, but I hardly think the word 'passionate' applies to me."

Reason has schooled her in the last little requirements of her chosen career. Her friends say she dislikes personal publicity, but although her instincts may shrink from that vast, vulgar contact, she accepts it with flawless graciousness. It is conceivably not natural to her, either, to enjoy rubbing elbows indiscriminately with all comers, but if not, she has taught herself to like it—her tact is so resourceful and her cordiality so complete.



"What d'ya say we move the business centre over to Hoover Boulevard?"

Always fair and balanced, she carries those virtues to a point which more choleric natures find rather irritating. A few years ago she was chairman of the committee on legislation of the Women's City Club, a bi-partisan body. Her committee was called on to approve or disapprove various measures dear to Smith and the Democrats, measures on which it would mean something to have the City Club's endorsement. Mrs. Roosevelt made a point of magnanimously postponing consideration of them to give the Republican ladies every chance. This annoyed pragmatic persons who insisted that the issues were more important than preserving the impartiality of the Women's City Club, but everybody else admired.

In her public functions she is an extremely able executive and a shrewd tactician. Hers are not the first-hand, close-to-earth qualities which made Lillian Wald, for instance, one of Governor Smith's chief feminine advisors; on the other hand no woman has a better grasp of the intricacies of state business, and she has a decided flair for putting things aptly.

"Regarding the much-discussed prosperity," she remarked acidly in 1924, "I should like to ask whether the devastated Northwest is still a part of the United States."

As a speaker she is sometimes very effective, sometimes less so. When not at her best she falls into the usual political lady-patter. When she hits her stride she picks up the old Roosevelt momentum. Clubs and so forth look to her to supply a certain note in their programs, a note which one club leader defined as "high-mindedness or disinterestedness or something," and which Mrs. Roosevelt does superbly—perhaps because she is sincere. One of her most successful speeches was made in 1926, when she and a prominent Republican lady were debating the merits of their respective Senatorial candidates, Wagner and Wadsworth. Mrs. Roosevelt demolished her opponent, partly because she could run rings around the fair Republican when it came to facts. Also, she fixed Senator Wadsworth with one or two *jeux d'esprit* which are still in circulation, remarking that the conservative Senator was "a country squire of the seventeenth century" in politics, and that he had "the Marie Antoinette type of mind," referring of course to the Queen's famous remark: "Let them eat cake."

Her position in politics is that of the woman leader, as distinguished from hardboiled ladies like Mrs. Henry Moskowitz and Ruth Hanna McCormick, who are thought of merely as capable politicians, without reference to sex. The latter type is still very rare, and its emergence, when it does emerge, is partly owing to circumstances. Mrs. Roosevelt has come up on the woman's side and is keenly conscious of the left-handed recognition usually accorded the ladies, although she is realist enough to acknowledge that it is partly their own fault. She has talked a good deal and battled on occasion to gain an equal voice for women in the organization, as, for example, when she and a group of them fought the state Democratic leaders in 1924 over the right to name the female delegates at large to the national convention. These efforts do not mean, however, that she is a consistent or left-wing feminist. In arguing for a forty-eight-hour-week bill for women she urged an Assembly committee to remember that "women are only women and they need the protection of the government"—the sort of sentiment which, hastily uttered or no, makes a member of the National Women's Party see red.

SINCE Mr. Roosevelt took office as governor she has felt obliged to withdraw from official participation in such affairs, and she has resigned, too, from most of her directorships and committees. She is still actively interested, however, in the Women's Trade Union League, the Foreign Policy Association, the City Housing Corporation, and the Women's City Club—to name just a few. The regular laborers in these vineyards have always been grateful for her; Mrs. Roosevelt, they say, never accepts a place on a board or committee unless she means to work at it.

The duties of a governor's wife have required considerable adjustment of her time, but not as much as you might think. She is phenomenal, doing a million things with the concentrated energy of one who, like nature, abhors a vacuum. Among her more extrinsic activities is the Val-Kill shop at Hyde Park, which affords employment to local youth and makes beautiful copies of early American furniture. Besides running the executive mansion she keeps open the Roosevelt home in New York, in East Sixty-fifth Street. Having joined her two bosom friends, the Misses Marion Dickerman and Nancy Cook, in acquiring the Todhunter School for Girls some years ago, she continues through thick and thin to teach American history and nineteenth-century literature there, coming down from Albany for three days of each week.

At the executive mansion political personages constantly come and go, requiring countless dinners and receptions. These functions are quite, quite dry. There are straws to show that Mrs. Roosevelt, as a skilled and experienced hostess, is as well aware as anyone of the difficulties of dry entertaining, but as a prohibitionist and a governor's wife she ignores them. She makes no secret of the fact that her views are drier than her husband's, but at that she probably has to suppress them pretty heroically, for a woman of positive ideas. Perhaps some such complications were behind a remark she is said to have made not long ago. Someone asked her, according to the tale, whether she meant to keep up her teaching at the cost of so much effort.

"Yes," she answered, "because it is one thing that belongs to me."

Her schedule is formidable. She comes down to New York late on Sunday, and returns Wednesday on a noon train which brings her into Albany at three o'clock, in time for the governor's wife's weekly at home, starting at four. Other entertaining is scheduled for the end of the week when possible, but it isn't always possible; there was the time, for instance, when she dashed back to Albany for a tea to the Republican women on Tuesday afternoon, returning to New York for her Wednesday morning's teaching. There is a prejudice to the effect that such extraordinary energy and executive ability must somehow preclude the more elusive and pleasing personal qualities. Perhaps this ought to be true of Mrs. Roosevelt—but it isn't. Hers is a super-efficiency which includes flexibility and charm.

—HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

ENCHANTMENT

On this fawn-colored shore,
All delicately strewn,
Gold dust and gleaming shell,
White stone and blue stone,
Lie sweetly together whether
Eyes be to see them or none.

The air is gay with voices
Of children. The sun
Casts flowers of purple shadow
Before them as they run;
Blows clouds and blooms of shadow
Where the swift feet may run.

Onward the children race
To leap into the sea
That bubbles silver bright
In the lovely revelry
Of foam and limbs together
In a white revelry.

How grew that airy tumult
On shores that were so still,
That wind of flowers and shadows?
What art invisible
Made all that airy wonder,
At what enchanter's will?

—Æ

OF ALL THINGS

BUSINESS is a little better, they tell us, but things still look dark in Massachusetts. There the desperate unemployed masses are running for the United States Senate.

•

We suggest a compromise in the war between the Soviets and the churches. Let the priests take up their duties and the government take up the collection.

•

There was no joy in G. O. P. circles when they got the Kansas City election returns. Mighty K. C. had struck out.

•

We are assured that Whalen will not resign, nor will he be fired. Everything is now clear except the date and the name of his successor.

•

Shawkey says that the Yankees are perfect. Judging by their courteous treatment of the lowly Braves, we assume that he means perfect gentlemen.

•

During the spring blizzard, Chicago's traffic was badly paralyzed. For several days gentlemen had to give up the quaint custom of taking each other for rides.

•

If we understand the jury's reasoning, Doheny's money was a loan when it left him but it stayed away so long it became a bribe. Hereafter we shall think twice before lending anybody a hundred thousand dollars.

•

It took the Senate eight months to pass the tariff bill. This is instantaneous compared with the time it will take us to pay it.

•

A physician says that plenty of sleep is absolutely essential to good looks. Take half a column of disarmament conference before retiring.

•

The most pitiful story of the week comes from an Ohio village. Two thugs held up a bank only to discover that it had already been looted by the proper officials.

•

Harvard (the university of hard knocks) is denounced by the alumni for underpaying the women's scrub team. Probably the authorities were merely trying to stamp out professionalism.

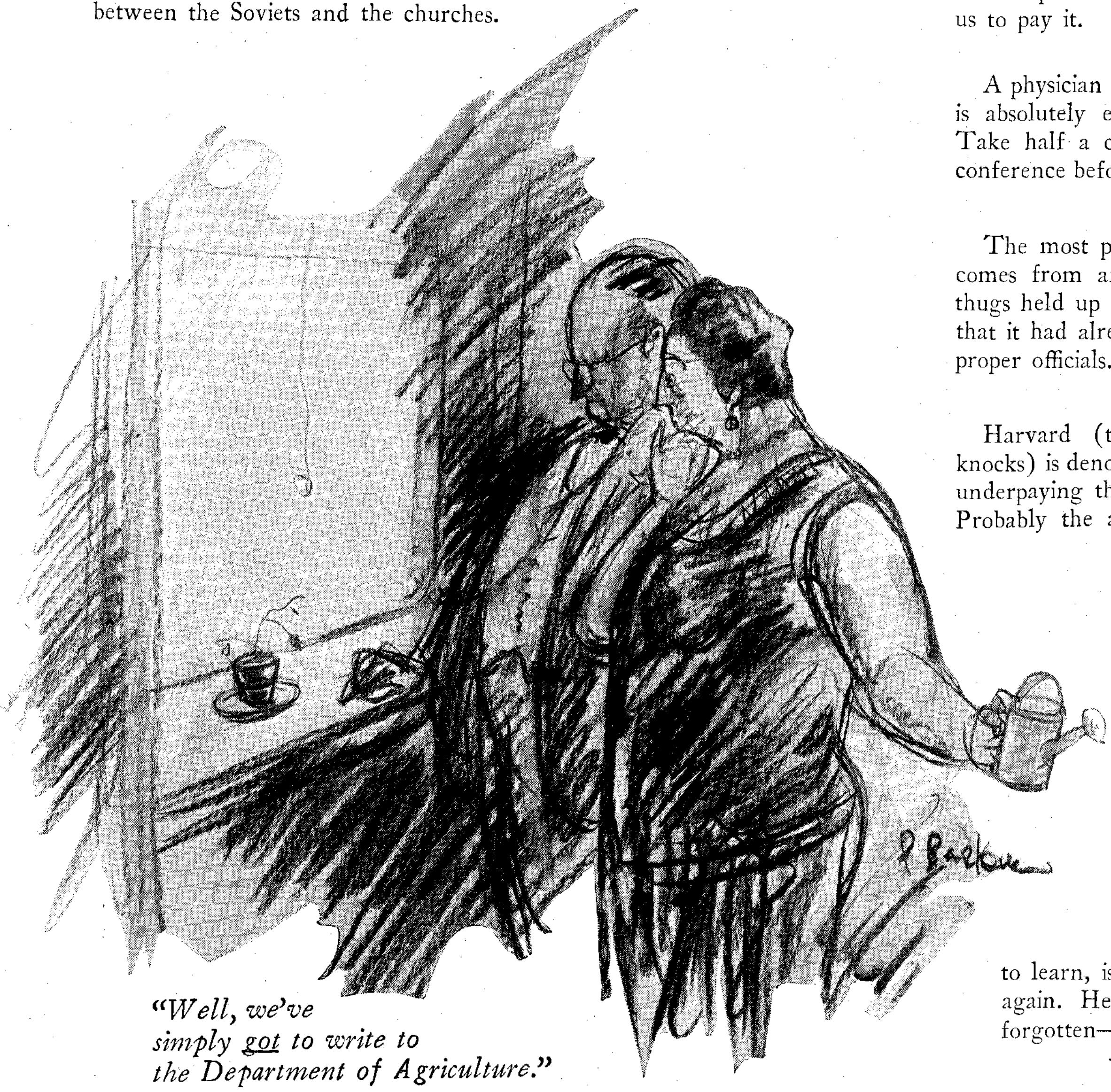
•

Many prohibitionists, we hear, are protesting against the *Literary Digest's* big poll. Democrats have a rough idea how they feel about straw votes.

•

George M. Sunday, we are pained to learn, is in the toils of the law again. He is—in case you have forgotten—Billy's son and error.

—Howard Brubaker



"Well, we've simply got to write to the Department of Agriculture."

THE THEATRE

PRACTICALLY NOTHING

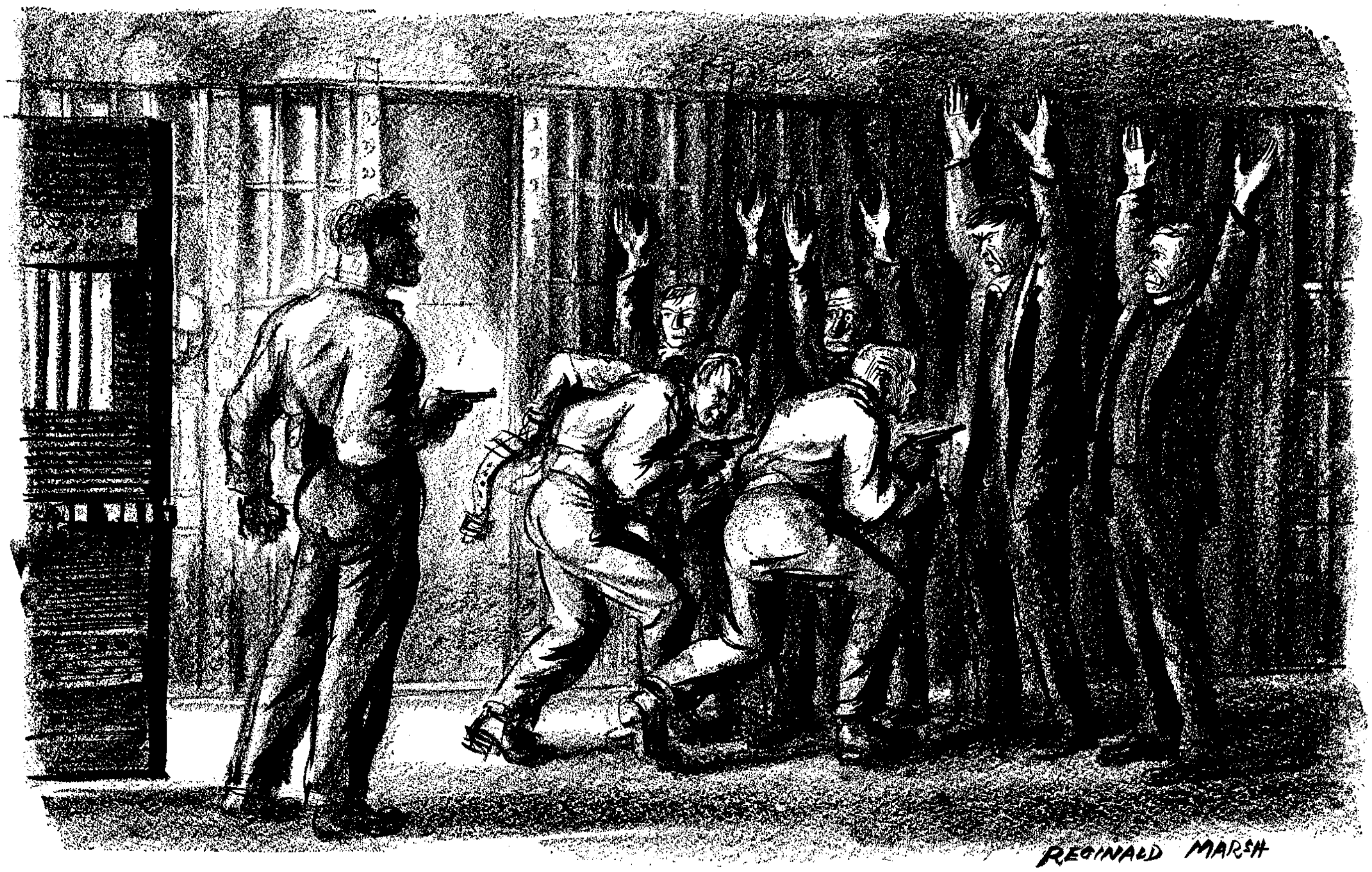
WELL, the best thing to do now is to tear down all the theatres and start over again. The final upset has occurred and the American drama is now not only topsy but turvy as well. William Hodge has gone sexy! Watch out for that wall—it's toppling!

Not only has Mr. Hodge gone sexy, but he has gone drunken. In "The Old Rascal," when first we saw him teeter in, ostensibly a cock-eyed old judge from California in New York on a binge, we all thought: "Drunk, my eye! He's just pretending. Wait until the last act and you will find that he was making believe to be drunk so that he could get sixty thousand dollars for somebody's mother."

But along about the second act, when we saw him, with our own eyes, put away three straight absinths before breakfast, we realized to our horror that what he had had the night before *was* a skinful and that what he had this morning *was* a full-blown hangover. And then, when we heard him telling his wife and her lawyers what he was going to offer them as evidence in her divorce case against him, and heard his proud boast that the photograph of him in a compromising but comfortable position with a young lady in pajamas was not only genuine but one of many which might have been taken, we knew that the crash had come and that the Sir Galahad of the Road had got in with that New York bunch.

Just what went on in Mr. Hodge's mind is, I hope for the humor of the thing, pretty clear. For years he has been twitted by the New York reviewers for being Nature's nobleman. It has won him several substantial bank accounts on the road, but every time he has played the Sodom and Gomorrah circuit there has been a great deal of complaint about his honesty and clean living. This finally got under Mr. Hodge's skin. "Clean, am I?" he probably said. "Well, step right up, gentlemen, and I'll show you a couple of new ones, you New York slickers, you!"

As a matter of fact, "The Old Rascal" is a pretty funny risqué comedy. Not being versed in the art of indelicacy, Mr. Hodge has made it a little too indelicate at times, but there are several points at which he lifts himself and his play into the realm of real, spontaneous comedy. I remember one scene particularly because it was the first time I had ever heard myself laughing out loud at William Hodge and I was frightened by it. The old judge had come in from an evening among the night clubs, and his valet (for blackmailing reasons) was especially desirous of getting him into bed. Things were going very smoothly, and the judge had been disrobed to the point of his long, flannel underwear, his silk hat, and evening stick. As he sat on the edge of the bed, giving every indication of having called it a night, the faun in him suddenly came to life again and he straight-



"THE LAST MILE"

Spencer Tracy is here seen as the brains of the unsuccessful prison revolt which is torturing audiences with suspense at the Harris Theatre every night.

ened up. "How late does Chinatown keep open?" he asked hopefully. And right there we realized that the judge was not making believe.

"The Old Rascal" is no more of a play, technically speaking, than the others were, but, like them, it gives Mr. Hodge a chance to indulge in his easy, dryly humorous acting and, this time, to startle his New York public into incredulous hilarity.

But it takes a lot to overcome the habitual attitude of mind of the newspaper reviewers. Mr. Hodge must have been not a little discouraged and considerably irritated to read in one of the papers next day that " 'The Old Rascal' is compounded of the familiar Hodge ingredients." What has he got to do to satisfy them—turn pansy?

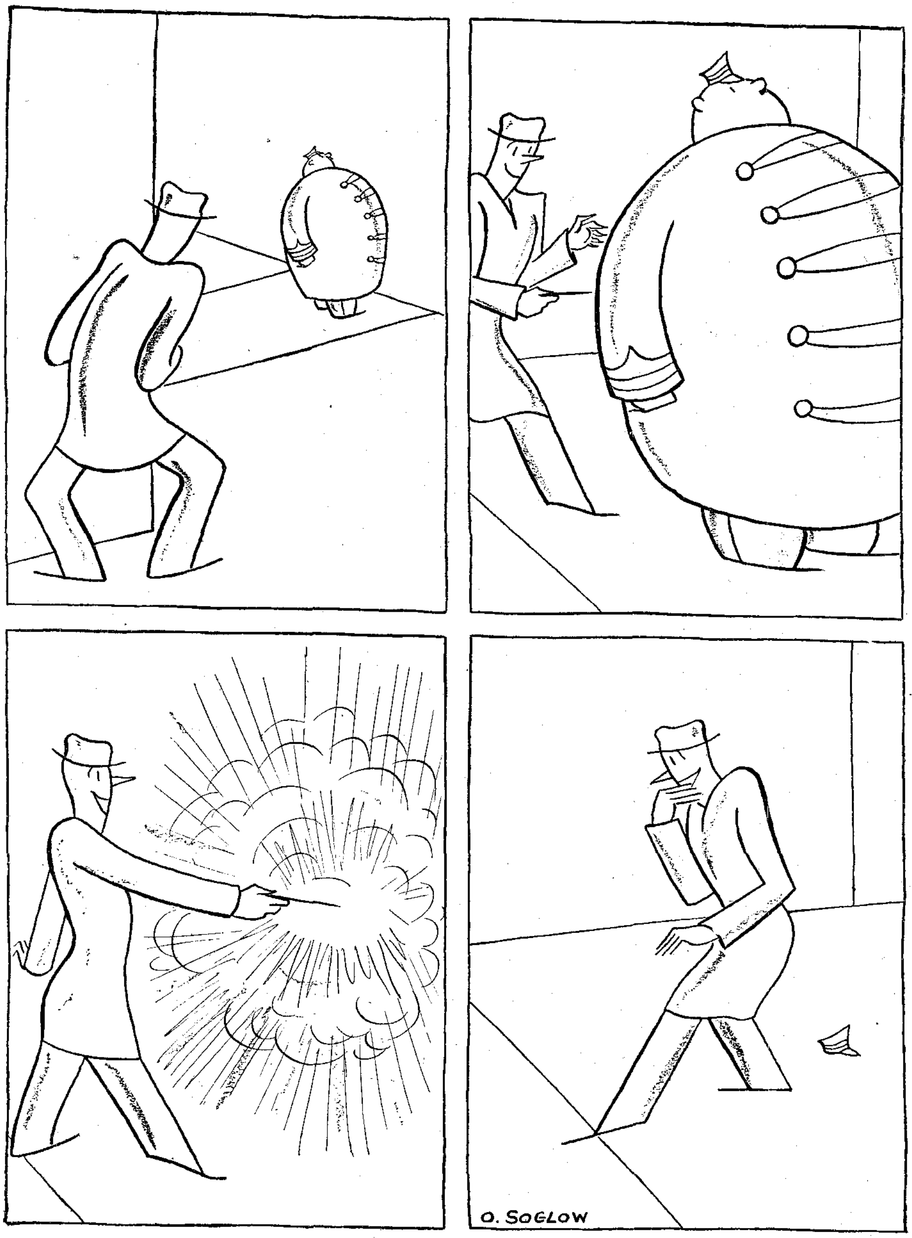
THERE is a little bit of everything in "Dear Old England," and not a very discriminating selection. If it were worth puzzling about, it would be the most puzzling play of the season. Starting with the premise that on the Sussex Downs there are a lot of impoverished lords and ladies living in abandoned railway carriages in the direst need, Mr. Maltby, the author, has begun with an act which might have been pathetic had it been better written, progressed to a second act which is a mixture of broad farce, satire, burlesque, ground-and-lofty tumbling, and morality play, and ended with just a dash of old-fashioned sentimental reminiscence and mating. Some of the satire is not bad, and all of the ground-and-lofty tumbling is good.

I left at the end of the first act on the opening night of "Dear Old England" because it seemed to me that the play was ended and that nothing particularly good could come out of that chaos. The rent had been paid for the indigent patricians by the son of the overbearing landlord (an ex-servitor on the estate who had made money during the war when his patrons were losing it). The young people were evidently coming together, and very shortly too, and the most that could happen would be that Lord Tottenham could fall through some more chairs and sofas. On learning from my colleagues that the thing "picked up" in the second act, I returned the next day and saw it through. I had been quite right in the first place. The "picking-up" process did consist in Lord Tottenham's falling through more chairs and sofas and breaking more teacups. (If the play runs, Reginald Carrington is not going to be a very good insurance risk.) But, oddly enough, the more he does it the more nearly funny it becomes. Another act and even I might have got to laughing.

But aside from Mr. Carrington and the furniture, the gracious and lovely presence of Gladys Hanson, and the quite unbelievable but engaging characterization of Edward Rigby, there isn't enough to "Dear Old England" to keep it from being just a clumsy jumble. I note that they have changed the name (after reading the reviews) from "Dear Old England" to "Deah Old England." That is the element they are evidently going to play up. I, personally, would have chosen the note on which the second act ends, with the pauper peerage discussing old foxhunting days and the *nouveau* landlord slinking out the door. But that is one thing about "Dear Old England" (or "Deah Old England"). You may take your choice of any one of a dozen kinds of entertainment.

IF you feel that you must have a little Shakespeare this season, either because you have a theme to write or because you really like it (you liar!), you can rush around to the Shubert Theatre, where Fritz Leiber is offering a limited engagement of some of the more actable dramas of the I.B. Mr. Leiber, by trying to act as if the characters were real people, gives Shakespeare a more than even break. "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" are, as usual, the ones to plan sitting through.

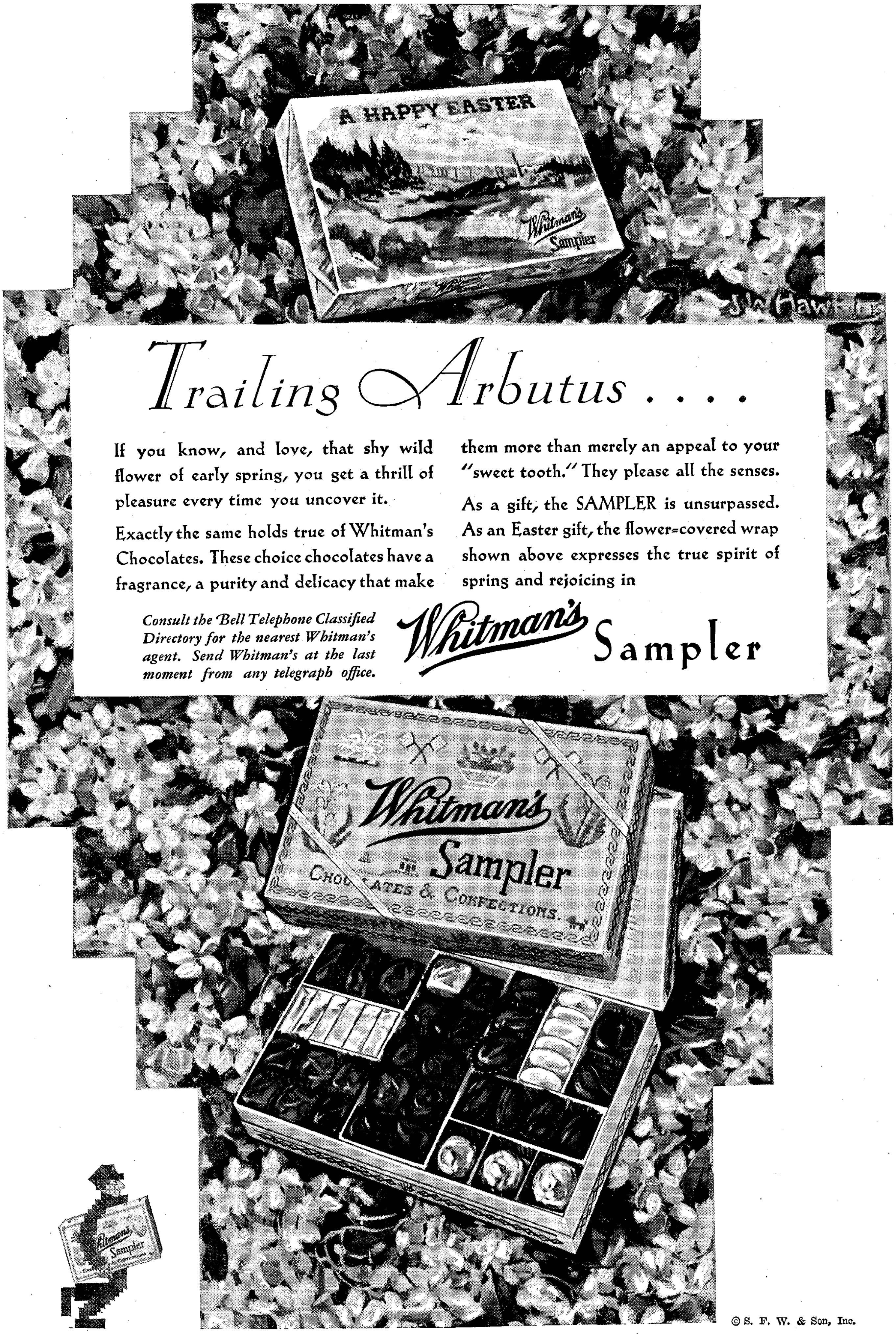
—ROBERT BENCHLEY



•

The Belgian band arrived St. Patrick's Day, there being no reason therefor whatever.—*Kansas City Star.*

Except that it's a mad world.


A HAPPY EASTER
Whitman's Sampler
J. W. Hawkins
Whitman's Sampler
Chocolates & Confections

Trailing Arbutus . . . .

If you know, and love, that shy wild flower of early spring, you get a thrill of pleasure every time you uncover it.

Exactly the same holds true of Whitman's Chocolates. These choice chocolates have a fragrance, a purity and delicacy that make them more than merely an appeal to your "sweet tooth." They please all the senses.

As a gift, the SAMPLER is unsurpassed. As an Easter gift, the flower-covered wrap shown above expresses the true spirit of spring and rejoicing in

Whitman's Sampler

Consult the Bell Telephone Classified Directory for the nearest Whitman's agent. Send Whitman's at the last moment from any telegraph office.

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Quelques mets préparés par moi et des importations recommandées

"Some dishes prepared by me, and some Sherry-approved importations," says the Sherry chef as he gives us this list of foodstuffs purveyed at Sherry's Table Delicacies Shop, Madison Avenue and 62nd Street.

SHERRY-PREPARED FOODS...

LOBSTER NEWBURG...made daily of fresh lobster and special Sauce Newburg, with the best Spanish sherry...$2.50 the portion; $15 the quart (6 portions).

GALANTINE OF CAPON...$1 the portion, $3 the pound sliced, other sizes to special order...whole, $2.50 the pound, up to 5-lb. sizes; sliced, $3 the pound.

HAM MOUSSE in aspic...made on special order in the Sherry kitchens...in moulds for individual servings, or as desired...$1.50 the portion.

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BRITISH BISCUITS...of Sherry-approved importation.

CARR'S CLUB CHEESE...light, crisp and savory...packed in Carlisle, England...$1 the moisture-proof tin.

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PEAK FREAN'S CHEESELETS...an import favorite of Sherry patrons...75c the tin.

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COCKTAIL ONIONS in glass...diminutive size...from the Netherlands...90c the bottle.

ESCOFFIER SWEET GHERKINS in glass...whole gherkins in malt vinegar...from London...75c the jar.

MAJOR GREY'S CHUTNEY in glass...needs no introduction to the connoisseur...a classic of food condiments...$1.25 the 16 oz. bottle.

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STORIES OF TODAY

I—DIETETICS

"Professor" Podorogi,
Former shoemaker,
Persuaded the Soviets
To put him in charge
Of two hundred valuable
Silver-gray foxes
On a desolate farm
On Kolguev Isle.
He fed them salt fish and vodka
And they all died.

Thereupon the professor
Sorrowfully consumed
The remaining vodka
And returned to civilization.

II—NAÏVETÉ

Ina Carpenter,
Naïve lassie
From Kansas City,
Sued a New York actor
For breach of promise.
She says he requested her
To tear up his letters,
Which she faithfully did.

But she carefully saved
All of the pieces,
And has pasted them together!

III—CONDESCENSION

Parisian youth
Of the Latin Quarter
Have organized a society
Against "the American spirit."
They are boycotting American
Cigarettes, razors,
Clothing, motion pictures,
And so on.

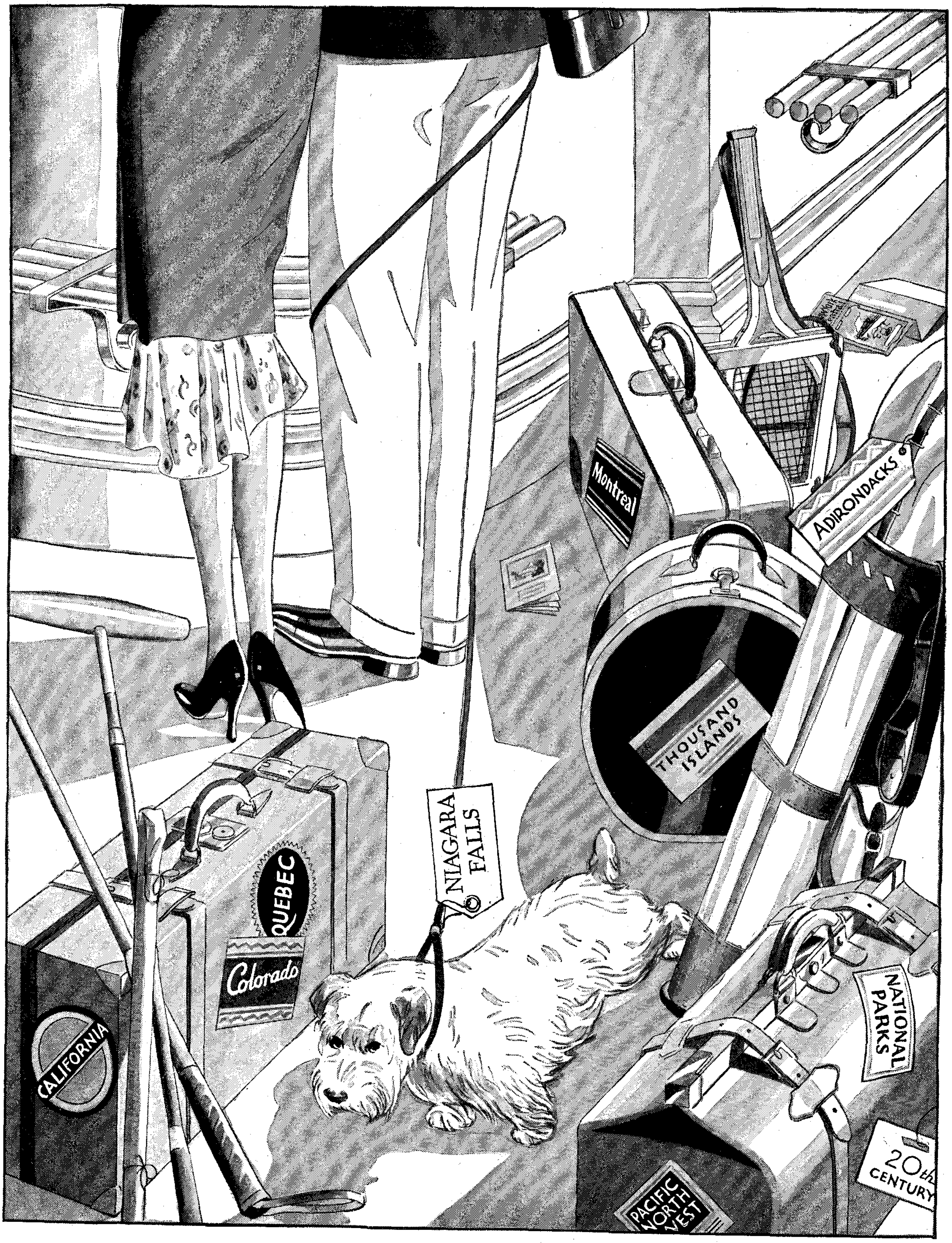
However, Americans
Will still be permitted
To purchase the books,
Pictures, and verse
Produced by the members.

IV—DISCRIMINATION

The American delegation
To the Naval Conference
Over in London
Tasted the sting
Of discrimination.

The bar at the Ritz,
Where they were staying,
Was only six feet long,
While over at the Carlton,
Where the French were staying,
The bar was over
Eighteen feet long.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN


Montreal
ADIRONDACKS
THOUSAND ISLANDS
NIAGARA FALLS
QUEBEC
Colorado
CALIFORNIA
NATIONAL PARKS
20th CENTURY
PACIFIC NORTH WEST

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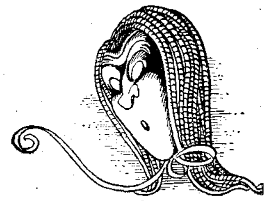
SHOUTS AND MURMURS

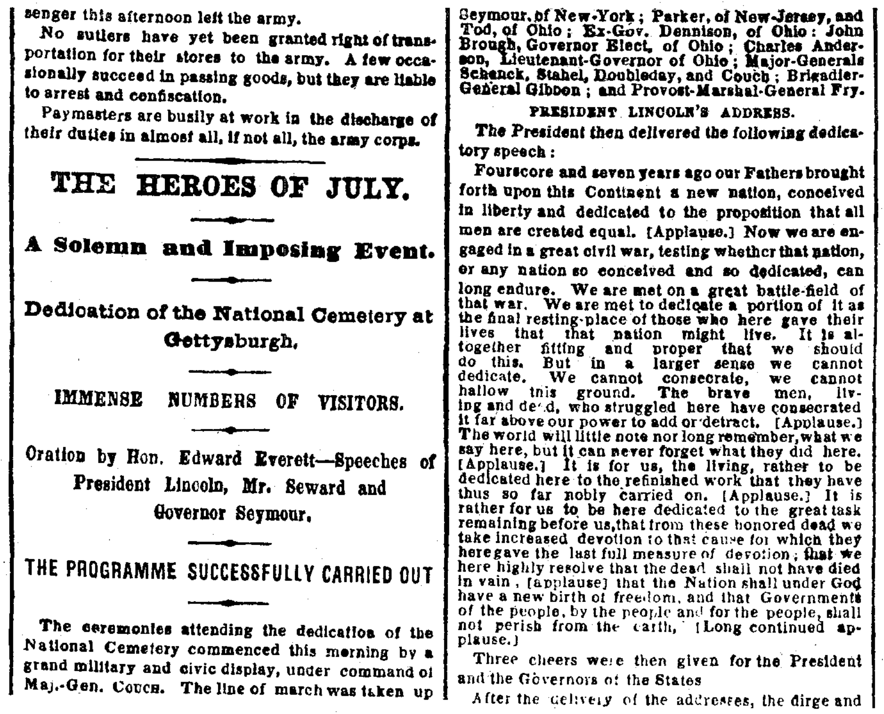


A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

READERS of these pastoral letters may have noticed that one subject keeps cropping up in them with all the persistence of King Charles's head in poor Mr. Dick's memorial. That recurrent subject is the Gettysburg Address, around which I am ever circling uneasily, like a skater fascinated by a yawning hole in the ice. The fascination lies, I suppose, in the endless and chastening irony of the story—the story of a short speech which seems destined to immortality, but which he who spoke it, those who heard it, and the first to read it all regarded as no great shakes. Enough of time has already run for us to know that it was not what Meade's forces did at Gettysburg at all but what Mr. Lincoln said there that the world will long remember—remember, one guesses, if not until the last syllable of recorded time, at least so long as there persists on earth a people to speak or read the English tongue.

This year the Bobbs-Merrill Company has published William E. Barton's admirable monograph on the subject. It is a fine, thick book called "Lincoln at Gettysburg," wherein you may read what Mr. Lincoln intended to say on that battlefield, what he did say, what he was reported to have said, and what, in the tardy regrets that haunt all speakers, he wished he had said. Mr. Barton's is a patient, exhaustive, sagacious, tolerant work, and I have read it from cover to cover. You would think it unlikely that I could look vainly in it for a single relevant fact. Yet just that has happened. And certainly you would think it grossly improbable that I could add anything to his record. Yet I think I can. Today I submit material for a footnote to his next edition, a final and suitably ironic touch which, as far as I know, has never found its way into print before.

Some weeks ago I made allusion here to the morning-after version of the address as it was reported in the New York *Times*. In the hope that some will find it interesting, I now reproduce a patch of the *Times's* first page for that issue of November 20, 1863—enough, at least, to show not only the address itself as it greeted the worried breakfast tables of New York, but also the headline-writer's notion about the relative importance of Mr. Lincoln's part in the Gettysburg ceremonies. Such old newspaper files are inexhaustibly entertaining, and they give the browser, who can forego smoking long enough to spend a few hours with them at the Public Library, a sense of eavesdropping on the past, of listening behind the arras of history.



senger this afternoon left the army.

No sutlers have yet been granted right of transportation for their stores to the army. A few occasionally succeed in passing goods, but they are liable to arrest and confiscation.

Paymasters are busily at work in the discharge of their duties in almost all, if not all, the army corps.

THE HEROES OF JULY.

A Solemn and Imposing Event.

Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburgh.

IMMENSE NUMBERS OF VISITORS.

Oration by Hon. Edward Everett—Speeches of President Lincoln, Mr. Seward and Governor Seymour.

THE PROGRAMME SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT

The ceremonies attending the dedication of the National Cemetery commenced this morning by a grand military and civic display, under command of Maj.-Gen. COUCH. The line of march was taken up

Seymour, of New-York; Parker, of New-Jersey, and Tod, of Ohio; Ex-Gov. Dennison, of Ohio: John Brough, Governor Elect, of Ohio; Charles Anderson, Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio; Major-Generals Schenck, Stahel, Doubleday, and Couch; Brigadier-General Gibbon; and Provost-Marshal-General Fry.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ADDRESS.

The President then delivered the following dedicatory speech:

Fourscore and seven years ago our Fathers brought forth upon this Continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. [Applause.] Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate. We cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. [Applause.] The world will little note nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. [Applause.] It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the refinished work that they have thus so far nobly carried on. [Applause.] It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, [applause] that the Nation shall under God have a new birth of freedom, and that Governments of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth, [Long continued applause.]

Three cheers were then given for the President and the Governors of the States

After the delivery of the addresses, the dirge and

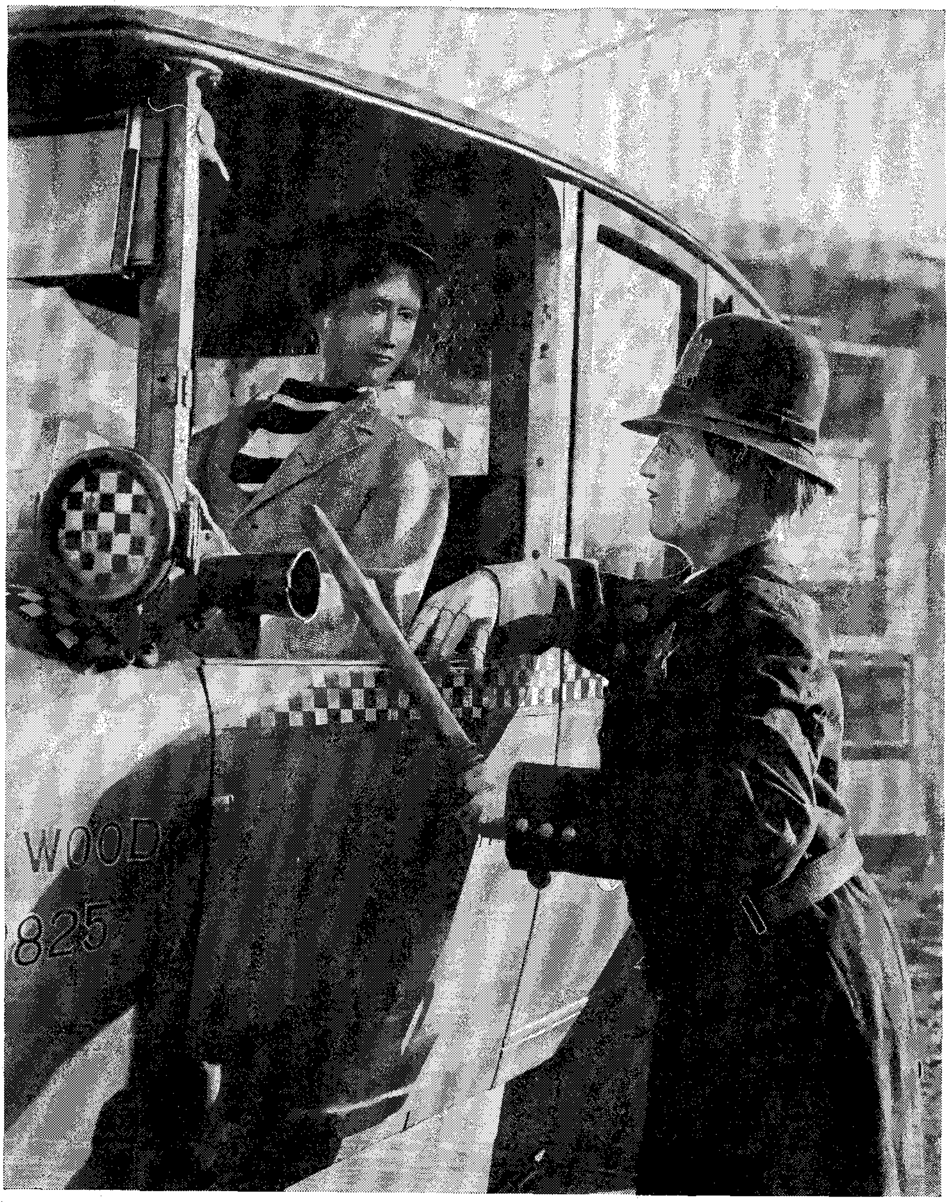
BUT to come down to the *lacunae* in Mr. Barton's book. It is in the matter of the existing holograph manuscripts of the address. There were at least six of them, and five of these we now have. Two are in the Library of Congress. One of these, Mr. Barton thinks, was the one Lincoln started in Washington and finished when he reached Mr. Wills' home in Gettysburg. The other was the fair copy he himself wrote out, then and there, and carried with him when he went to the cemetery. What I vainly sought in the Barton book was some account of how these two manuscripts first found their way into the Congressional Library. With regard to one of them I think I can submit a stray bit of information which may be helpful.

One manuscript of the Gettysburg Address Lincoln presented to young John Hay, his merry secretary, who went with him to Gettysburg and, on the night before the dedication, held high revel in the startled streets of the little town. This cherished gift was found among Hay's papers when he died. By that time the address had already taken on the stature which now seems to be its immutable portion. There was a family pow-wow to decide which of Hay's three children should inherit the manuscript, and the upshot of this conclave was the decision that none of them should; that so sacred a relic ought to be the property of no individual; that it rightfully belonged to the nation "so conceived and so dedicated." Twenty years ago, therefore, they presented it to the Congressional Library.

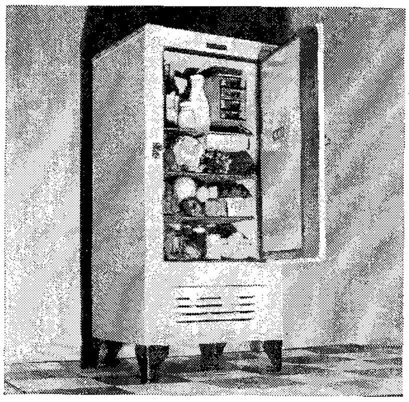
The nation's reply was what stunned them into a silence that has lasted until this day. For upon receiving the manuscript of the Gettysburg Address, the Library of Congress—and there has been no further communication on the subject—sent a form letter of acknowledgement.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

SILENT as a taxi-driver when a cop asks ". . . where's the fire?"



Kitchenette Model Electrolux has 4 cu. ft. of food space; makes 36 large ice cubes.



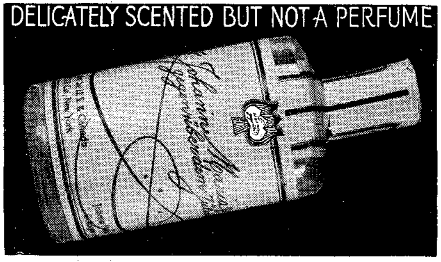
YOU can't have sound where there are no moving parts. We're speaking of Electrolux and not taxi-drivers. In this newest kind of automatic refrigerator a tiny gas flame and a slight flow of water do all the work. They freeze the ice cubes, make the cold—simply, endlessly. There's no stopping and starting. What a comfort, what a relief to own a refrigerator that hasn't a speck of machinery to wear, to vibrate, to make noise. And this perfect service costs you only 5 to 10 cents a day. Prices are $195 to $430. Many models and sizes on view at your gas company's display room. For complete illustrated literature write Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d Street, New York City.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A HAPPY ENDING for your Bath

DELICATELY SCENTED BUT NOT A PERFUME



AS you step from your tub, reach for the bottle of Farina's Red Crest Cologne. The first few drops yield positive protection against perspiration odors.

Since 1709, when Johann Maria Farina produced his famous formula, this luxurious cologne has been the first choice of fastidious Continentals as an all-around toilette accessory.

Men use it as a perspiration safeguard and rub-down. Women pat it gently on face, neck and chest.

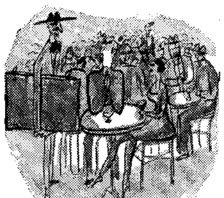
At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion.* Price $1.

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, MAR. 26



DELUGES and the overflowing of the Tarn and Garonne rivers, by mutilating the region from Bordeaux to Montauban, or exactly half the lower neck of France, have brought unhappiness not only to those immediately involved but to winebibbers, men of money, and aesthetes alike. In the famous vineyards of Sauterne and Barsac, floods of water are mixing with what might later have made good wine. Railway tracks to Toulouse, trade centre for the South, are washed out, and will be for the next two months. At Agen, whose fortune was made in goose livers, the rich inhabitants were drowned on their goose-feather beds, and water knelt at the high altar of the lovely cathedral of Saint-Caprais. Montauban, famous as the birthplace of Ingres, will require twenty years and state charity for its reconstruction. A third of the houses are washed away at Moissac, whose church, Saint-Pierre, contains a twelfth-century carved portal and a cloister second to no Romanesque work in France. All the region most disastrously affected is richest in the architectural, clerical, and scholarly traditions of the Languedoc and Périgourdin countries.

One of the earliest settled regions in France (Christian martyrs abounded there in 400 A. D., and the towns sprang up around their tombs), cultivated later by the powerful Benedictine abbeys, and refined by the lighthouse of learning that was the University of Toulouse, the land is strewn with views, picturesque villages, feudal fortresses, extraordinary unvisited churches, inns that serve rich regional food, and good roads unfrequented by the motor-tourist crowd. Its local museums are ornate and its rich libraries remarkable in their loneliness; the town of Montauban has only twenty-nine thousand inhabitants but a remarkable Renaissance library of thirty thousand volumes, or more than one manuscript to a citizen.

SOME idea of the importance of the disaster may be gained from the fact that the President of France, a gentleman ordinarily never seen from the day

JOHN DAVID
Fashions For Men

The New Yorker At Easter

¶ He is distinguishable at a glance by the smart simplicity and the admirable appropriateness of his festive turnout. We are recognized purveyors of Clothes, Hats, Haberdashery and Personal Etceteras to the Well-Dressed New Yorker.

FIFTH AVENUE
AT FORTY-THIRD STREET
BROADWAY
AT THIRTY-SECOND STREET

And Other Easily Reached Stores Throughout Greater New York

BERGDORF GOODMAN

urges special care in washing the smart new colors

A PAINTER'S eye would delight in the colorful fabrics Paris now sponsors... which Bergdorf-Goodman creates into frocks most demurely, guilefully, feminine . . .

Whether in lovely flower-like chiffons, rough textured shantungs, richly patterned silks, or in cottons gay as an old-fashioned garden . . . color's the thing!

"Do take the safest care of these lovely new colors," they will tell you at Bergdorf-Goodman's—"the least fading spoils the *smart effect, the subtle balance of tone.*

"If you would keep colorful frocks, blouses, scarfs as charming as new, give them the very gentlest cleansing.

"Test a bit of the fabric to find whether it is safe in water alone. If so, it will wash perfectly in Lux. We ourselves have found Lux the best washing method. With Lux, colors and textures are preserved in their perfect, new state."

Naturally fashion authorities advise Lux . . . because Lux is made of the purest materials known... made especially to cleanse very gently, very tenderly, the most delicate color, the finest fibre—to keep them *like new!*

▶ (Above) Bergdorf-Goodman uses a lovely flame-red printed silk in this afternoon frock with its delightfully feminine lingerie touches.

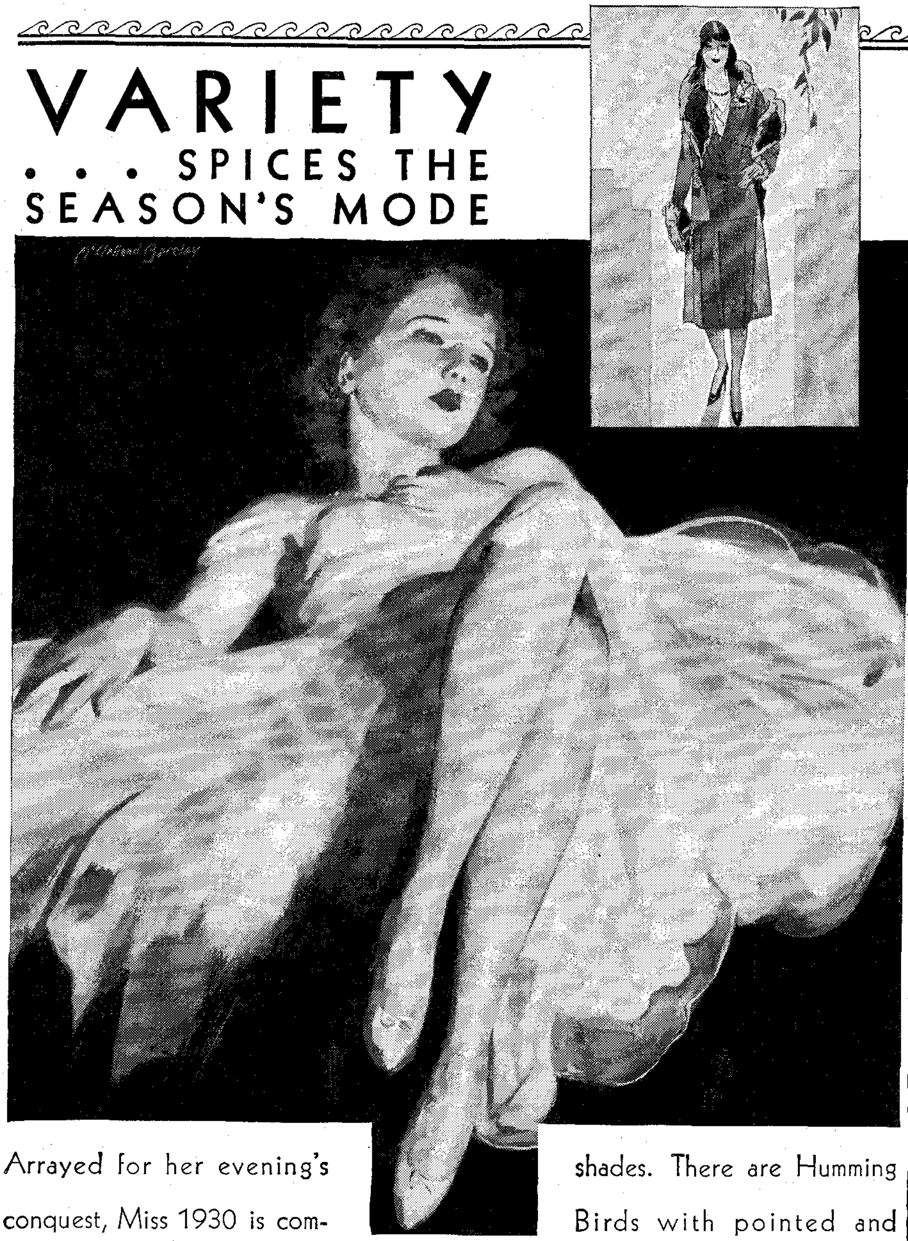
▶ (Above, right) Smart new linen shantung in putty-white, with a gorgeous red, blue, yellow, black scarf. Lux preserves perfectly the subtle tone of the shantung—and the brilliant colors of the scarf, too!

LUX
For all fine laundering
washing dish

he takes office until he leaves it, hurried down and walked on foot through the mud of the desolated towns. The Banque de France opened a subscription, as did most of the journals; theatres and shops gave half of their receipts. In temporary loss of land-utility and property, the devastation has been exceeded only by that caused by the war in the farm-fields of the North. In another way, the monetary loss has been even greater. Prewar gold *louis* hidden by the bank-suspicious peasant in his sock survived flood as well as fire; in the recent disaster the fragile, pretty postwar paper money, which often constituted the savings of a lifetime, floated downstream to be lost with the rest of the chaff or, worse, decomposed like vegetables in the mud. Considering that the national loss is estimated at millions of francs, the local American colony has been somewhat astounded at the modesty of the American Red Cross' contribution of five thousand dollars.

THE capacity of the French reading public to absorb de luxe editions of even the most trivial book—brought out to sell from five to twenty times the price of the ordinary commercial copy—remains a matter for astonishment to American publishers and bookworms alike. No French volume leaves the press in its first edition except in a half-dozen different formats of different prices. Thus of the most worthless novel, expensive at the conventional price of twelve francs, it is possible to obtain (at one hundred francs apiece) one hundred numbered examples of the in-18 Grand Jésus variety printed on Imperial Japan paper, two dozen done on Holland Van Gelder, and a thousand on Alfa Satin. For friends of the author there is a special edition, often done on colored rose weave throughout. Even books reserved for the critics enjoy a special edition and are marked "S. P." (*Service de la Presse*); each is dedicated to the critic by name and laboriously signed, with an appropriate sentiment, by the author.

It is rare, therefore, to come upon special volumes meriting such special treatment. Of such rank is the newly announced output of Nancy Cunard's Hours Press, at 15 Rue Guénégaud. The Hours Press specializes in limited editions of new works by living authors, all copies signed, numbered, and beautifully printed. Subscriptions for two of the leading items are already nearly filled—"Ten Poems More," by Robert Graves, and "A War Story,"



VARIETY
. . . SPICES THE SEASON'S MODE

Arrayed for her evening's conquest, Miss 1930 is completely transformed from her tailleured self of an hour previous, from the twist of her curls to the tips of her Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hose . . . Humming Birds accommodate themselves to the modes as readily as hem lines rise and fall with the hours. There are superbly fine chiffons in many exclusive evening shades. There are Humming Birds with pointed and French heels that faithfully reflect the high slim heels of your pumps. There are picot edges and plain hems—textures and colors for all occasions. Humming Birds are moderately priced in stores of the better class. . . .

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FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY

Ask to be shown "Nymph"—a perfect match for pale sand beige. This is among the most popular of Humming Bird's exclusive new Spring colors, developed by Mlle. Julie Bolegard, our Paris stylist.

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by Richard Aldington. Another important article for American bibliophiles is the first collected edition of Ezra Pound's "Cantos," hitherto obtainable only in separate and dear volumes. The rest of the list includes: "Ten Poems Less" and "Four Unposted Letters to Catherine," by Laura Riding; Walter Lowenfels' "Apollinaire: An Elegy;" "Words," by Bob Brown; "This Chaos," by Harold Acton; "First Poems," by Brian Howard; and pieces of music set to modern poetry by Henry Crowder, cover by Man Ray.

FOR some time the stamp-cancellations of the French post offices have borne the slogan "Save the Élite of France," with something added, usually blurred, about the Cité Universitaire and the students of the land. These young élites have recently endeared themselves here, perhaps even to the postal authorities, by a series of riots that made your football snake-dances seem pale. At the Sorbonne they threw stink bombs at a history professor whose anti-royalist views pained the class; they added inkpots to bombs against a medical professor whose attitude toward anatomy seemed narrow to their large young minds; in electing class officers they have just wrecked the magnificent classical Hôtel de Colbert, their student-association meeting place, by tossing beer bottles through its fine stained-glass windows and trying to push a modern grand piano into the seventeenth-century court below. It was probably the fathers of these impatient young bloods who, a month ago, set fire to the judges' stands and betting booths of the race course at Vincennes because the favorite got off to a false start.

Yet during the political crises of the past month, France existed for a week without any government at all. During this time, white-and-blue Parma violets were sold on the streets, as usual, without the red of blood being added to form the *tricolore*. The capacity of the Parisian temperament for non-political revolutions continues, to the Jeffersonian democratic mind, to be eternally amazing. —GENÊT

•

W. A. Knapp and Rev. Solomon motored into Pecos Tuesday to interview a dentist that has been giving Bro. Solomon trouble since his arrival in the valley.—*Balmorhea* (*Tex.*) *News.*

Somebody knows de trouble he's seen.

The Stratton
HONEY MAID CANDIES

Introducing The New STRATTON Package

Honey-Maid Chocolates

NOW you may eat all the Chocolates you like! Forget the calories and take comfort in the assurance that Honey-Maid Chocolates are **less fattening.** This new one pound STRATTON package at $1.50 offers tempting delicacies and surprises --in wide variety--all made from finest clover honey. The New Yorker gift package smartly suggests a genuine honey-comb; one pound de luxe box at $2.50. Honey Chews are featured in a novel unit of four boxes, enough for four tables of bridge, at $1.00.

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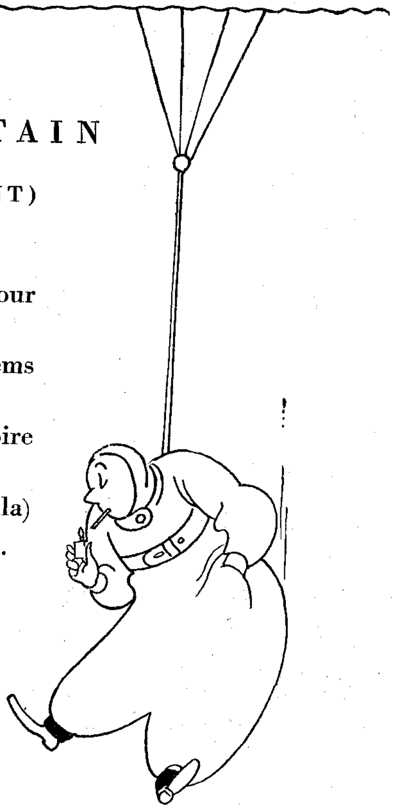
SEE AND HEAR NANCY CARROLL IN "HONEY" AT PARAMOUNT THEATRE

LE MOMENT INCERTAIN

(THE UNCERTAIN MOMENT)



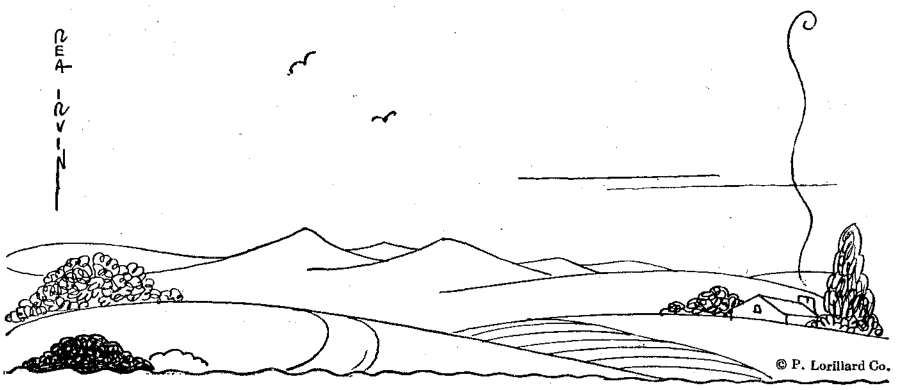
When you are not sure that your parachute is going to open and it seems quite possible that le jour de gloire est arrivé—Voilà! (pronounced voila)

be nonchalant . . .

LIGHT

A MURAD

(PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS)



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FRENCH HOLD OFF AT NAVAL PARLEY

[OPENING PARAGRAPHS FROM THE INTERMINABLE DISPATCHES OF OUR OWN SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

LONDON, March 17—Prime Minister André Tardieu of France hereafter will take part in the proceedings of the Naval Conference only during weekends, it was unofficially reported last night at the headquarters of the French delegation. No reasons were given for this decision, but subsequent reports declare that Tardieu has recently begun taking the "conference cure" in an attempt to break himself of the conference habit, and by limiting himself to weekends hopes shortly to taper off and give it up entirely.

"We have been expecting this step for some time," one French delegate was quoted as saying, "because M. Tardieu had got to a point where he could not remember whether he was Prime Minister or not. Sometimes he could not even remember whether he was M. Tardieu."

Later it was unofficially . . .

LONDON, March 18—All reports concerning the "weekend" policy of Prime Minister Tardieu were vigorously denied today at the headquarters of the French delegation. The only new development since yesterday has been the rumored dismissal of one member of the French delegation, unofficially reported to have given out as official certain unofficial reports of official facts connected with the unofficial activities of M. Tardieu during the past official days. This report was officially denied later in the day.

In the meantime the American delegation . . .

LONDON, March 20—No official bulletins were issued today, and the few unofficial reports that leaked out were officially denied before the various correspondents could sneak away to their typewriters.

Secretary Stimson, however . . .

LONDON, March 25—Reports current yesterday concerning a possible Franco-Italian agreement were alternately verified and denied every half-hour today. The situation was complicated by the fact that when the French officially verified the report the Italians officially denied it and when the French denied it the Italians verified it. The score at the end of the first day's play stood: French, 12 denials, 11 verifications; Italians, 11 denials, 11 verifications, thus making

YOU'D STOP THIS IN A MINUTE

Imagine how horrified you'd be if you found one of the children destroying a valuable fur coat . . . how quickly you'd stop it!

Something just as destructive is probably happening this very moment to your valuable furs and other clothing. In garment bags or in your cedar chest moths take an enormous toll because so-called protective devices do not really protect . . . see Government Bulletin No. 1353.

A Government approved process, which destroys all moth life, is used in each Plymetl Vault . . . it gives permanent protection to your garments . . . cold storage does not. Moths and their eggs are merely stupefied by refrigeration . . . a few hours in a warm closet is enough to revive them for their destructive work. The fact that the Plymetl process completely sterilizes all moth life has caused many leading department stores to adopt Plymetl storage equipment exclusively.

The Plymetl Vault affords your clothing complete protection . . . not only from moths, but from human marauders, as well. Its sturdy Plymetl walls and its multiple tumbler lock make it possible for you to lock things up and know that they will still be there safe and sound when you return.

No dirt or dust can reach your clothing in a Plymetl Vault . . . its steel walls are absolutely air tight. Cleaning bills are greatly reduced for families who have these modern personal storage vaults in their homes or apartments. The vault bars out all alkaline dust, carbon monoxide and the sulphuric particles of coal soot . . . even a trace of which soon ages, rots and fades delicate fabrics. "What a blissful feeling to hang a dress away in the Plymetl Vault" writes one of many satisfied owners . . . "and to know that the next time I take it out it will be just as clean and fresh as the day I placed it there."

Thousands of people first tried a single vault in their homes . . . they found that clothing lasted much longer . . . that dry cleaning bills were a great deal lower. This proof of economy has caused the majority of these owners to add at least a second Plymetl Vault. These people have learned from actual experience that the damage done by moths to one garment alone will cost as much, or more than the outlay for a *single* Plymetl Vault.

Plymetl Vaults are attractively finished in a variety of beautiful colors. Approximately 2 feet square and 6 feet high. Can be located in any desirable place such as a closet, hall, attic or bedroom.

Let us send you complete particulars about this modern method of protecting your clothing. There is absolutely no obligation . . . *representative will* not call unless you so desire. Haskelite Manufacturing Corporation, 120 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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the French one up in the initial bracket.

Nevertheless Secretary Stimson . . .

London, March 31—All negotiations at the Naval Conference for the past two weeks in which France has participated were declared automatically unofficial last night when it was discovered that Prime Minister Tardieu has been signing Foreign Minister Briand's name to all documents, under the impression that Briand is Prime Minister and that he (M. Tardieu) is Aristide Briand. Members of the French delegation began to be suspicious when a cablegram from the office of the Prime Minister in Paris addressed "Aristide Briand" and signed "Aristide Briand" reached M. Briand yesterday morning. An investigation was held immediately and the suspicion verified. The French delegation then sent M. Tardieu a letter of confidence informing him that he is M. Tardieu and that M. Tardieu is Prime Minister.

The wholesale nullification of official acts on the part of the French is widely believed to have cancelled certain agreements with Italy, but nothing definite has been learned as yet. The French explained that even if they did make a report it would be unofficial.

The Italians, when questioned, refused to comment on the situation at all.

"No spik Inglis," said the official spokesman.

Secretary Stimson . . .

—Reed Johnston

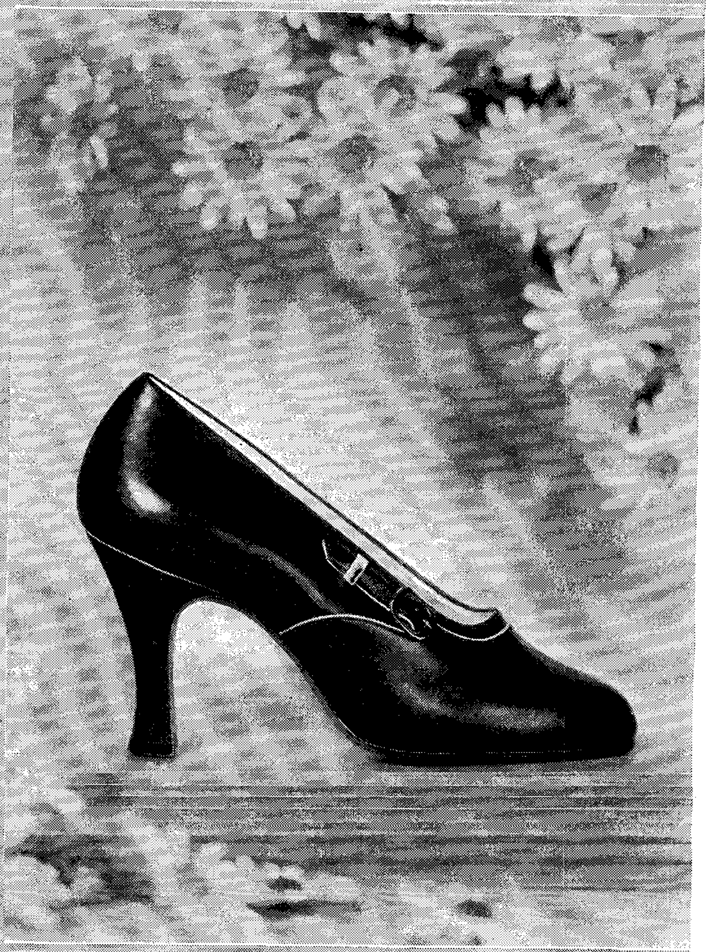
●

FAMILIAR AND BELOV'D

This was the place . . . this was the very hour
Of dark and light, of word and frozen star;
Just so the city glittered like a flower
Of crystal . . . so immutable things are!
So swift to seek the patterns that they know;
To sound remembered tunes, precise and clear;
To run down paths on which they always go;
To speak the phrase ridiculously dear!
Familiar and belov'd, the crooked street
Goes limping down the hillside to its end.
Here was the corner where he called me "Sweet"—
Here was the doorstep where he called me "Friend"—

This is the hour . . . and this the very place—
Wearing a smile upon its quiet face.

—Elspeth



Delman

SETS THE PACE FOR FASHION

with lovely models made entirely by hand individually created to achieve the perfect fit and lasting distinction of every Delman Shoe!

Lillian Delman's new Court Pump for Spring—is tailored in Black, Brown, Blue, Beige or Green Kidskin, contrasted with a very narrow Kid piping and relieved by a small enamelled buckle and tab. A smart Delman mode—comes also in Patent Leather or Brown Kidskin vamps, combined with backs and heels of a novelty Tweed-like Crepe. $22.50

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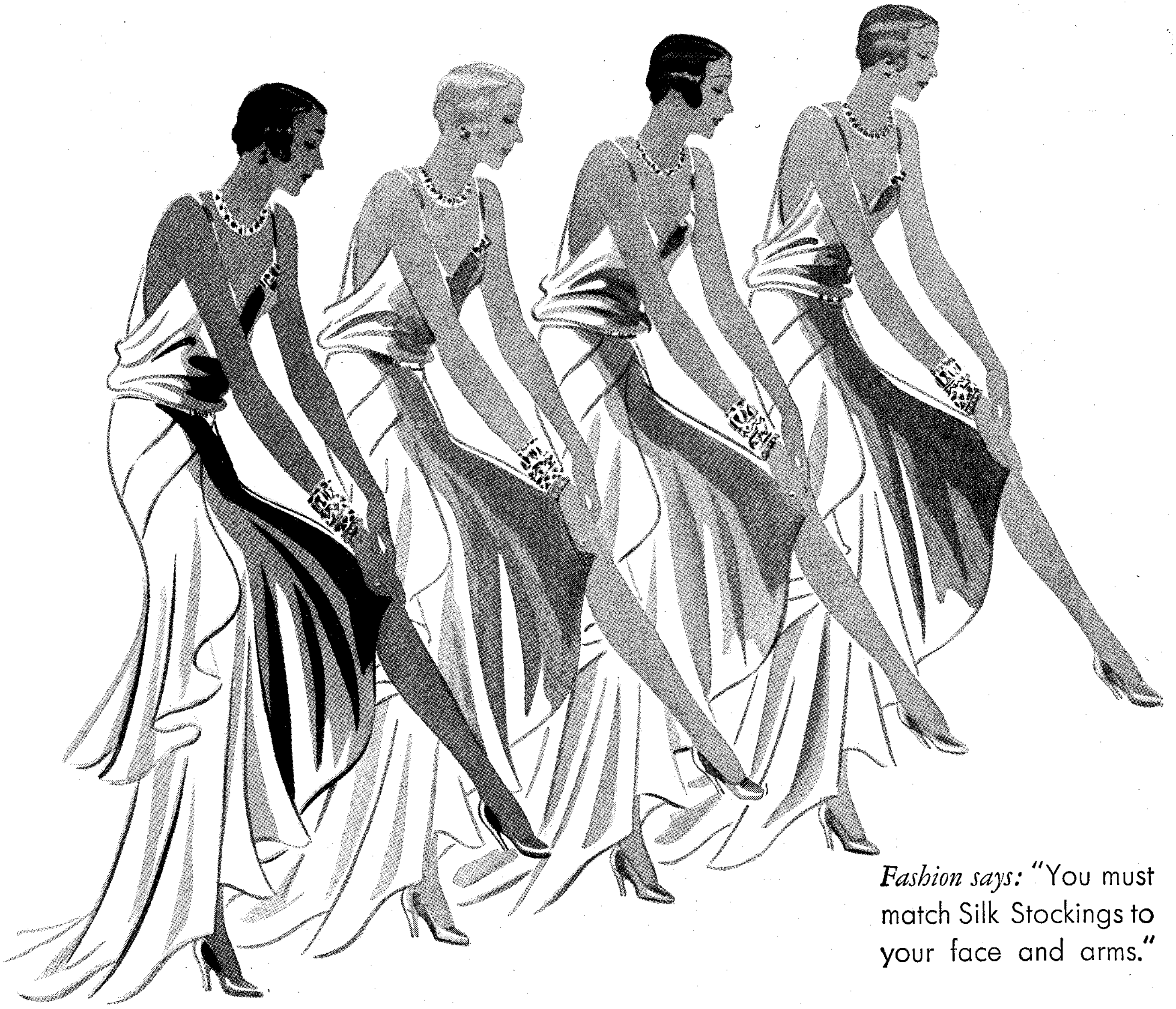
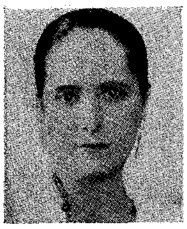


Fashion says: "You must match Silk Stockings to your face and arms."



ONYX SUNPLEXION* SHADES

"You must call them Sunplexion*" said Mme. Rubinstein
". . . for they so perfectly match the complexion."

Thrillingly new! Adorably flattering — and right in step with Paris — is this new Onyx way of matching Silk Stockings to face and arms — with Sunplexion* Shades . . . And amazingly accurate, for we asked Mme. Helena Rubinstein — famous beauty adviser — to help us duplicate in exquisite new Silk Stockings the exact face powder tones which she evolved for the four leading complexion types. And Sunplexion* Shades are equally perfect with all face powder tints. From $1.15 to $2.95.

ONYX

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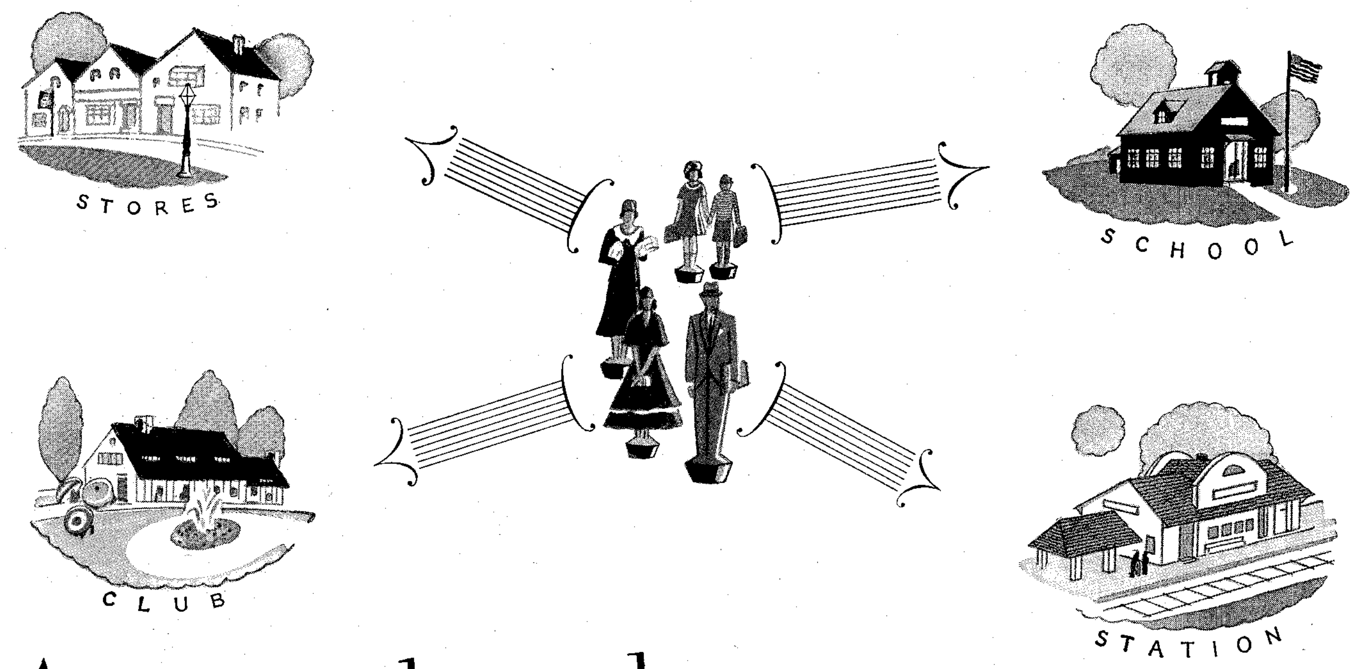
*"*Sunplexion"—Registration Applied For*

- IF YOU ARE A PALE BLONDE—ASK FOR ONYX-MAURESQUE;
- IF YOU ARE A GOLDEN BLONDE—ASK FOR ONYX-GYPSY TAN;
- IF YOU ARE A MEDIUM BRUNETTE—ASK FOR ONYX-OCHRE;
- IF YOU ARE A DARK BRUNETTE—ASK FOR ONYX-DIXIE TAN.

© ONYX, 1930



A new idea about *"going places"*

The BANTAM Car is for the first time offered to shrewd Americans

AT just the right time the American Austin breaks into the domestic scene. Families today are many individuals who want to go many different places . . . at once, please. Hence the logic and economy of the small transportation unit. The Austin bantam claims its place in your menage as an auxiliary car, for the minor journeys, to supplement the service of the large family car.

It is an individual car—brisk, efficient—shot with spunk. Comes as near being expense-less as any car you ever heard talked about. It will run 40 miles on one gallon of gas . . . 1000 miles on a 2-quart filling of oil. When you've spent fifty-six dollars for gas and oil, you will have traveled 10,000 miles. The tires go on forever—well, almost—20,000 to 40,000 miles.

Wheel base? . . . twenty-eight inches shorter than any standard American car. Width? Sixteen inches less than standard tread.

Behind its bantam stature the Austin has a long proud record that has startled sportsmen from Scotland to Singapore. Some of these records are printed here.

There's a need for one? . . . two? . . . three? of these brilliant little automobiles in every family of individuals that likes to go places and do things.

You can buy this car for less than a year's upkeep on your present large car.

Monthlery, France. 24 hour race at 64.75 m.p.h.

Melbourne, Australia. 250 miles. 54.8 miles per (imperial) gallon.

Brooklands Racing Drivers Club, England. 200 miles at 83.53 m. p. h.

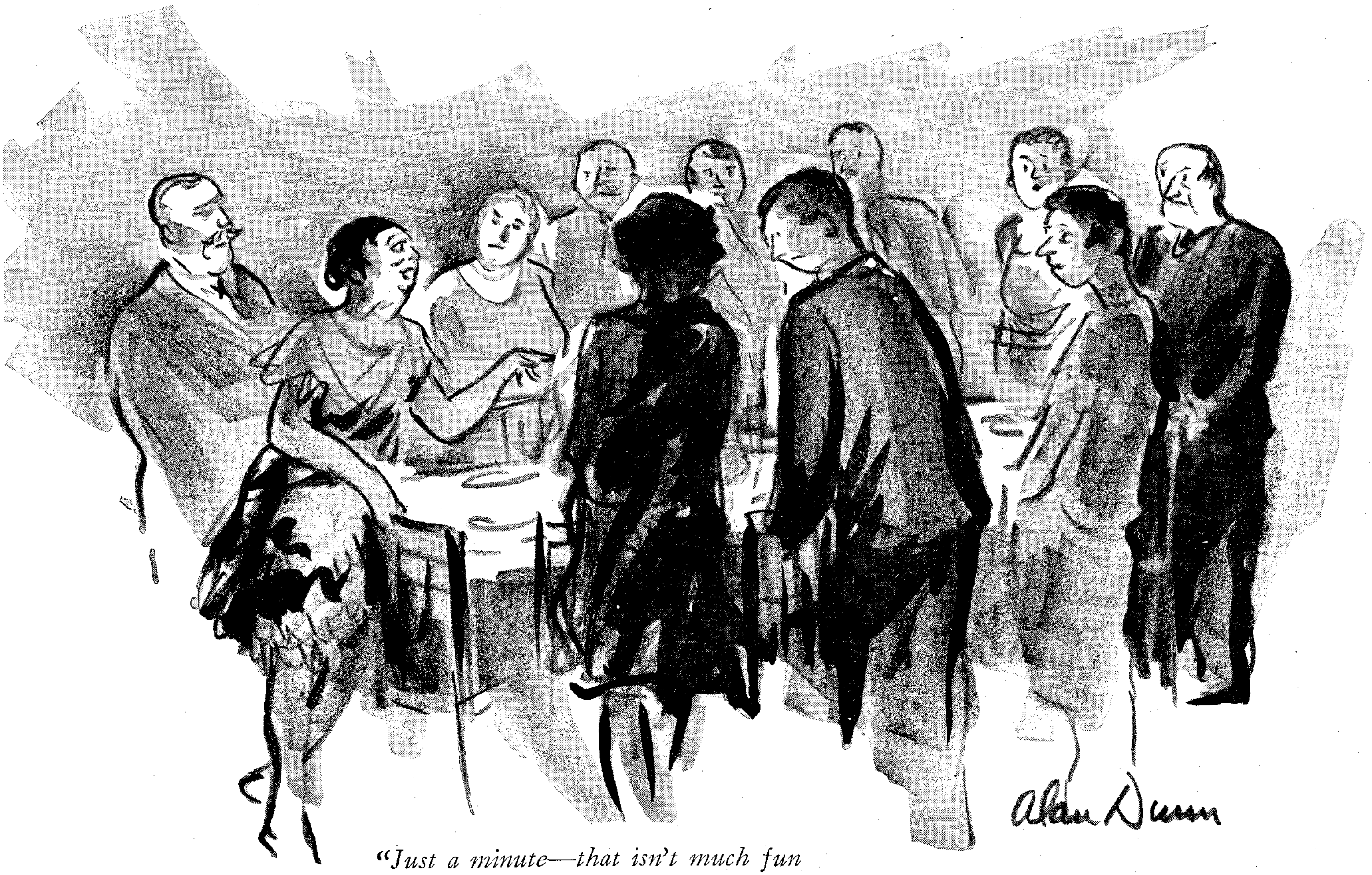
Mulders Drift Hill Climb, South Africa. 1st—2nd—3rd.

Urquiola Hill Climb, Spain. Broke all records, won three cups.

Fahrt Durch Schlesien. First — second — gold and silver medals and cups.

THE
AMERICAN
Austin

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR CO., INCORPORATED 7300 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT, MICHIGAN



"Just a minute—that isn't much fun for Mrs. Mayhew. Mr. Mayhew, will you sit over here, please?"

SITTIN' ON THE INSIDE

THIS is a description of an average day in the Pen in a big city. It might be New York and it might not. How I happened to be there shouldn't interest anyone. There was nothing spectacular about my arrest or trial, so I'll just say that I went out to take a walk one morning, unfortunately with a gun in my pocket, and just four years passed before I took another walk along the same street.

Maybe you might get the impression from reading this that the inmates of a prison don't lead such a hard life. They get three meals a day, a place to sleep, and the work isn't too heavy; but if you're one of the fortunate ones who have never been "on the inside," say a little prayer every night and hope you never go there. The monotony of the place, each day twenty-four hours long and one day the same as the next, the same work, the same food, the same sights—that's what gets you. Fellows go out and new ones come in, but after a short time you scarcely notice. All you're thinking of is how much longer you yourself will have to stay and if you can stick it out.

BUT that's enough of this bunk. I promised you a description of one full day and here it is:

6 A.M.—Bang! there goes the bell and we're off. Here's the keeper, or the screw, as he's called, to count the inmates. There are sixty-four men in our tier, each standing at the gate of his cell, and the screw has a wisecrack for each one as he passes along. "Hey, you in fourteen, get up. Geez, what a racket you guys got. . . . What? Will I swap with you? Crack wise again and I'll swap left hooks. Hey, you in seventeen, the judge didn't send you over here to press that mattress. . . . What, you dreamed you was in a speakeasy? Well, make out you're back again and get up to the 'bar' for the count." (Quite a punster is this screw.) This not being fiction, no one has escaped and the count is O.K.

8 A.M.—First and *last* call for breakfast. Cells are opened with the noisy clamor of iron against steel, and the men line up in single file and march down to the mess hall. This is a large bare room, with rows and rows of wooden tables, and places to accommodate about fifteen hundred men. Each man goes to his regular place and, under the watchful eyes of the guards, begins the morning repast. Talking is not permitted, which explains why ex-convicts are adept at speaking out of the side of the mouth. The meal consists of oatmeal (cold), all the bread you want up to three slices, and coffee or tea. That is, some days you get coffee and others tea, and there is always a discussion afterwards as to whether it was tea or coffee you just had.

Breakfast over, everyone lines up once more and trudges back to the cell.

9 A.M.—It's time to go to work. Squads are formed and sent to the various shops. Let's pretend we are assigned to the printshop, which is another gloomy stone building about one hundred yards from the prison building. Inside are the usual rows of printing machines and presses, and here is done all the printing for the state and

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RICHELIEU NECKLACE
ONE NEED NOT
BE WEALTHY

Richelieu creations, made as natural pearls are formed, are pearls of Heirloom quality. Fashionable moderns prefer Richelieu necklaces because they possess the same loveliness, iridescence and everlasting radiance as natural pearls . . . at a fraction of the cost!

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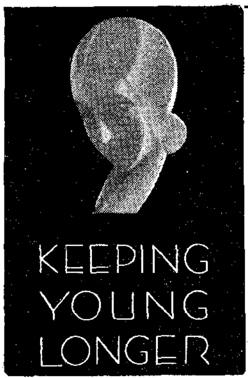

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Marjorie Dork Astringent . .	2.00; 7.00
Marjorie Dork Skin Food . .	2.00; 7.00

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Body, Bust and Chin Reducing
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Read my book, **"Reduce Where You Need To."**
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city departments, so that ironically enough very often a prisoner turns out letterheads for the judge who has sentenced him. There's a fellow over there working the big press. He's been doing it for the last five years, and he's an expert in the line. If he were working for a printing house on the outside, he'd be grabbing one of the highest salaries in the racket. What do you think he's going to do when he gets out? He told me himself. He's going to find a pistol and stick up the first payroll he locates. That's the beauty of learning a good trade in jail.

That building just away from here is the knit-shop, in which, oddly enough, some of the toughest criminals in the jail are busily employed. Over there is the shop in which they make the brooms.

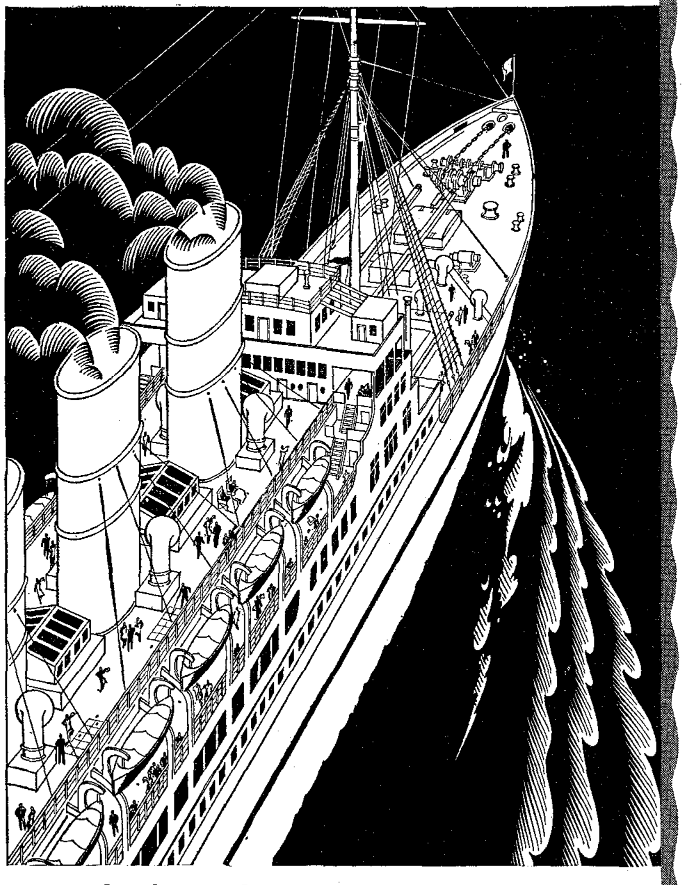
THERE goes the twelve o'clock whistle and time for lunch. Here we are back in the mess hall, and instead of the morning discussion as to tea or coffee we now make bets as to what kind of soup we just had. A slice of meat, potato, and bread, and there's another big meal out of the way.

This being release day, let's leave the workers as they return to the shops, and have a look at the fellows back in the prison. There are fifteen hundred inmates in the Pen with work enough for only five hundred. This means that the others spend about twenty-two hours out of twenty-four in their cells. Conversation is carried on by shouting to one another from cell to cell. All right, quiet down, here comes the screw with the good news.

"Cells number twelve, fifteen, twenty-six, thirty-one, get your clothes, you're going home." All that can be heard now throughout the prison are those four, hurrying to get their stuff and out. "So long, fellows." "So long, Chink." (Chink's going home.) "Hey, Chink, this is Eddie; don't forget to see my broad, ask her what the hell's the trouble. Tell her things are going tough, tell her I ain't got a dime. No, Chink, don't tell her that—say, say I'm doin' swell. And remember, Chink, she's *my* broad." "Hey, Chink, this is Larry; remember I'll meet you in Texas Johnny's joint in Chicago, September sixth. Say 'Hello' to Johnny for me. And listen, Chink, if you score in the meantime, I can use a little 'you know.' " "So long, Chink; so long, Mack." "So long—"

2 P.M.—Exercise period. Everyone out in the yard for two hours of relaxation, walking around in circles. Every-

Baby brother takes the air in Tokyo . . .



. . . less than ten days away, via the huge white Empresses

THE FAR EAST

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THE Pacific has its miracle, too! The Orient is coming nearer and nearer. This year, it suddenly looms over the horizon and beckons . . . 1,000 miles nearer the American shore.

Hawaii is now only a casual trip. Japan, its eternal temples and blossoms, is 7 days beyond. Shanghai's continental gaiety 3 days beyond that . . . 5 days later, Manila.

A thrilling travel miracle . . . wrought by the speed and luxury of Canadian Pacific steamships . . . the great white Empress fleet.

• EMPRESS OF JAPAN, NEW THIS SUMMER

This summer comes another new giantess . . . Empress of Japan, 26,000 gross tons . . . 21 knots speed . . . largest and fastest ship to ply the Pacific. She and her famous sisters head the Pacific dash . . . mammoth resorts-on-keel . . . swimming pools, exquisite ball-rooms, period lounges, spreading sports decks, quiet libraries. Equally superior second-cabin. All four of the fleet, including Empress of Canada, Empress of Russia, Empress of Asia, cater to international travelers who prefer a congenial, do-as-you-please shipboard life.

• HAWAII OR EXPRESS ROUTE

Take the paradise route via Hawaii . . . or the express route, Vancouver and Victoria straight to Yokohama, the fastest Pacific crossing.

Ask for booklets telling about the new, simplified way of touring the Orient. Information, reservations and freight inquiries from your own agent, or from any Canadian Pacific office: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Montreal, and 27 other cities in the United States and Canada.

TO THE
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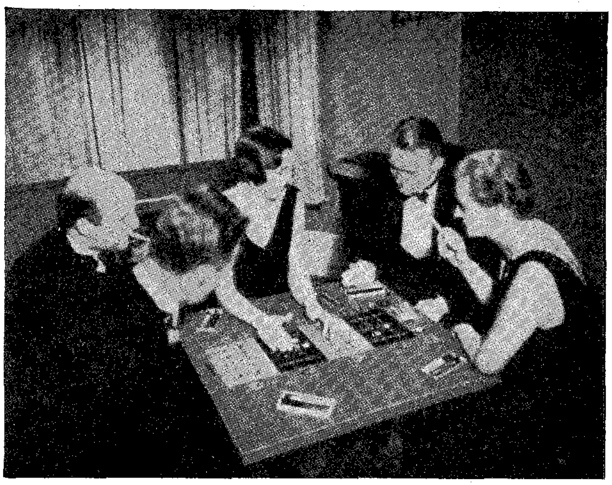
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM



No "fourth" is needed in this fascinating pastime

All of your guests, odd or even in number, can join in CAROU, the thrilling new game of chance based on the principles of Roulette. If you are fond of entertaining you will find, in common with smart persons everywhere, that a CAROU set is the surest means of providing an evening of unflagging fun for all.

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(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

is played on a heavy, yet flexible, leather-finished cloth, made to fit right over the top of your bridge table. Any number can play. CAROU is simple enough to learn in five minutes, yet full of fun for any sophisticate. Complete set including six metal racks and 300 chips only $5. West of the Rockies, $6.00. Order your set today. Play CAROU for a week. If you don't get your $5 back (in thrills) we'll refund your money. If your dealer cannot supply you, write today to. . . .

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one just walking around and around, some in pairs, some in threes and fours, and others all alone. There's a new face, he looks familiar. Oh yeah, I remember him now. He went to trial the same day I did. He beat that rap but now he's in for another. There's an old-timer, he's got "stir-bug" written across his face. Won't walk with anybody, just goes around talking to himself. There goes a young kid; he's taking it tough. This bit will bring him to his senses and he'll probably go to work when he's out. Let's hope so; he doesn't belong with this mob. There goes another kid; he ain't worrying; he's right at home. He's a sure bet to do plenty of time and maybe the chair. Then again, he may be smart enough to operate in a city where hanging is the custom. You see all this walking around the circle. There's Philadelphia Eddie just ahead, at one time the best peterman [safe-cracker] in the racket; but the best of them have to take a fall. Eddie took one, then he took another, and another. You see you don't get days for taking "petes," you get years, and it's beginning to tell on Eddie. He's a "stir-bug," too. Won't talk to anyone, just keeps walking and mumbling to himself about "one big touch" and then "pack in" for keeps.

4 P.M.—Relaxation over. Line up in single file and parade into the mess hall for the last meal. Appetites should be a little keener after the exercise and everyone digs into the food. Prunes, tea, and bread. Then back to the little cell once more, locked in until eight the following morning.

FIVE o'clock is the hour most eagerly looked forward to by all. At this time the screw comes through with the daily mail, bringing happiness to some and heartbreaking disappointment to others. They all expect letters, from wives, sweethearts, pals, lawyers, and there is always that last faint hope of leniency from the judge. Silence for a time while the letters are being read, then a bedlam of noise informing one another of the contents. Often the ones receiving good news unconsciously hurt their best pals who were not so fortunate. Those who did receive letters never think of this and their shouts ring out: "Hey, Mickey, this is Chuck. Got a letter from Happy Dugan. He just got pinched in Cleveland. Says it looks tough." And another: "Hey, Sonny, this is Charlie. Just got a card from my girl, Mamie. Gee, she sure is a swell kid, ain't she?" Sonny: "Yeah, Charlie, she sure is a swell kid. You're doin' three years tryin' to get dough for her, and she sends you a *card*. I guess you have to do a natural [life] to get a *letter*."

The letters having been read and reread and tucked away to be read again the next day, the evening's impromptu entertainment begins. For the period from six to nine the inmates indulge in songs, recitations, stories, and jokes. You can't see each other but you can hear, and after all this does more to break up the ever-present monotony than anything else.

There goes the big wop in the fourth tier. He's singing "O Sole Mio" in a sweet tenor voice. There's a guy could make dough with his voice; but he doesn't care much about singing—his passion is assault. We applaud as the wop finishes and now Buddy Lynch is singing: "Oh, How I Miss You Tonight." He ain't a tenor, he ain't a baritone, he ain't anything. Still, when he sings that song he's everything, because he *means* it.

Oh, my poor heart is aching,
Please keep it from breaking.

It's swell but it hurts like hell. It's over. Handclapping and bouncing cups on the floor. Some of it's for the singer, the rest is the reaction, because after those thoughts and that silence, you gotta have noise.

Now the John Drews step to the front with their recitations. "Down in the Lehigh Valley," "The Ex-Con's Return," "Gunga Din," "The Kid's Last Fight," "Cocaine Mae." They're all serious, dead serious, and you can only imagine the gestures they go through in their cells. Now the voice quivers, now it's strong, now loud, now gentle, as if the whole world depended on how they put over their individual recitations.

THERE goes the nine-o'clock bell. That means lights out. One by one they are extinguished in different sections of the building, and as the prison grows darker and darker, we hear the final songs. Carolina Carrie, the wop on the fourth tier, Buddy Lynch, and Dope Dolan join in singing the old familiar "I'm Sittin' on the Inside, Lookin' at the Outside, Waitin' for that Evenin' Mail." Now absolute darkness except for the faint glimmer of the outpost, and it's just another day wasted away.

To everyone still in that darkness—good luck. And now if you don't mind, I'll resume that walk I started four years ago. —JAMES GILLEN

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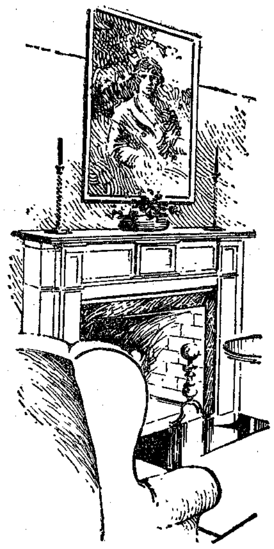

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INDOOR POLO

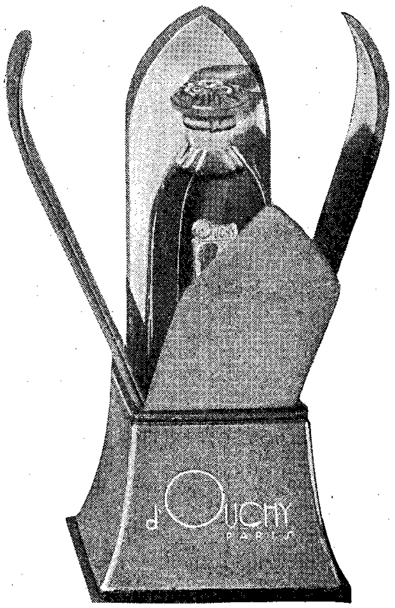
A Waterloo for Experts
—Mr. Clark of Boston
—Coached by the Army

NEVER has the ancient game of polo made the prophecies of the experts look more fatuous. Not content with bowling over a single favorite here and there, this year's National tournament has gone in for upsets in the grand manner. Young Billy Post led a Princeton team to the intercollegiate championship after it had been assigned fourth place by the experts. Left outraged in the ruck were the three favorites: Yale, Pennsylvania Military College, and West Point. Moreover, while Princeton was taking everyone by surprise at the Armory here, in Brooklyn the two Hoppings and the Riding Club were being defeated by a team from Boston called Commonwealth.

In Boston they take their winter polo more or less casually. So when Forrester Clark's regular team-mates, with whom he had won the local high-goal title, were unable to come to New York for the championships, he simply got in touch with Jamie Mills of Yale and Ebby Gerry of Harvard. Neither had played much polo indoors this year, but they both knew how to. They agreed they would just get together as the Commonwealth team and have a little fun. They had it, and as a result landed in the semifinal game of Class A, highest of the handicap divisions of the championships.

The Riding Club players, who have been together most of the winter and have won some first-rate victories, lost by thirteen and a half points.

FORRESTER CLARK stands six feet five and a fraction inches. His staunch little ponies have to convey more than two hundred pounds of brawn around with them during the course of a game. At Harvard he whiled away his spare moments by playing on the football team and serving as captain of both crew and polo during 1929, his last year there. Twice he has played polo against Yale and rowed the New London course in the same week. It is just as discouraging to ride into the Armory wall as it is to



CHYPRE

d'OUCHY
Pronounced du shay'

THE dance is over but the parfum will linger on—if it is Chypre d'Ouchy. The memory of this exotic fragrance will haunt your escort as a constant reminder of your vivacity and charm. The actual odeur will last for days on your wisp of a handkerchief, to recall the thrill of the joyous evening. Such is the enduring quality of this alluring parfum.

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hit Mr. Clark—and it's a bit safer. There are times when Clark, riding into a mêlée all arms and legs, twists his pony around as though it were a bicycle. He flails about him for all the world like a cavalryman in a charge. As men and ponies bounce off the huge young New Englander the spectacle is rendered the more absurd by his wistful, almost dreamy smile. The officials have been selfish in keeping him over in Brooklyn.

Mills and Gerry are both members of the sensational Old Aiken team; they are the two forwards. It was Gerry's decision to go to Harvard that prevented the team's being entirely a Yale group. Mills has not played a great deal of indoor polo, but Gerry has had a couple of years' experience with Harvard teams. He was to have played with Harvard in the intercollegiates, but could not spare the time from his studies.

PRINCETON's victory in the intercollegiates was a remarkable achievement. First they had to stop a Pennsylvania Military College team which, during the early season, had lost in New York only to the Optimists, as everyone else had. Every day after the tournament started P. M. C. practiced at the Armory. In the end they apparently had practiced entirely too much.

If the Princeton players still had to prove their worth, they did so in the final game against Army. That Army team, in turning back Yale at the start, had seemed almost unbeatable. Coached by Captain Charlie Gerhardt, they were a concise, beautifully synchronized trio. In the first half of the final game, they still looked so well that, five points behind, the illusion persisted that they were playing better polo than the leaders. They had a tremendous lot of hard luck with tries for goal but looked like a pretty fair bet even so, until Princeton ran away with the game in the third period.

The ancient polo alibi that the ponies were inadequate has been brought forward by Army's friends, not by themselves, and this time it has a good deal of justification. The ponies had been well trained and were ridden beautifully, but they lacked breeding. The government does not go in for blooded stock as much as it might. They had to compete with the horses of Billy Post, whose father and grandfather have been among the first half-dozen judges of polo ponies in the country, and of Leonard Firestone, who has

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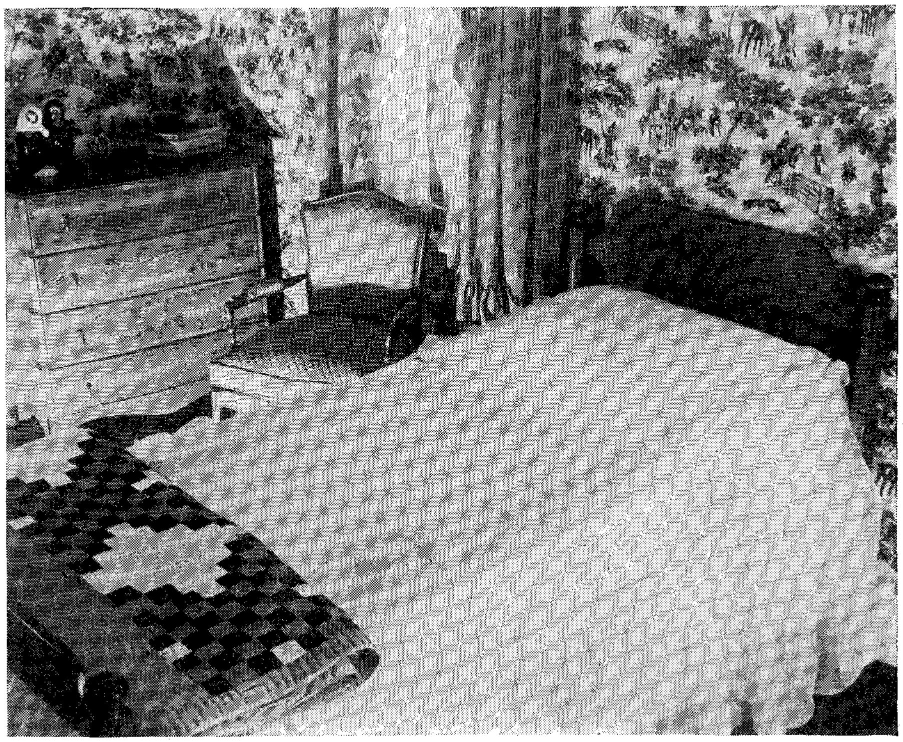

FOR your summer home—or for a guest chamber in town—there are no more charming additions than these prim pieces of long ago, painstakingly copied, line for line, in richly grained Pennsylvania pine. The Corner Shop is brimful of ideas for spring refurnishing—dozens of quaint chairs and commodes, tables and beds, beautifully made with an old-time careful craftsmanship. Photographed, on our seventh floor, a four-poster bed, $39.75, and a useful four drawer chest, ... $74.50.

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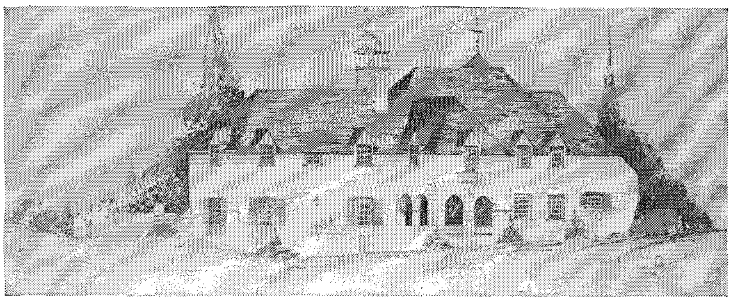

It stands on 2½ acres of ground, on a hill that slopes down to a lake. The broad *terrasse* overlooking the lake is gay with summer chairs and tables—the spacious rooms make the perfect setting for your lovely French furniture and gay hangings—and the large playroom in the basement, with its huge fireplace and serving pantry, is ideal for children in winter.

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never been what might be called undermounted. When the Princeton team kept the pressure on, the Army ponies simply did not last. They began to swerve away from balls and turn in wide, weary circles. In the closing minutes, they cost their riders a good deal.

PRINCETON, incidentally, had also been coached by an army officer, Captain W. C. Lattimore. Army polo may not as yet have contributed an internationalist for the series with England, but it unquestionably has been of great service in providing coaches for the college players. As a matter of fact, it is extremely doubtful whether college polo, indoors or out, would be as highly organized as it is, if it were not for the enthusiastic work done by the officers stationed with the various Reserve Officers' Training Corps units.

AT THE POLO-PONY SHOW: Johnnie Wise and P. D. Q. going remarkably well. . . . Squadron A's team showing rings around the others in the team class. . . . Lieutenant McDonald Jones leaving with a stranger in a ten-gallon hat. . . . Gerry Smith and his old mare, Bambalina, putting on a grand performance. . . . Major Ernest Cullum and Charles Danforth, the judges, running at a "whistler" as though they would throw it bodily out of the ring. . . . George C. Sherman everywhere at once, lamenting the lameness of Judy. . . . Robert A. Granniss a benign host at luncheon. . . . And that evening, Johnnie Wise borrowing a whistle from a traffic officer so that the referee might start the first game.

—MARTINGALE

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

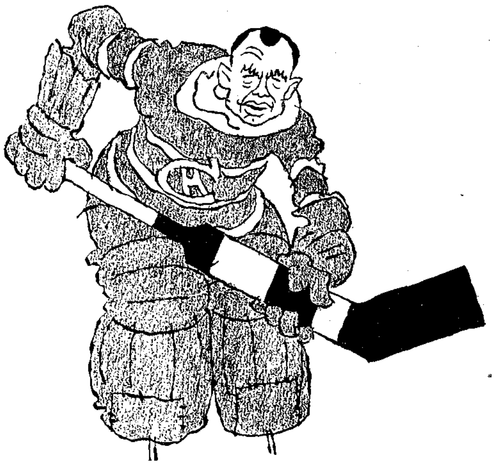
[*From the house organ of the Statler hotels*]

HOUSE PROMOTIONS

NAME	FORMER POSITION	PROMOTED TO
Margaret Gwynne	Voucher Clerk	Machine Operator
Dorothy Murphy	Arrival Clerk	Circuit Operator
M. Gaffney	Plumber	Inspector
Manuel Diaz	Cleaner	Tur. Bath Porter
R. Watkins	Ass't Steward	Nt. Clk. Ml. Dpt.
Thomas Moretto	Banquet Cook	Sauce Cook
Robert Santano	Pantryman	Dummyman

HOCKEY

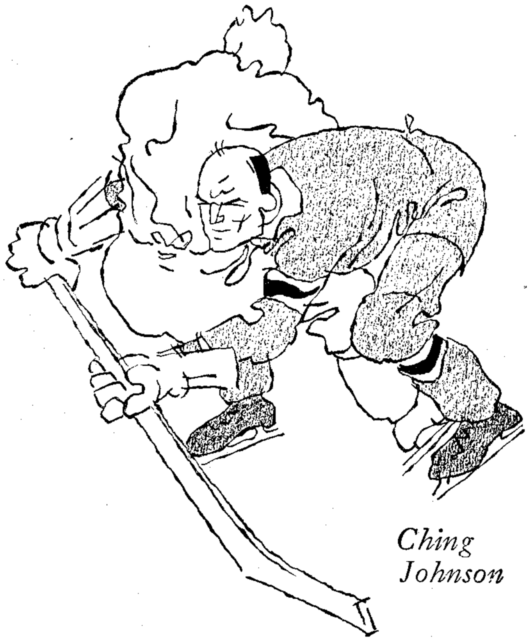
The Rangers Out of It—Murdoch and Morenz —Canadian Temperament—When Rookies Score



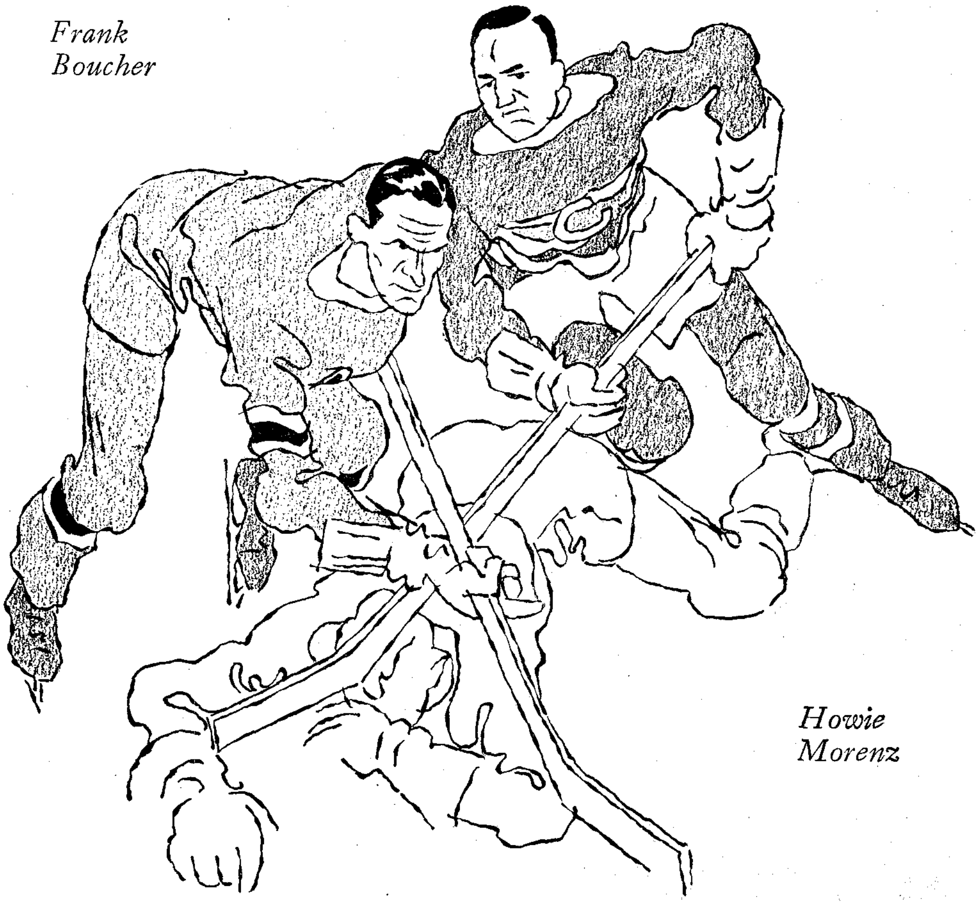
George Hainsworth

WE picked Boston to win the Stanley Cup long ago, and our choice is still the same. Not that any aftermath of local partisanship makes us want to see Boston beat the Canadiens because the latter put the Rangers out of the running. We bear no grudges. We figured the Rangers were in a strategic position in finishing third, and they justified that idea by trimming Ottawa. That the Canadiens beat them so decisively and comparatively easily here after the hard game in Montreal was due to the fact that the Canuck team, packing more weight and stamina behind their celebrated speed, stood the strain better. They came down in wonderful shape. The Rangers, handicapped by more injuries, but having been through exactly the same test as their opponents in the other game and the sleeper jump from the north, were tired, bandaged, haggard, and conspicuously outplayed.

A tired team makes its big play in the first period, trying to get a lead that will let it take the defensive. There were moments when Frank Boucher and the Cooks got inside the way the crowd wanted them to. They were jamming the net, keeping the Canadiens' defence scrambling and Hainsworth sliding back and forth in front of his goal. Then there was a break, and those two quick goals by the Canadiens, the second hardly a breathing space after the first, with Wasnie making the pass to Lepine. They weren't content, but though they had the Rangers in danger every minute for the rest of the evening, they couldn't do it again. Roach fixed that. He was the only man on the New York team who showed his best game. He stopped everything—bewildering, apparently impossible shots; jumped ten feet out of the cage to stop Morenz and Joliat and Lepine after they had got through for free shots. If any other goalie had been in front of the net the Canadiens might have won by 10 instead of 2–0. The Ranger all-forward line was on the ice steadily after the middle of the second period, but it didn't give Hainsworth much trouble. Nobody could get set for a shot. Their tries for goal were mostly gambles, backhand and hooked shots, and wild thrusts out of a jam. A lucky break would have meant a score, but things weren't breaking for the Rangers.



Ching Johnson



Frank Boucher

Howie Morenz

THE Rangers were in the stands watching the Canadiens finish their series with the Blackhawks. They attended principally for pleasure. As we have noted before, the favorite pastime of hockey players on their days off is going to hockey games. On this occasion there was a certain element of strategy in their evening's fun. They had to figure out a way to stop the winning team—a team that would be their own opponent in forty-eight hours. It came down to the problem of checking the dangerous Canadien forwards. The Rangers did not solve it in the grandstand that night or on the ice later. They found out only what they knew very well—that Howie Morenz was the fellow they would have to keep out. As Lester Patrick watched the Canadiens win, the plan of having Murdoch cover Morenz became settled in his mind.

LIGHT-haired, wiry Murdoch, who when skating at top speed pulls his

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upper lip away from his teeth in a set grin of effort and irritation, is a versatile and reckless player in emergencies. He showed his class by scoring the only goal the Rangers got in the Montreal game. The other Ranger forwards are about as fast as he is on the offensive, but he checks back harder than any of them. Morenz kept him busy. The big Canadien centre was at the top of his form—the fastest skater in hockey, the best centre in the league. Ottawa fans get sore when we say that about Morenz. They write letters in reminding us that when two hundred and fifty dollars was offered two years ago to the man who could make the best time carrying a puck around a rink, Hec Kilrea won it. One or two other skaters besides Kilrea have beaten Morenz' time at this stunt, but under actual playing conditions they are all, for some reason, slower than he is. Morenz can get up speed in a yard or two. He has an odd way of hunching his round, powerful shoulders. He slouches, tucking his long legs under his body and getting away with a rolling, shuffling motion; somehow he conveys the conviction that he is going to score. Many goalies admit they are afraid of him. Roach of the Rangers said the other day that he didn't care who got in close to him so long as it wasn't Morenz. The Canadien centre does not try to feint the goalie out of the net. When he is in close—five or six feet—he shoots with all his weight in the shot. He usually aims for one of the upper corners of the net, timing his shot so that the puck curves up into the goalie's eyes at an angle that makes it almost invisible. This is the reason

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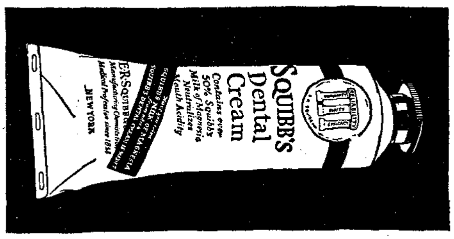

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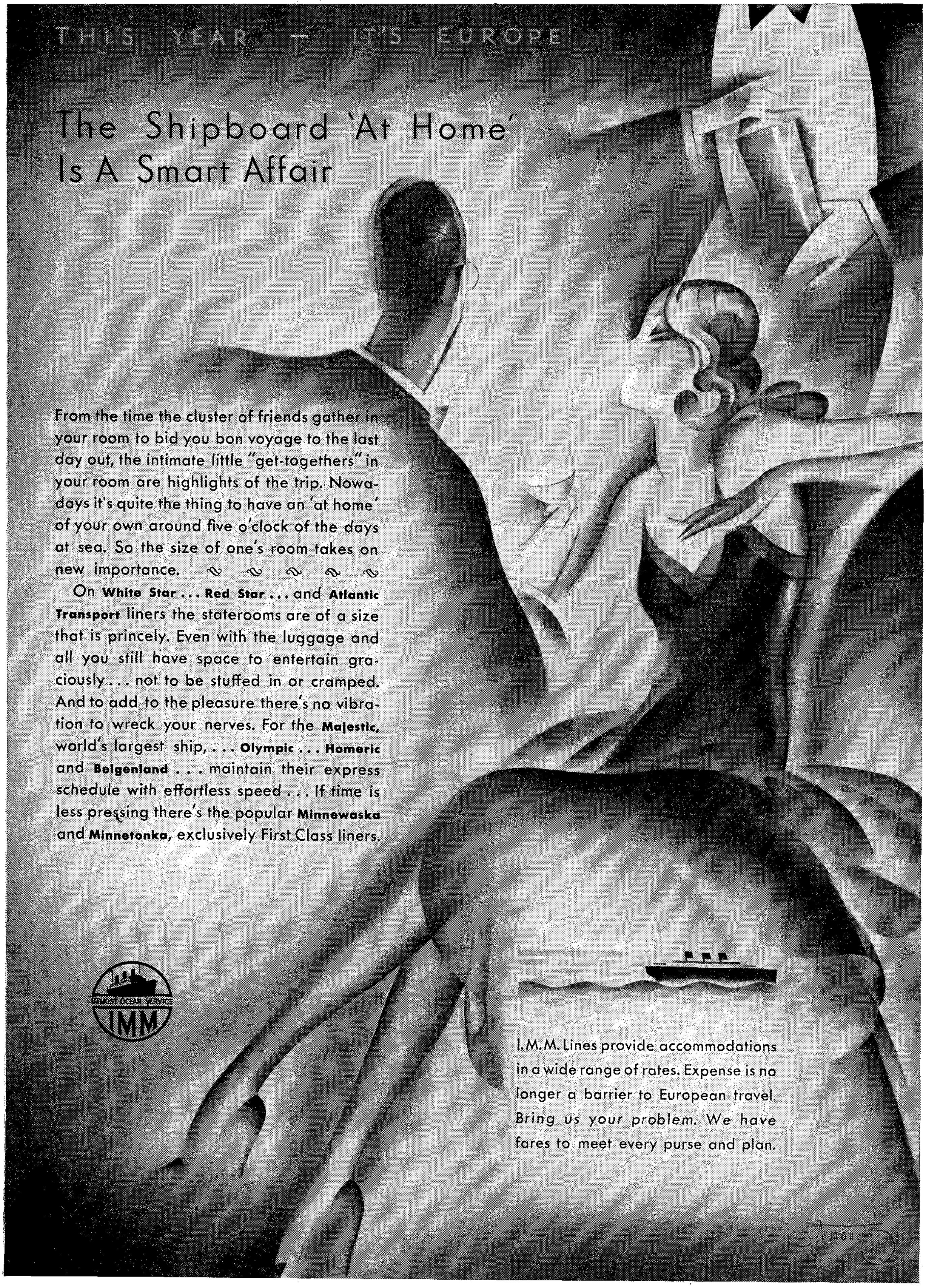

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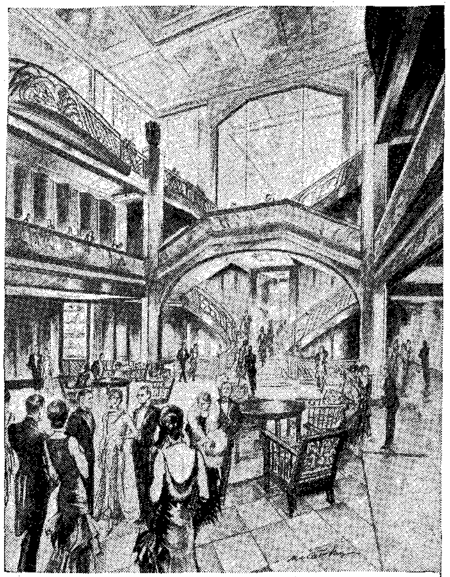

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so many goalies have been hit in the face with his shots, as Gardiner was the other night.

THE Canadiens are temperamental. Patrick admitted the possibility that their temperament might work in favor of the Rangers. Sometimes Morenz and Joliat stop coöperating. Their disagreement is usually vehement and private, though based on professional jealousy: Morenz is leading Joliat as a scorer. Maybe Joliat feels that Morenz has not sent him enough passes in recent games. Grudges like this arise silently, but their influence is quickly apparent in the performance of the team. Failing as a combination, Joliat and Morenz fail individually: Lepine and Larochelle start to do the scoring. Once, when Joliat felt temperamentally wronged, Letourneau, one of the directors of the team, had to travel around the circuit, sharing Joliat's room and keeping him amused at mealtimes so as to prevent quarrels and to get him on the ice in a fair humor.

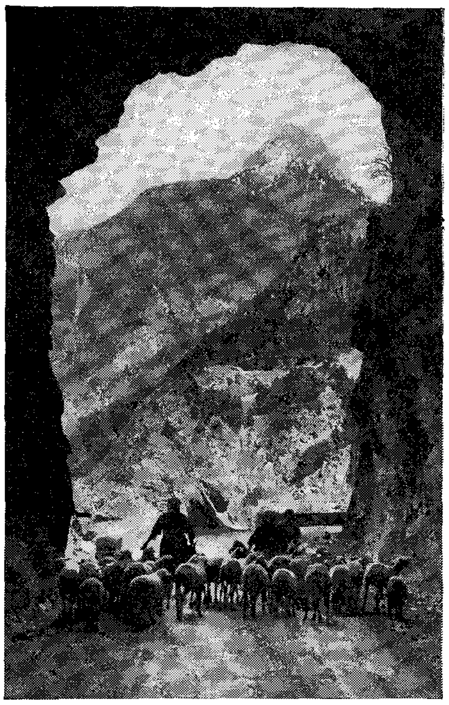
IT was not Morenz or Joliat but Desrivières, a rookie, who scored the winning goal of the first game for the Canadiens after an hour and eight minutes' overtime. That overtime playoff games are so often decided by the feat of some unconsidered player is not entirely a matter of luck. Rookies are usually fresher after a long overtime than the first-string men, because they have played less. In a playoff a coach will often drop the system of relieving his first string with the second and the second with the third: anxious to keep his best men in action every instant, he will put the second line in for the first, then put the first back, then relieve them with the third, and so on. Sometimes the regulars play two minutes for every one the two relieving forward lines do. Naturally, after a long fight, a rookie often has enough strength left to tear through a tiring defence and score the goal that lets the crowd go home.

—N. B., Jr.

•

Thus Tadmelak appears as a noble young man with a heart of gold, Aeneas a good-looking He-Man, man with a heart of gold, Aeneas a good-looking He-man, Iopas, a sort of a pansy, Iarbas, a big coon with inordinate the name implies—a doll with a flair for pretty clothes, a blonde cutie to fetch George Jean Nathan—et *praeterea nihil*. I cannot imagine who would enjoy this novel.—*Review in the New Republic.*

Neither can we.



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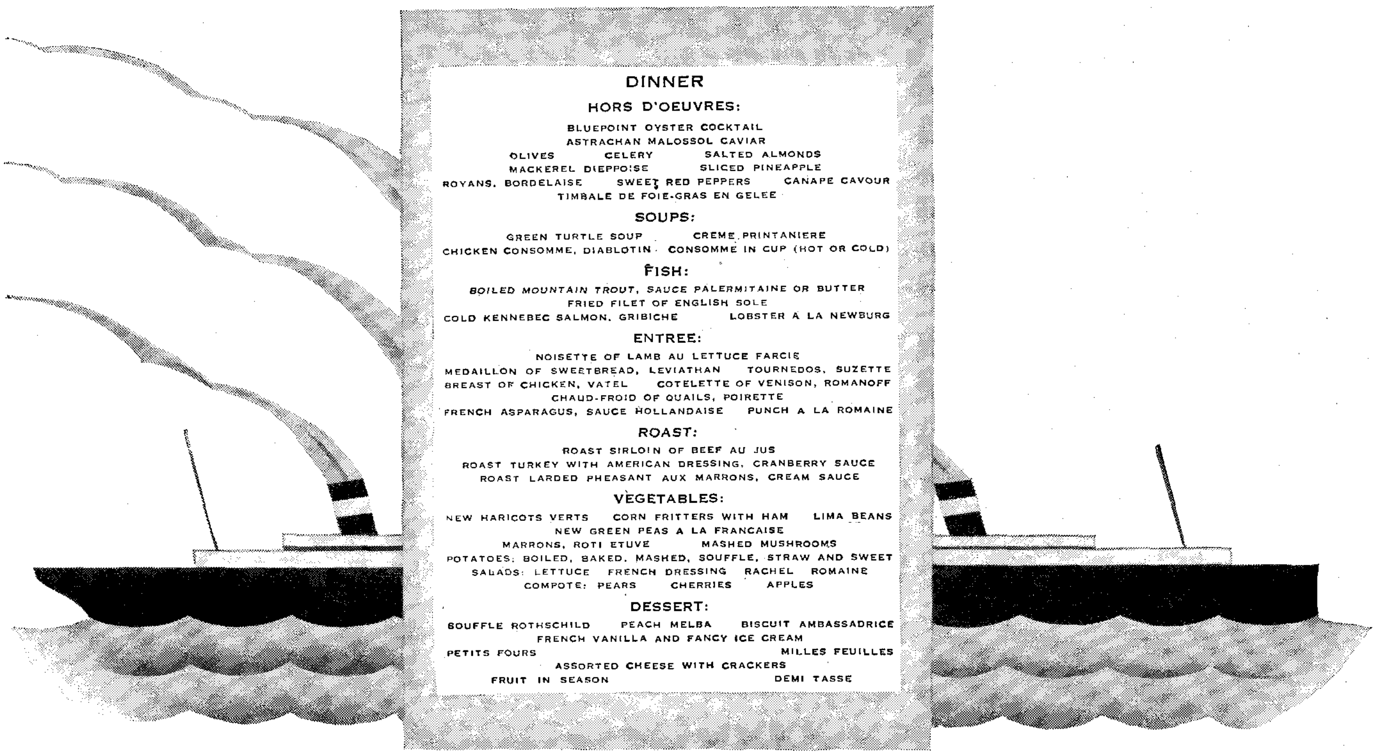

DINNER

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MACKEREL DIEPPOISE SLICED PINEAPPLE
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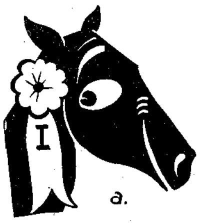

The inaugural running of the Carolina Cup, first sanctioned hunt race ever held south of Virginia, was one noble experiment that turned out all right. The ten horses that went to the post made up a splendid field, especially when one considers the earliness of season, the distance travelled, and the optimism involved in the cases of at least nine of them; for there wasn't even the price of entry to be won—only the magnificent cup for the winner to hold a year, thinking the while of Mr. Thomas Hitchcock and what he has done for steeplechasing in America. Before the race, every owner was willing and ready to think such thoughts, and every horse had a following of some sort; but Charlie Cushman's Hackenthorpe was the public favorite, Watson Pomeroy's Kirk's Court was the local hope, and Maitland, from windswept and impoverished Chicago, was well fancied because he had Regan McKinney aboard.

After one turn of the flat, rather uninteresting, but completely visible course, the race began in earnest. Mrs. Garvan's Sun Up took a nose dive, the only casualty, and lay over on the back stretch apparently waiting to be put out of his misery; but really, as it turned out, only needing to have his stays loosened. Watson Pomeroy began to bring up the placid and not easily hurried Kirk's Court, but finished third. Hackenthorpe was galloping very high and looking much too beautiful to be anywhere near fit. Mrs. McKim's Eloquence and Noel Laing's Ballast II came sizzling over the last jump, with the latter getting the best of it by a length, winning the cup and glory. When Ballast feels as amenable as he did that day, he can win a good race anywhere, for he can really run and jump when he puts his very uneven temperament aside.

The brush race was just one surprise after another, beginning with the worst start seen in years. Cushman's Markham and Nichol's Liroux were still sideways when some uniden-

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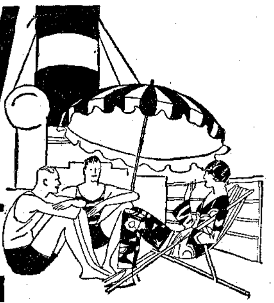

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tified person yelled "Go!" and the rest of the field was off like a flash. The official starter dandled his flag, implored "Come back, come back," and finally dropped the flag as they cleared the first fence. You could take your pick of stories afterwards, but the fact *remains* it was a terrible start.

Tod Sloan, the favorite, got every advantage of a nice ride from Regan McKinney, but you can't get a horse fit during a race if he wasn't that way before, and he fell back to third at the end. Pomeroy gave the local talent a real thrill when he landed his practically untried mare, Isabell, home the winner. She looked capable of winning more races this year, for she ran and jumped like a deer. Crompton Smith kept his family somewhat in the accustomed limelight by being second with Mr. Gay's Whiskey, a Hitchcock importation; and a Garvan entry again furnished the blood-and-sand touch when King Oxford fell upside down on Charlie Shaw, and the ambulance went clanging over to get what should have been mangled remains but were merely winded ones.

THUS the official hunt-race season got under way, to move northward by degrees like the robins. This week Middleburg has a huge entry; the week after, Maryland starts its season; and of course we always have the United Hunts with us for the stay-at-homes.

FOXHUNTING is over for the year—as a British friend said, "The stinking violets have quite ruined the scent." Those who have pink coats are putting them by with appropriate rites of camphor and sighs of sorrow that the best of life is done with till another winter—or of relief that they can deal with such calculable things as boats, and tennis racquets, and golf clubs, instead of ugly, intractable, ungrateful brutes like horses. Those who follow the shows are all healed of their last year's disgruntled feelings, their faith in ultimate justice is restored, their love of human nature is once more flowering like the almond tree.

This year the local season gets underway April 22 at Brooklyn, where the innovation of having only one saddle judge, and an unknown quantity at that—Mr. Russell Law of Oklahoma City—will be tried. It will be interesting to see how this affects the entry, as some people are chary of western judges, knowing the type of horse they favor is much more on the five-gaited

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side than is common here, while others may go on the theory that evils which we know not of are better than those we do.

Newark, the following week, has Thomas Wilson, from them thar hills in Kentucky, officiating, and he will pass only on those horses whose type he is known to like. Who can tell? His favorite, Dark Rex, may even come down. If the Goodmans accept the issue at Devon we may have the Battle of the Century between Dark Rex and Belle Delight after all, as Mary Fiers of Oklahoma City has bought this apparently great mare for the trifling sum of $27,500 and will make all the big eastern shows. Miss Fiers has bought about ten top horses in a year.

ALL signs point to a highly successful year for the shows, although the emphasis so far has been on the saddle division. We need some new talent in the hunter-and-jumper class, and several wise ones, realizing this, have been down to Florida and Tia Juana, pensively swinging halters and hoping that getaway day will find the owners of all the likely looking thoroughbred horses sufficiently broke to sell reasonably.

Mrs. Thompson of Chicago is said to have a new harness prospect, one Rio Rito, who may be good enough to take the measure of Seaton Pippin. We couldn't bear to see her beaten, but anything that made her classes less of a parade would be good for the shows. Mr. Bertram Mills of England is disposing of his large and excellent stable; some enterprising American should buy it up and have lots of fun. It all sounds new and delightful now, after we have had a good rest, but how sick of it we will be when the National rolls round again.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Upton returned Thursday from a visit in the tropics. The rest and change of climate has done them both good. Mrs. Upton looks healthier and lonelier than ever.—*Personal in a New England weekly.*

And you, Fred Upton?

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He is a director of the Texas Hotel Men's Association, and active in the American Hotel Men's Association. He is a member of the Rotary Club, and of the Episcopal Church, and a friend of Will Rogers.—*Omaha paper.*

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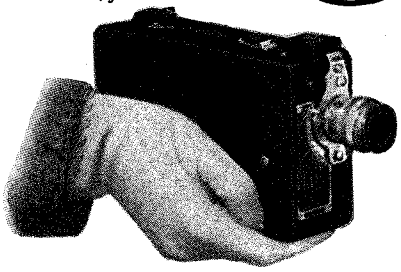

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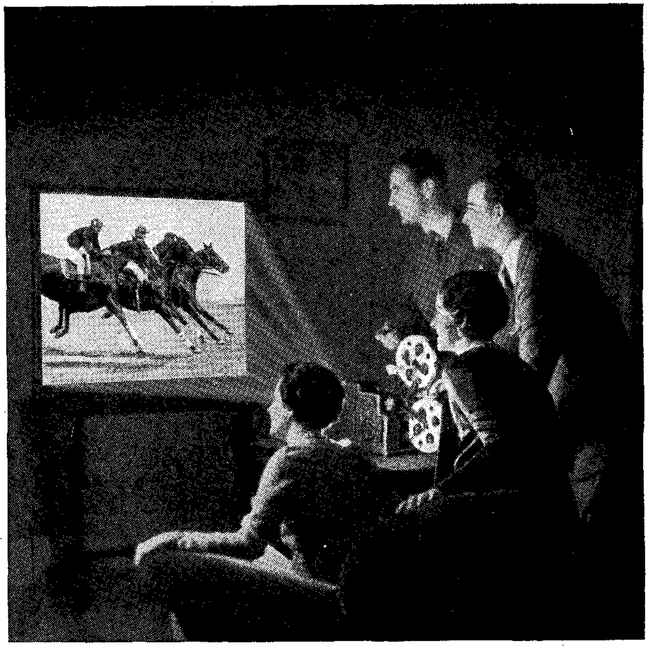

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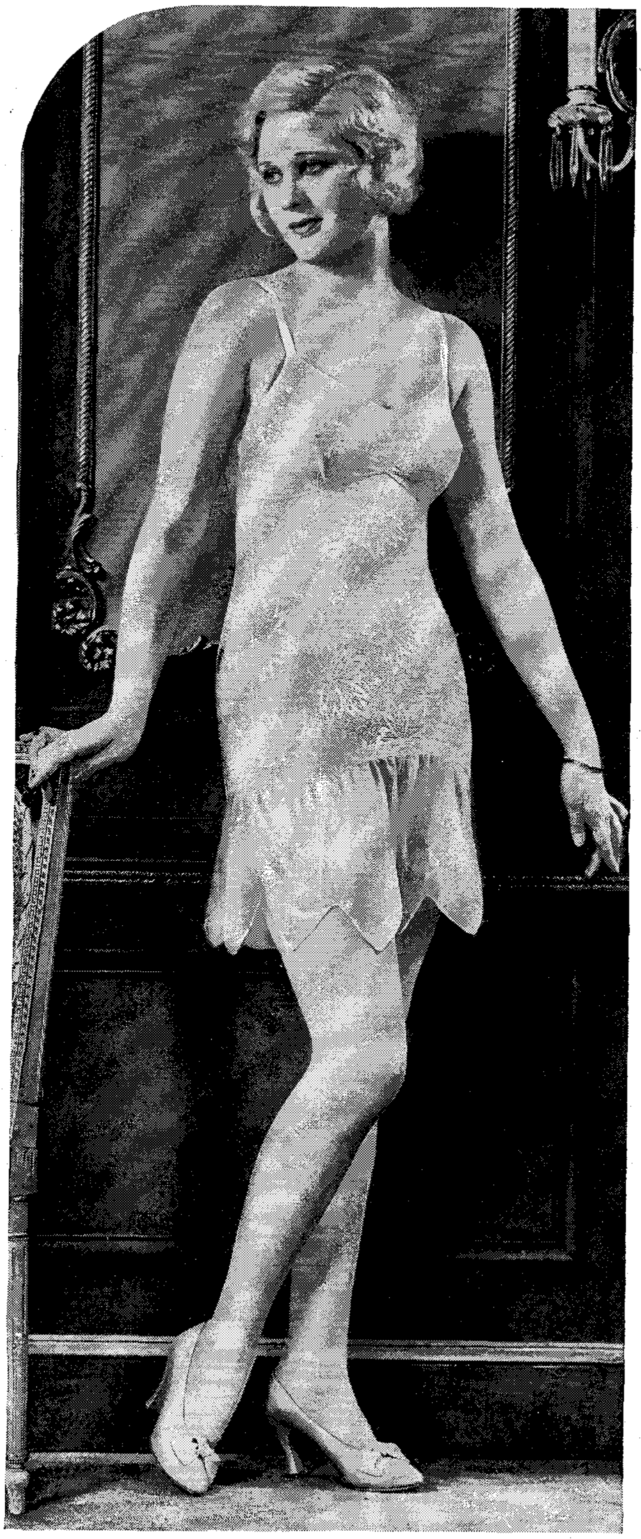

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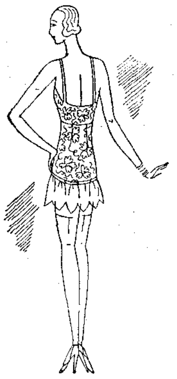

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Musical Comedy Revived at the Metropolitan —Words and Music by Mr. Barrère—Novelties

LAST of the scheduled Metropolitan novelties and revivals is Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," which some of the customers greeted as if it hadn't been heard hereabouts for a decade, although a pretty good English edition was exhibited not so long ago by the Little Theatre Opera Company.

There are two ways of listening to "L'Elisir:" one may receive it as one of those filmy, delicate, gossamer masterpieces of a dear decade that is dead (and that is just about how some people carry on about this opera), or one may take it as early-nineteenth-century *opera buffa*. If it's all the same to you, we'll take it as *opera buffa*.

"L'Elisir d'Amore" is, for all practical purposes, a musical comedy, with a serviceable story about a village chucklehead who gets liquored up, insults the soprano, enlists when he sobers, and is bought out of the army by the soprano. It has a quack doctor (rather a Gilbertian creation), a smirking sergeant, and plenty of opportunities for the brand of buffoonery that makes an exclusive audience laugh. In fact, if any farce could be certain of playing to Metropolitan audiences only, it could run for years, because anything except bad singing can make them laugh.

THE latest revival is not a work that strains the Metropolitan resources, musically, dramatically, or scenically, and if you aren't above hearing a few good tunes well sung (and some phrases repeated until you expect them to fall dead in your lap), here is an opera for you. Mr. Gigli sings the somewhat melancholy lines of Nemorino with charm and with a minimum of bellowing. He seems to enjoy the gaucheries of the rôle, which he enacted with a great deal of gusto. Mr. Pinza, revised and edited, as they used to say, by a huge false nose, an impossible wig, and grotesque costumery, makes a good deal of Dr. Dulcamara. When it is considered that Mr. Pinza also sings Orovisto in "Norma" and Don Giovanni, it is possible to set down his Dr. Dulcamara as a great deal more than the usual *buffo* success. Mr. de Luca, of course, has no trouble with the music of the dashing sergeant, and Miss Morgana, who replaced Miss Fleischer, is prettily melodious or melodiously pretty, as you will.

The chorus is expert. So is Mr. Serafin with his orchestra. There is what the program designates as a "new scenic production," but it's just so much newly painted scenery.

WE have with us again the inimitable Georges Barrère and his Little Symphony, occupying the Guild Theatre of Sunday evenings. Of all our musical institutions, this orchestra of thirteen men, led by the eminent bearded flautist, is the most intimate. Mr. Barrère is no prima-donna conductor. A happy accident has placed his concerts in a living-room set (not altogether in harmony with the programs, but not bad for a chance background) and the whole atmosphere is that of a parlor rather than that of a concert hall.

The conductor furnishes no printed program notes. The program book, *c'est Barrère!* He furnishes, in a dialect approximated only by Maurice Chevalier, exactly the information that seems most desirable after a Sunday's routine. At the first concert of his series, he discoursed on the phenomenon of Mrs. Mary Howe (one of the composers represented) being in Cuba, while Colin McPhee, another composer, was just returned from a land of tan. He explained that he had started to compose a piece, but couldn't get very far with it, so that he had to call it a "Preludiettino." His "Verlainade," he vouchsafed, was a three-part song that turned into a flute trio, and not, as some might suppose, a beverage. Of a duet for flute and clarinet by Villa-

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Lobos, he observed that it had been written in 1924 but sounded as if it had been composed tomorrow.

In other words, we had a serious musician who didn't take anything too seriously.

The music varied from the pleasant vagaries of Mrs. Howe's "Mists" and "Sand" ("not a physical description of sand, but of the mood of having sand in one's shoes," explained the helpful Barrère) to the apparently arbitrary dissonances of Mr. McPhee, whose concerto for piano and wind octet proved at least his skill in the mechanics of composition and piano-playing. The conductor's own scoring of the Debussy "Suite Bergamasque" was the high spot of the evening.

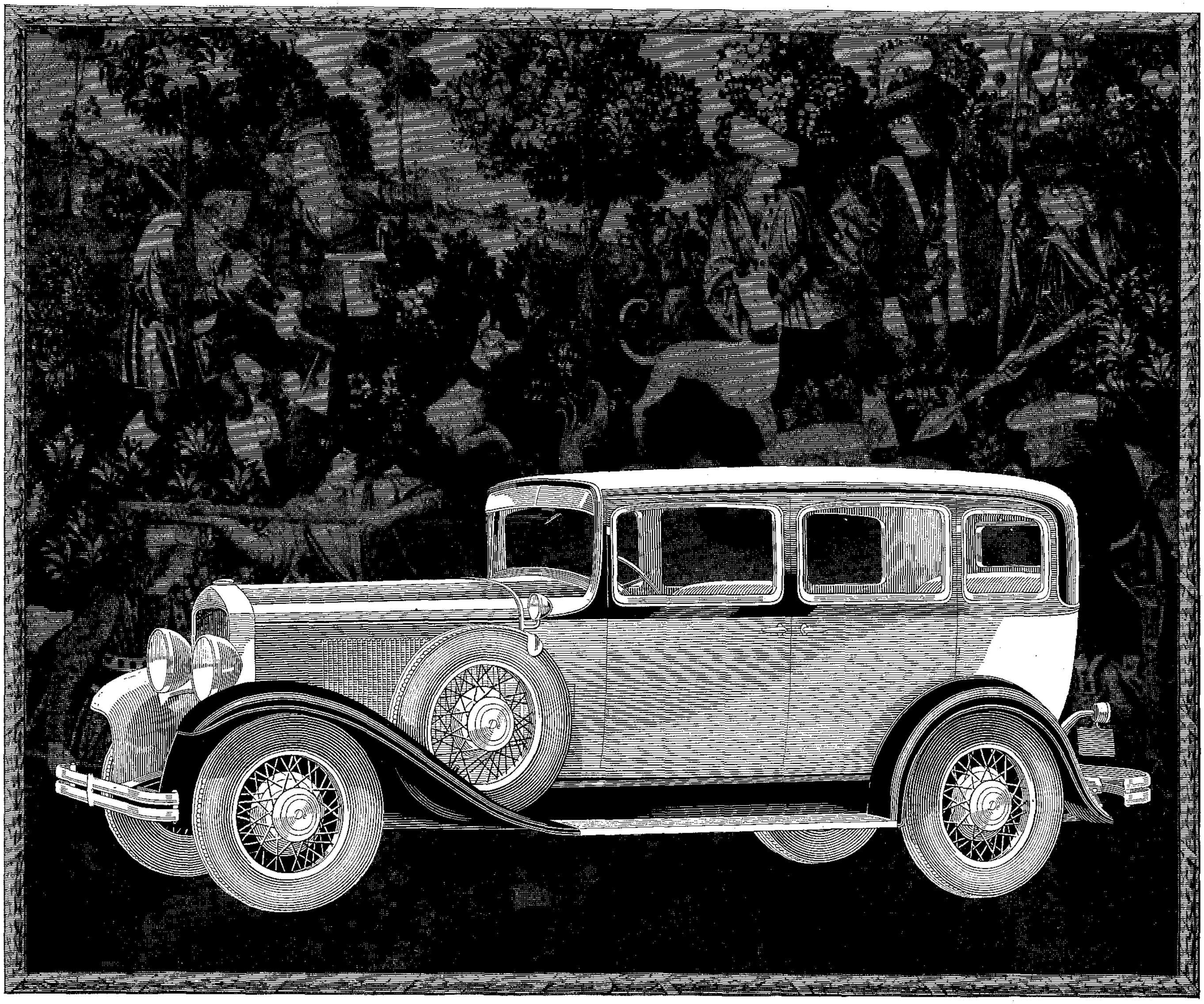
The most radical oddities, such as suites for solo flute, Mr. Barrère reserves for "after the concert," which means the interval after ten o'clock. You have your option of leaving, but if, as Mr. Barrère suggests, "you have nothing to do in the morning," you can hear several curiosities, none of them irritating. If you don't already know the Little Symphony, be sure you don't miss it.

IN addition to Mr. Barrère's contributions, there have been a few more novelties tossed about in concerts. The new duo-piano ensemble of Germaine Schnitzer and Ignace Hilsberg made its début with a comprehensive assortment of first-timers, including a Cortège by Gretchaninoff; an Oberek by Tansman, who still is too much for me; two pleasing tricks by Nicholas Slonimsky, a young man who lives in Boston and amuses himself by setting advertisements to music and performing chamber music adroitly; a version of Gershwin's "American in Paris," which was handled too classically; and a "Phantasmania," by Homer Simmons. There was nothing important in this roster, but it spoke well for the enterprise of the pianists, and I hope they'll appear again.

Incidentally, they wouldn't have to work so hard if they played the pianos "locked," instead of placing one a few feet ahead of the other.

THE Schola Cantorum produced three débutant compositions, of which the last was the most ingratiating—a brace of Spanish folk songs, brilliantly set for women's chorus, soprano, and piano by Joaquin Nin, of whom we ought to hear more. Arthur Lourie's Concerto Spirituale for piano, double chorus, contrabasso, and bass, with a

WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT



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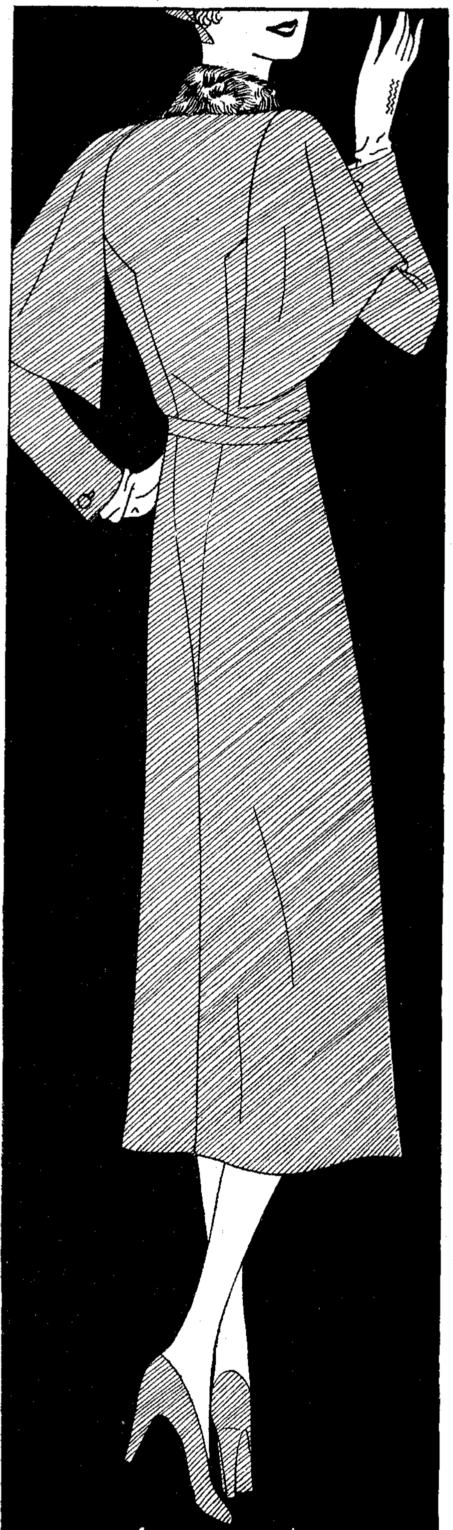


fur trimmed

*WHITBEY

coat with capelet

$54.75

crepey woolen,
galyak collar

Sizes 14 to 20

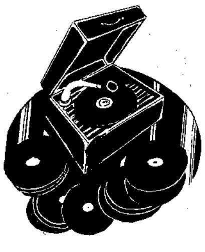
MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

baritone to help out in the prologue, was a good deal to absorb in one hearing, but maybe it won't get another. A Pizzetti "Rondine" was worth the trouble, that quality being characteristic of Pizzetti's music. —R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

Golfing Melodies, a Little Lush, and Some New Orchestras



PERHAPS you like songs about golfing goofs, but even if you don't the combination of Grantland Rice and Frank Crumit as ditty manufacturers may interest. Victor has two arias by this gifted duo (written by them, that is; Dr. Crumit does the singing). "Donald, the Dub," based on "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is virtually a battle hymn of the niblick. "And Then He Took Up Golf," the other side of the disc, doesn't exhaust the possibilities of the title, but what would?

Otherwise, there is nothing overwhelming in the current vocal efforts. If you collect lush salon recordings, try Brunswick's "Love Everlasting" and "A Thousand Kisses," very juicily intoned by the Brunswick Concert Orchestra. One dance record—the Waring boys' "Tea for Two"—is a remarkable study in tonal blends, and I suggest it to you for listening only. Victor has it.

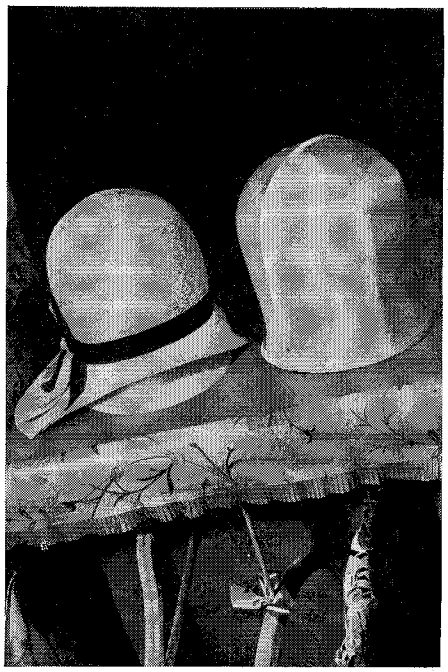
THERE are some new dance orchestras for your experimentation in this roster, as well as a few that insist on making such good dance records that I can't shove them out of the list:

Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane and She'll Be Comin' Around the Mountain—Paul Tremaine and his Orchestra. Perfectly workable fox trots with hillbilly texts and waggish scorings. The interludes in the "Walkin' Cane" ditty range from "Black Bottom" to "Far Above Cayuga's Waters." Something else, this record. (*Columbia*)

Nothin' and Less Than That—Carson Rohison and his Orchestra. A different slant on the hillbilly situation. The orchestrations have plenty of yokel color, but the tunes are good for dancing. "Nothin'" is slow, and "Less Than That" is faster, if that helps you. A curio. (*Okeh*)

There's Danger in Your Eyes, Chérie and When the Little Red Roses Get Blue for You—Earl Burtnett and his Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel Orches-

PAMPER YOUR HAT...... AND KEEP IT SMART



Use Hatform to perfectly preserve the shape of your hat... It can be placed on a shelf or hung up . . . For your new Spring hat of straw, you need HATFORM.

In pastel shades

from seventy-five cents up.

WHEREVER SMART ACCESSORIES ARE SOLD

●

Gustave Sales and Distributing Co., Inc.
417 Fifth Ave., New York

tra. Plenty of titles and names for one label, but unusually rich, ingeniously arranged fox trots. Anyhow, you don't have to read the labels. (*Brunswick*)

In My Little Hope Chest and Sing, You Sinners—The High Hatters. Smart, lively, and sonorous settings of attractive airs. (*Victor*)

Thank Your Father and Good for You—Bad for Me—The Knickerbockers. The first recordings of these "Flying High" tunes to arrive here—and they won't have to make any better ones. (*Columbia*)

Accordion Joe and Collegiate Love—Cornell and his Orchestra. Cornell is one of the Paganinis of the accordion, and his engaging rhythms swing through his whole orchestra. Just the record to pick up the tempo. (*Okeh*)

Lady Be Good and I Have to Have You—Louisiana Rhythm Kings. A singularly smoky revival and plenty of life in a new one. For those who want it low-down. (*Brunswick*)

Stein Song and St. Louis Blues—Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees. This is notable for the first public appearance on wax of the sprightly University of Maine "Stein Song," in which M. Vallée turns aside from his crooning. This will interest everyone, especially those who like to gag about him. The "St. Louis Blues" get a new treatment on the other side, and perhaps you'll like it. *Nouveau* Vallée stuff and therefore recommended. (*Victor*)

—Pop

●

ANAGRAM RHYMES—IV

[CAN YOU SOLVE THE ANAGRAMS CONTAINED IN THE FOLLOWING RHYMES? THE ANSWERS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 84.]

I

The SOLE is delicious with fresh tartar sauce,
Add "r" and you've made it a man with a loss,
Then "r" for a plant that is yellowish brown,
And "l" for a cult in an old Quaker town.

II

RAGES are tantrums, you must admit that,
But, with an "e," the RAGES make fat,
"E" makes refreshes, entertains—what's the odds?
Add "l" and "i," these have their own gods.

III

The LOBES of the ears may have their fine points,
But "w" makes them entrails or joints,
Add "l" and you have what the bull does with ease,
Add "c," and at milking time you will hear these.

—Albert Carroll

And on smart tea tables . . .

A delightfully friendly occasion—tea . . . apparently so careless and convivial, yet really so thoughtfully planned by the hostess.

On the many-decked tea basket . . . crisp canapes of some savory, perhaps; delicate sandwiches of cress—of olives—of cucumbers—of your favorite combinations. Toasted muffins, or crumpets, newly buttered, and wafer-thin slices of buttered bread spread with strawberry, raspberry or currant jelly.

Somewhere in the background of these smart teas—or equally smart suppers—you'll find Heinz preserves and jellies. Because the hostess finds their flavor and goodness so in keeping with the other delightful foods she serves. *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.*

57

The Heinz label on any jar or bottle is the sure promise of flavor inside—flavor in its happiest form!

HEINZ

SOME OF THE 57 VARIETIES:

HEINZ PRESERVES—*Red Raspberry, Strawberry, Damson Plum, Pineapple, Peach*—HEINZ JELLIES—*Crab-apple, Currant, Grape, Quince*

©H. J. H. CO.'30

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MAR. 26

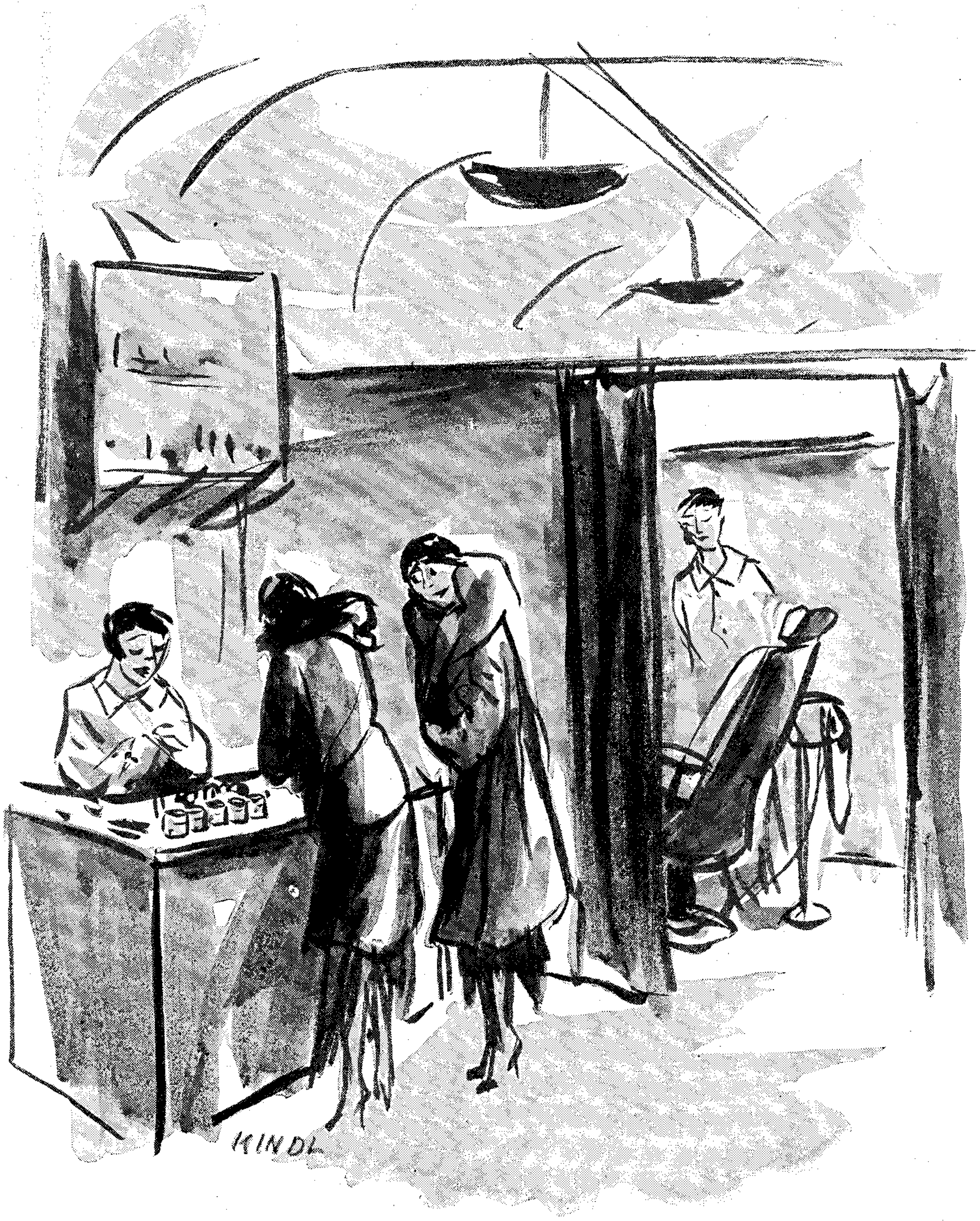
"*LA craque américaine*" is fast becoming just another one of those things. It's the 1930 version of "*C'est la guerre*." If business is dull, if there is no shipment of grapefruit at your grocer's, if you are caught in a twenty-minute taxi jam, there is always the convenient topic of the way Wall Street has upset things in general.

Anyway, it's a swell excuse. The Very Great of Paris are not above using it in showing you the clothes that are called, over here, *robes à transformation*, the kind you can turn inside out, or twist around some way to make them look like something else. Your vendeuse will make a great point of telling you how you can still look expensuf, and yet order fewer things. Stick to your old habits of fine materials (and your same couturier, naturally), but buy the kind of clothes that dovetail together. The old make-your-lace-curtain-into-a-bridal-veil idea.

THERE'S not a good dressmaker in Paris who hasn't gone in seriously for this sort of thing, and the result is more than pleasing to this thrifty eye. Even the elegant Vionnet takes the chiffon wraps right off the shoulders of her poor mannequins and ties the ruffles around their hips over satin and georgette evening dresses. Watch, in particular, for the dress of satin in the off-white shade that looks like Louis Quinze silk, with a wrap of navy chiffon that may be turned into skirt and scarf. She uses the same transformation in suits, by adding an extra short coat of fur. If having at least one red outfit is one of your minor complexes, you'll run at once toward the Vionnet suit listed as 817-6104. The skirt and one jacket are the bright, off-scarlet red you'll find in Holbein prints, and the blouse, with its sleeves cut in the same piece, is white satin. The suit becomes a complete knockout when worn with the extra jacket of white shaved lamb. It is cut on the same pattern as the red one—loose, wide clown sleeves, diagonal opening held wrapped around the waist with a leather belt, and hem cut away below something like a swallowtail.

Aside from this bright red and one vivid green, most of the new Vionnet colors are grayish—pale olive greens, dusty pinks, ashen blues—you know them. She makes entire coats, suits, and dresses in a new color that is neither henna nor coral, but like both. Just a leetle more ladylike, if the bright reds are a shock. She uses gray itself, nicely. Blondes please note her evening dresses of gray chiffon, slightly smoky, but very pale.

IN the Martial et Armand collection, there are dozens of *costumes à transformation*. They have a tricky way of fastening little capes over buttons at the back of a dress so that you'd never guess they were separate. There are little removable capes and scarf arrangements for coats, too, that change their



"Look, a new beauty mud! What __won't__ science do next!"

"*Oui, Madame*, THEY'RE GENUINE KLEINERT'S . . ."

Step into any of the large stores—and many of the small shops—of Paris and you will find *la belle Parisienne* buying Kleinert's Sanitary Lingerie. She appreciates its daintiness, its fine workmanship and she is impressed especially by its *efficiency*—the *guaranteed protection* which is assured by our fifty years of experience in processing pure rubber.

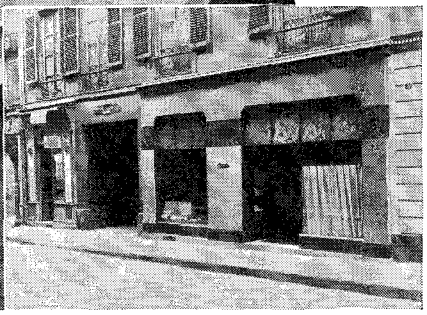
American women here or abroad choose these well-cut aprons, bloomers, and step-ins as part of their *every-day* wardrobes—they're *such* a help in keeping skirts free from wrinkles as well as providing adequate protection in emergencies. (And for sheer comfort, be sure to see Kleinert's Nuvo Belt.)

Ask at any good Notion Counter for Kleinert's new apron narrowed to suit the fitted silhouette or the new step-ins cut to fit smoothly under tightly swathed hips.

Kleinert's

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Match your Kleinert's Dress Shields to your frocks—a choice of 32 smart shades—all guaranteed.



Here is Kleinert's Paris headquarters—30 rue Joubert. Here—as well as in the best Paris shops—you will find all the Kleinert's articles you are accustomed to buy at home. Visitors are always welcome.

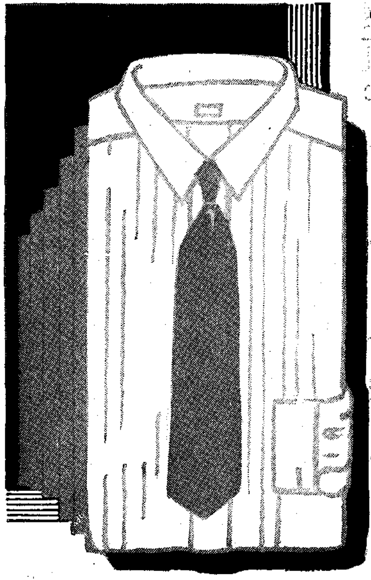
"*Perfect as* KLEINERT'S DRESS SHIELDS"

Barbisio
A. HEWES
LUXURIOUS and LIGHT
Soft and Serviceable
BARBISIO HATS
HAND MADE IN ITALY

AT MANY FINE STORES AND SHOPS

THE STERN HAT COMPANY
CLEVELAND

WHOLESALE AGENTS

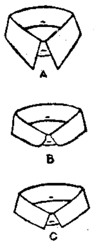


CUSTOMIZED SHIRTS
of fine Scotch Madras

THE model sketched features a soft attached collar, barrel cuffs and a wider than usual front pleat. The material is the finest grade Scotch Madras. Each shirt is masterly fashioned by our custom designers and finished entirely by hand in our workshop. Available in all sizes. Ready-to-wear $6.50 postpaid.

COLOURS: Brown, Blue and Grey. In solid colours and neat stripes, including the deeper shades. Also plain and self figured whites. Samples on request.

COLLARS: The very latest note to both soft attached and starched detached collars is the new low-in-front collar with either straight or slightly rounded points as illustrated. Longer points, however, are still popular. Specify style wanted—A, B or C.



Hutchinson & Company
Established 1899
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Shirtmakers — Importers — Haberdashers

Boucher
realism in miniature

Model { Boats (Power and Sail), Steam Engines, Locomotives, Trains—models that thrill, delight and teach.

Complete construction sets, scale plans, materials and fittings for every kind of model making.

Boucher's is a fascinating shop for men and boys—No store like it anywhere in the world except in London.

415 MADISON AVENUE at 48th ST.

ONE OF THE THINGS YOU *MUST* DO WELL!

Apologies are *so* embarrassing, and no substitute for good dancing! If you lack that versatility which marks the accomplished dancer, let the Sharatan instructors correct your faults—privately always. Come for guest lesson, or phone PENnsylvania 7964, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Prepare *now* for vacation time.

SHARATAN STUDIO
4 WEST 40th ST.

genre completely. There are even glovelike sleeves for black taffeta frocks, which can be taken off to leave the dresses sleeveless.

Two costumes in the show leave you dizzy after their quick-change act. Où Vas-Tu is an ankle-length black georgette dress, with long sleeves, that unfastens simply with a single buckle at the front, to show a second dress beneath—sleeveless and much shorter. Another black georgette dress, sleeveless, has a fur-collared, knee-length coat which will do for the street, in a pinch. There is also an extra bib-and-cape arrangement, studded with strass, that can be added to make the dress formal enough for dinner or dancing.

Lots of lingerie collars and cuffs will do the same trick. Martial et Armand make them of linen, organdie, embroidery, and even of white cotton fabric covered with white beads. They are used on dresses of silk crêpe and fine wool voile and tweed—all with box plaits pressed down part way, then pressed out entirely when they reach the hem.

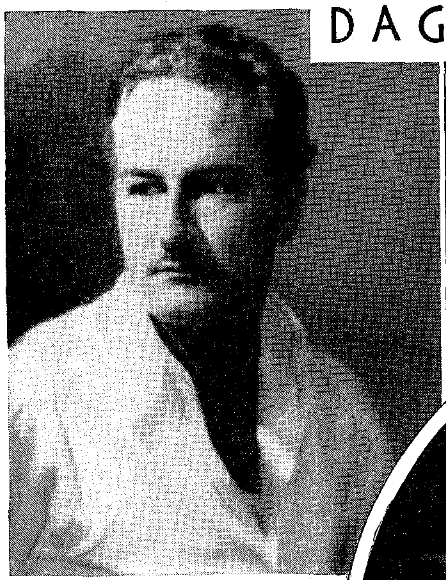
LUCILE PARAY has a way of attaching her collars and cuffs with tab arrangements, so that they won't require any last-minute sewing on. Her Don Juan is a suit that has an extra jacket too—this one is of the same cream-colored silk piqué which makes the blouse.

Some grand clothes, *chez* Paray, this time. You'll see some good printed dresses from her ateliers—crêpes de Chine and chiffons scattered over with lighter colors in mottled patterns, the same effect you get from coarse tweed. You'll see Dauphine, the beautifully wearable sort of thing everyone else has forgotten to do—an absolutely plain black crêpe dress, very long, with a narrow scarf looped around the neckline, showing some white fabric filling in the U-shaped space. You'll see the Paray coats which have short sleeves, worn over printed dresses; and you'll see some tweed two-piece suits that show, at last, the hand of a genuine tailor.

REMEMBER that your tailored suit, no matter who makes it, should have one of those flippant blouses, with as many frills at the front as you think your face can stand. Also remember, if you are wearing little capes on your dresses, to pull them up—unless you are seventeen—the way Chanel mannequins do, so that they hang

DAGGETT and RAMSDELL

1890 1930



A society artist and illustrator —*McClelland Barclay*, says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages are smart, modern, with the utter simplicity that characterizes all good design. Their 1930 dress is in exquisite harmony with the fine scientific reputation of these famous creams and lotion."

The director of the Delineator Beauty Institute — *Helen Martin*, says: "The users of Daggett and Ramsdell products should be grateful indeed for the added value you are giving them in these lovely containers which are as practical and useful as they are smart and decorative."

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Perfect CLEANSING CREAM
VIVATONE
Perfect COLD CREAM
Perfect VANISHING CREAM

Fashionist for a great Fifth Avenue store— *Terry R. Cramer* anticipates the demands of the chic women who patronize the fashion shop of Stewart, Fifth Avenue, New York. She says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages are a perfect expression of all that is fine in what is known as 'modern.' They possess that exquisite simplicity in color and design that is the keynote of the smart woman's taste, today."

One of America's leading authorities on modern design — *Henriette Reiss*, says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages designed by John DeVries are lovely; correct in color, line and design. Their chaste simplicity is the expression of perfect modern taste; they are at home in any good interior. They are fitting containers for the very excellent creams and lotion that come in them."

Everywhere they are saying:

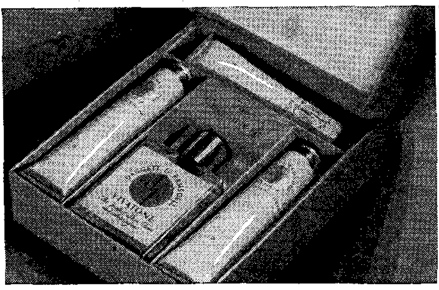
"WHAT A MARVELOUS WAY TO CELEBRATE FORTY YEARS' SUCCESS."

SEND the coupon below direct to Daggett and Ramsdell for the new Debutante Kit. It costs 50 cents and contains regular sizes of the three famous creams and Vivatone—enough for several complete facials.

ALL Daggett and Ramsdell products in their new 1930 dress can be bought at the stores where you have been accustomed to buy. The products themselves have in no way been changed.

(*Signed*) V C Daggett FOUNDER

The DEBUTANTE *Kit*

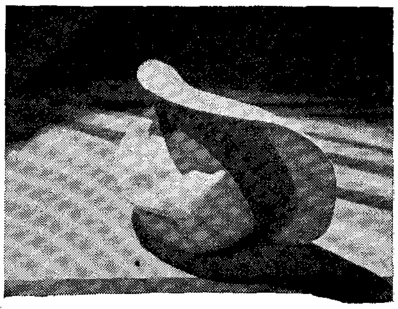


SPECIAL OFFER 50 CENTS

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. F-4
2 Park Avenue, New York City.
Enclosed find 50 cents for The Debutante Kit.

Name ______________ (Print)
Street ______________
City ______________ State ______________

"AT EASE"



A HAT BY MALLORY

Worth and Worth present AT EASE, a new Mallory felt of almost shadow lightness—in a profusion of blending mixtures—soft-toned as Spring itself. AT EASE is as light as a lover's heart—it proclaims the happy fact that Winter is over and gone—and that you are in tune with the new Season.

AT EASE, introduced exclusively by Worth and Worth—at the three Worth and Worth shops—$8.50

Worth and Worth
HATTERS

1572 BROADWAY AT 47TH STREET

1386 BROADWAY AT 35TH STREET

45 NEW STREET AT EXCHANGE PLACE

off the front of your shoulders, like a scarf. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

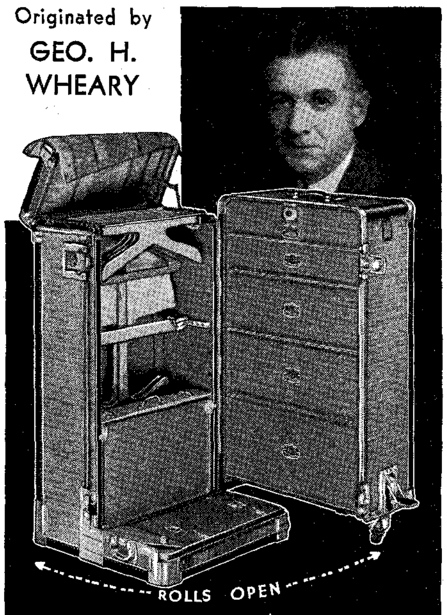
ALTHOUGH this department has seen so many clothes for spring that the mere sight of a shoulder cape turns her faint and giddy, and she has a strong desire to dye her Patou rose opaline blouse a bright purple as a protest, springlike ideas continue to pour in, and they get better and better.

Saks-Fifth Avenue, for instance, are showing some beautiful coats for post-mink wear, most of them without fur. Bruyère has designed a coat of a silky tweed that has inverted V-seaming in back, a high belt, and a stiff flare below (which you should be fond of by now—flares flatter the limbs). There are big buttons up the front, and the short scarf collar folds over itself and buttons high on your chest. Over your printed frocks, you wear Bruyère's coat of a brown suiting fabric with a shoulder cape, the hem ascending in the front by steps to show the frock beneath. Vionnet does a belted coat of soft tweed with big buttons from the side-front up under the armpit and a small roll collar crossing to this point. Chanel uses brown wool with lots of seaming, and big lapels that turn into a cape over the arms to the elbow. Lanvin, by a miracle, eschews belts in a coat hanging straight from the shoulders. The huge sleeves are lined with white belting, which also appears under the loop at the neckline. For very dressy wear, Vionnet ups with a tightly fitted coat that has a very high waistline and an immense ermine collar standing high in back and rolling down to the waistline in front. A Saks-Fifth Avenue specialty is a little fitted coat of covert or light wool on princesse lines, to flatter the figure to the utmost. The straight-across-the-arms shoulder cape has a deep band on the edge, which may be of velvet, of galliac, or of any fur that your pocketbook and your taste suggest. Prices range from seventy-five dollars (without fur, and very attractive, too) upward indefinitely.

While you are in Saks-Fifth Avenue, with nothing to do except stop at the Maison Glass and get your daily caviar ration, look at those impractical organdie evening dresses by Chanel and Bruyère. They have none of that movie-ingénue-waiting-at-the-gate look, although Chanel builds hers over lace slips, or at least has a band of lace edging the petticoat. The intricate seaming and the fit through the waist-

a new LUGGAGE INVENTION

Originated by GEO. H. WHEARY



WHEARY WARDROLA

HERE is the most practical improvement ever made in wardrobe trunks. Geo. H. Wheary's master invention, Wardrola, is amazingly easy to open and close—it "rolls open"—at a touch of the hand. Women, especially appreciate this invention. Wardrola possesses superior features of strength, security and packing convenience. A "Cushioned Top" prevents wrinkling of clothing on hangers. Fashioned in various authentic color-stylings, priced from $50 to $225, at leading department stores and luggage shops. Be sure to see Wardrola . . famously known as "America's Finest Wardrobe Trunk".

A HELPFUL BOOKLET

describing Wheary Modernized Luggage Inventions, sent upon request, by
Wheary Trunk Co.
1509 16th Street
Racine Wisconsin
295 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

WHEARY
WARDROLA

CHEZ MADELAINE
a Salon of individual attention
GOWNS
SPORTSWEAR
SUITS

78 POWELL ST.
BROOKLINE
MASS.

147 EAST 62ND STREET
NEW YORK
RHINELANDER-1453

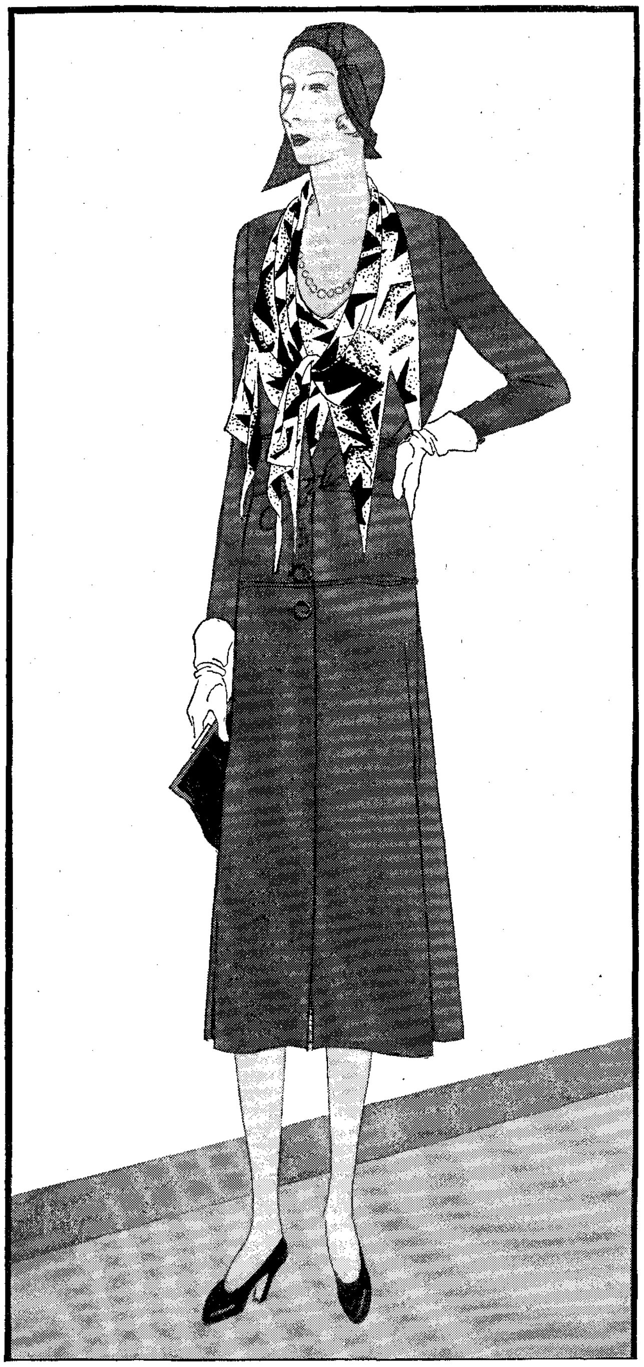
line make them very sophisticated. Also scream for a sight of that black taffeta evening coat, short and lined with pink, for those evenings when you want to be smart though coy.

THEY are keeping up their love of ensembles by making bags of tweed, or wool, or men's suitings to match your tailleur, the best model being a flat deep bag with a wooden chain handle and a straight bar of natural wood across the flap. They will also sell you street pumps with your own tweed across the back of the heel. And, at prices that must be sheer suicide, there are handmade underthings of plain or flowered crêpe de Chine, nicely piped, with $5.95 procuring a simple and charming nightgown. For frivolous pursuits, there is a new assortment of jewelled pins and pendants on slim chains of massed stones in mixed colors. The prize is an affair that can be worn as a big pin but will come apart to form two clips.

THE big-time jewellers are getting as quick as their imitators. Clip pins of diamonds and other precious stones, with tiny watches set in them, appear all over the place. A cop may be a bit bewildered if you prance up to him and ask for the time on your hat, but the idea is novel anyway.

IF your attitude toward chapeaux is gay and saucy, if you feel like being very, very Parisienne, Mme. Nicole, at 7 East Fifty-fifth Street, should be your destination. Aside from the very chic and simple hats that look so especially dashing when Mme. Nicole puts them on for you, this is the place to find merry hats of taffeta—little twisted turbans with a great pouf behind one ear that trails to the shoulder, turned-back pirate effects with a rose taffeta pouf under the brim at the side, and others with the turned-back brim edged with organdie. Here, also, are Agnès theatre hats of hair fine as tulle, with big black chenille dots scattered over them. You can have them with demure brims, or you may prefer a cap with flaring pieces out at each side—both kinds giving a veiled effect that clouds the head just enough to give it glamour. There are other get-your-man hats of a beige crocheted-lace straw that Agnès loves, usually combined with felt. It really is fun buying hats here.

DOWN at Kurzman, where the brimmed youthful hat is having a

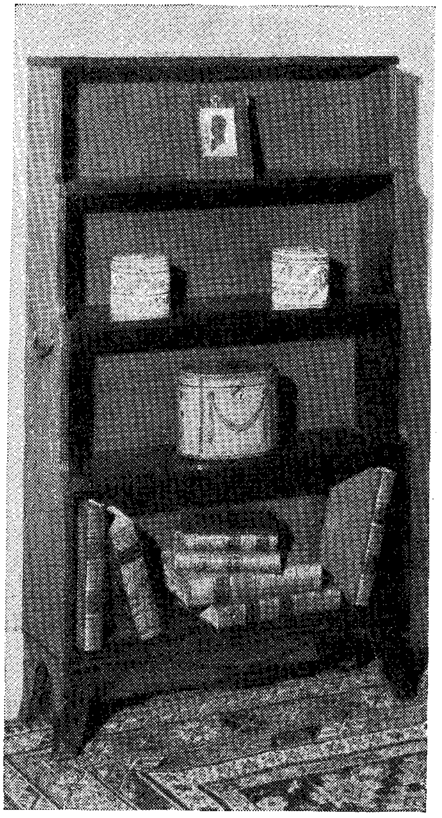


The Black and White Ensemble

» with loose scarf collar «

The importance of black and white — the newness of the fluttery scarf collar worn outside — the perfect lines of the newly-important-jersey coat and the charming sleeveless crepe de chine dress — give an accepted smartness to the ensemble ... *Black jersey coat with imported black and white printed crepe de chine dress* ...

DE PINNA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET



·ANTIQUES·
WORKS OF
ART

These small antique mahogany bookshelves, charming in their simplicity, exemplify the selection of furniture suitable for the small apartment, or for incidental use, to be found among the more imposing English antiques in our galleries.

These bookshelves measure 38 inches high by 23 inches wide

H. Douglas Curry & Co.
33 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

LUGENETTES

ACTUAL SIZE

THIS clever short-temple frame for your glasses folds into nothing—slips snugly away in a tiny case—whips out and on when you need it without disturbing hat or hair—and is charmingly becoming. In 14-karat white gold trimmings, $15; in white gold filled trimmings, $9, including morocco case. At either Lugene shop—or by mail.

LUGENE, *inc.*
Opticians
MAIN STORE:
600 Madison Ave.
between 57th and 58th Sts.
UPTOWN:
976 Madison Ave.
between 76th and 77th Sts.

heyday, they are showing for summer little stitched linen hats with floppy brims, and bags or scarves to match. For very dressy occasions, this type appears in a stitched georgette version, adorned with sweet embroidered flowers—not that I approve or anything. The real knockout, however, is a hat of linen with the scalloped brim whipped with raffia in a darker color. The raffia also edges the eyelets with which the hat is dotted. You couldn't possibly improve on this.

Kurzman also points out, not without wisdom, that there is more in dressing than a coat, hat, and pair of shoes. In this connection, they gracefully call attention to their sheer, clocked French stockings, with that lovely spongy finish, in a no-pink beige (called Paris beige) for the street and in a *pan brûlé* (a nice pinky tanned-skin tone) for afternoon and evening. The prices range from $5 to $9.50 a pair and, considering the type of stocking they are, they wear exceptionally well. Also, you are reminded of one-button antelope gloves for suits; of some bag-and-scarf combinations of a knitted, mixed-color fabric, the bag adorned with a flap of natural wood and chromium. There are lovely evening bags of crêpe de Chine with prystal circle handles for chiffons; for formal evenings, they are much in favor of fat satin pouches, some of them, with gold flecks, costing as little as fifteen dollars.

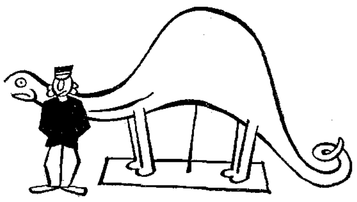
While you are roaming about, gasping with delight at every turn, look at what is a possible feather-boa menace, by Norman Hartnell. It is an evening dress of black taffeta, very slithery, with shoulder straps and a very full flounce set on below the hips. Ruching makes this swing out at the bottom, Pierrette fashion, and a narrow scarf of ruching accompanies the dress, to be draped around the shoulders like a feather boa or thrown out the window, as you choose.

WHEN five Millers and one Schultz insist on your looking over the I. Miller factory and observing the three hundred and eighty-six processes that go into a simple pair of shoes, one weak woman has no chance of avoiding an educational afternoon. I will not describe the processes in detail, though they were fun, but many of the ultimate results are of great interest. The first, which vitally concerns the person who invariably chips and scuffs the heels of kid slippers, is the celluloid heel. This is sprayed with dye to match the slippers exactly (you wouldn't notice it wasn't kid unless you were told) and endures indefinitely without acquiring scars. Then, they are doing a very, very high leather Cuban heel for spectator-sports and street shoes. Also, they make the Wingait, a walking shoe in a variety of leathers, that contains many corrective features. It has a cushioned heel, a steel interlocking business through the arch that gives when you walk, and a careful construction that comes up into the hollow on the ball of your foot. These have low or medium heels and are developed in golf as well as walking shoes. They have no suggestion of that grim tramp-tramp-tramp look, but comfort lurks within.

If your frocks are an epidemic of rose opaline and you want a tiny inconspicuous touch of it on your footgear to carry out your ensemble, there are many new models with narrow piping or stitching in this color. It shows to especial advantage on a marvellous new pump with a very high heel, a tiny tailored bow on the side, and rows and rows of stitching, closely huddled together, at the top of the vamp. As this stitching proceeds around to the sides, it sprays out a little. The effect is simple and extremely chic. In all kinds of leather and color combinations. For evening, there is a beautiful new Perugia shoe (to order) in a Directoire effect, to wear with the Grecian-Directoire type of clothes. This has gold kid simulating intricate lacing up over the instep. You find all of these things if you ask very nicely at the Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street store.

LOST-AND-FOUND DEPARTMENT: John, the demon hairdresser, formerly of Elvira's, is wielding his shears for Charles Bock these fine days. Olga Frances is designing especially for Russek.

AMATEUR-PROPHET DEPARTMENT: Do you suppose that the next step for long gowns will be an early nineteenth-century one—very sheer Grecian draperies coming to the ground, and transparent way up above the knees? Mr. Cartier may already be sneaking around trying to put it over,



INSIGNIA

From time immemorable, craftsmen of note have attached their insignia to the product of their heart and hand. Here, we have the label of Thomas Burling, early maker of American furniture, who plied his art in old Beekman Street, New York. It would be difficult, indeed, to recount the hundreds of fascinating tales of rare and long-forgotten objects authentically discussed by Charles Messer Stow in the Antiques and Interior Decorations Department of The Sun.

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PARIS HOUSE
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because they wore their diamond bracelets around the thighs in those days, and your old ones would hardly be big enough. Just to keep all you people from relaxing too much. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Robes, Shorts, Pipes, and Razors—Consolation

NEW ideas in men's clothes are not difficult to find. Novelties are launched every day, usually sponsored by a Hollywood favorite, and most of them are terrible. So this department was impressed when several good innovations were discovered, at Wanamaker's English Shop, in one afternoon.

The first was a dressing gown that has a broad cravat, made of the same material as the gown, attached to the inside of the back of the collar. This, tied once, will cover a bare neck or a rumpled pajama collar, making you quite neat and presentable in an instant. The cravat can be made, if you wish, in the material of the body or the facings of any gown sold in the shop.

The collection of robes here is distinguished by the fact that the patterns are interesting and the colors unusually restrained. One robe of washable pongee, striped in three shades of dull blue, was shown with a pajama suit (sold separately) which has a jacket of the robe material and trousers of plain pongee the color of the lightest stripe. Russian pajamas made of dark green silk crêpe, and faced with a lighter shade of green, are made so that they can be worn open at the neck as well as buttoned across the throat; these have tight wristbands. The inexpensive cotton pajamas are worth looking at because they are well made and, unlike the freak modern patterns that assault your eyes from shop windows all over town, their designs are simple and their colors fresh-looking.

At the time of our visit some bathing shorts of cotton gabardine were just being unpacked. They are cut like the international-type shorts worn by English rugger players, with wide bottoms, pockets, and small pleats in the front. Since the gabardine is light in weight and sheds water readily, they can be worn for actual swimming, but they seem equally suited to speedboating or any of the dampish waterside activities. These shorts are intended to be worn with a knitted bathing shirt, and they may be as gay or as sober as you wish. Some are plain tan, others are white, but most of them have inch stripes of blue-and-white, red-and-white, and green-and-white. The striped knee-length robes of the same material which are sold to wear on the beach would also make excellent summer dressing gowns.

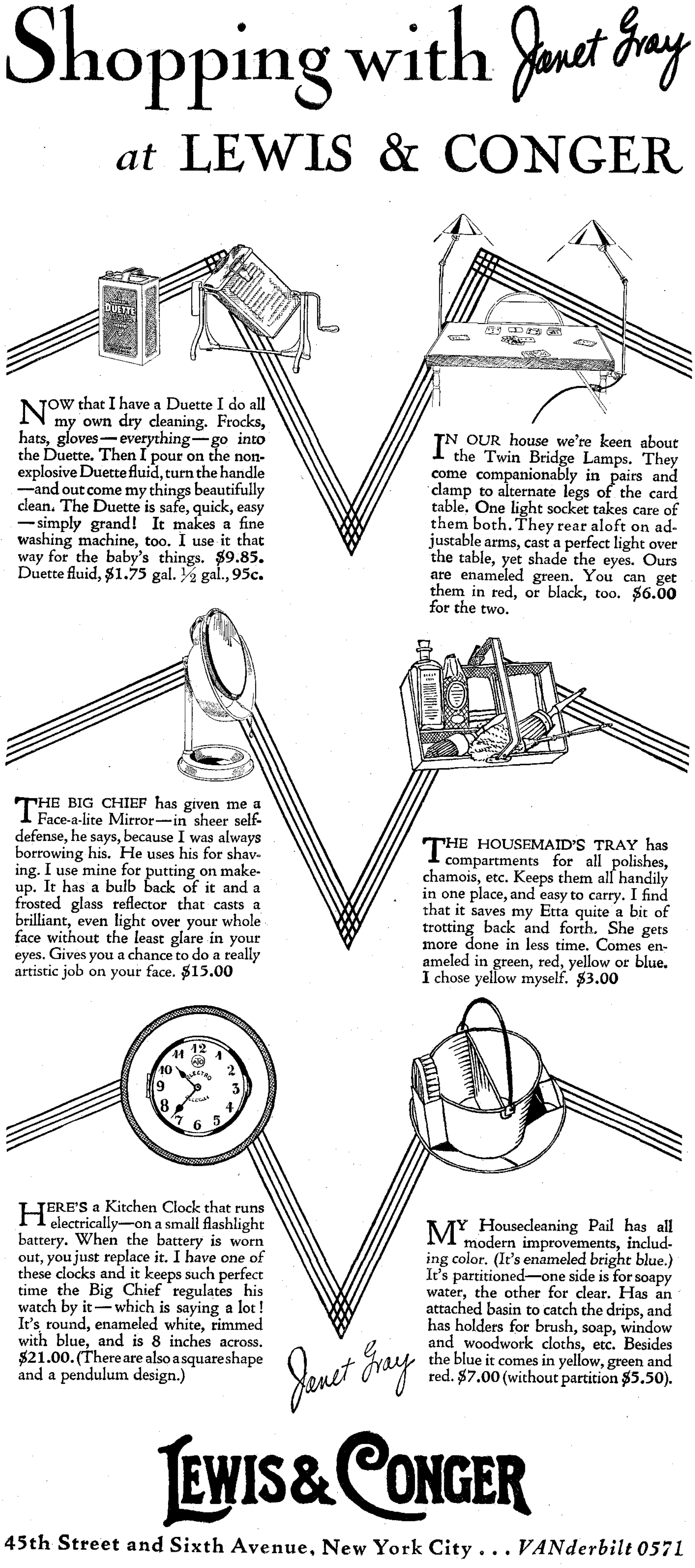
Before we left the English Shop they brought out, with a great deal of enthusiasm, some White Line briar pipes, which require no breaking in. You don't have to struggle with the usual varnish taste for the first day or so; incredible as it may seem, they give a sweet, clean smoke the first time. Also, the stem doesn't separate in the usual fashion but is itself divided about a half-inch from the wood, so that one can easily remove the mouthpiece for cleaning. The price of these pipes is $6.50; there are a few straight-grain briars for $15.

TWO new razors are on the market. One is the Archdale, which costs $5 and is sold at Abercrombie & Fitch and other shops all over town. The other is the De Haven razor, which sharpens when you shake it. This costs $10 and $15, depending on the finish, and is sold at Benson & Hedges, 435 Fifth Avenue; Lugene, Inc., 600 Madison Avenue; Abercrombie & Fitch, and other shops around town.

The Archdale takes any double-edged wafer blade, though of course a special Archdale blade is recommended. A curved top gives two different edges, one for a close shave, the other for a once-over. What's more, the razor head can be adjusted to three positions, one of which is bound to suit your kind of a face.

The De Haven Syncrokeen razor employs a heavy blade which can be used again and again, unless you wear it out showing your friends how it works. You sharpen the blade by simply shaking the razor; in fact there is danger of oversharpening, in which case the edge can be corrected simply by scraping the blade across the heel of your hand. Practice will teach you how much sharpening is necessary to get the right edge for your beard.

Incidentally, the ordinary safety-razor blades seem to be giving less and less shaves than they used to. There was a time when you could use one for a month with only moderate discomfort; now you almost have to take a



Shopping with Janet Gray

at LEWIS & CONGER

NOW that I have a Duette I do all my own dry cleaning. Frocks, hats, gloves—*everything*—go into the Duette. Then I pour on the non-explosive Duette fluid, turn the handle—and out come my things beautifully clean. The Duette is safe, quick, easy—simply grand! It makes a fine washing machine, too. I use it that way for the baby's things. **$9.85.** Duette fluid, **$1.75** gal. ½ gal., **95c.**

IN OUR house we're keen about the Twin Bridge Lamps. They come companionably in pairs and clamp to alternate legs of the card table. One light socket takes care of them both. They rear aloft on adjustable arms, cast a perfect light over the table, yet shade the eyes. Ours are enameled green. You can get them in red, or black, too. **$6.00** for the two.

THE BIG CHIEF has given me a Face-a-lite Mirror—in sheer self-defense, he says, because I was always borrowing his. He uses his for shaving. I use mine for putting on make-up. It has a bulb back of it and a frosted glass reflector that casts a brilliant, even light over your whole face without the least glare in your eyes. Gives you a chance to do a really artistic job on your face. **$15.00**

THE HOUSEMAID'S TRAY has compartments for all polishes, chamois, etc. Keeps them all handily in one place, and easy to carry. I find that it saves my Etta quite a bit of trotting back and forth. She gets more done in less time. Comes enameled in green, red, yellow or blue. I chose yellow myself. **$3.00**

HERE'S a Kitchen Clock that runs electrically—on a small flashlight battery. When the battery is worn out, you just replace it. I have one of these clocks and it keeps such perfect time the Big Chief regulates his watch by it—which is saying a lot! It's round, enameled white, rimmed with blue, and is 8 inches across. **$21.00.** (There are also a square shape and a pendulum design.)

MY Housecleaning Pail has all modern improvements, including color. (*It's enameled bright blue.*) It's partitioned—one side is for soapy water, the other for clear. Has an attached basin to catch the drips, and has holders for brush, soap, window and woodwork cloths, etc. Besides the blue it comes in yellow, green and red. **$7.00** (without partition **$5.50**).

Janet Gray

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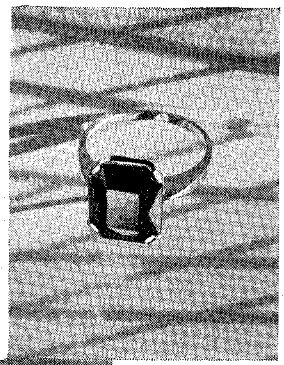
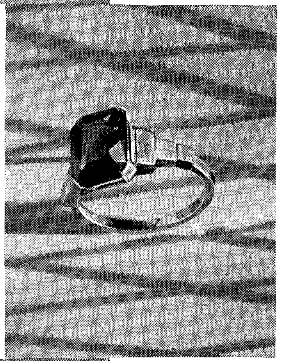
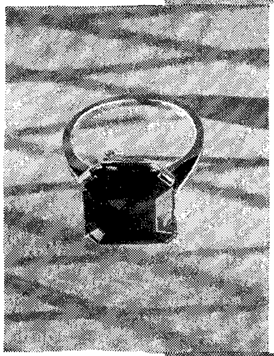
RINGS
in
costume
colors



CHOOSE
an
amethyst
or topaz

PERHAPS
a
garnet or
aquamarine





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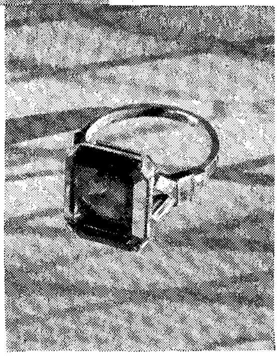

Clear Stone Rings
FROM
MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York

fresh one for each side of your face. However, the Darwin, made in Sheffield, and sold in most drugstores, is a double-edged wafer blade that gave me more comfort than I have been accustomed to of late. It seems to have sufficient edge to cut a beard, which is preferable to having it pulled out bit by bit.

WHILE we are on this subject: Victor N. Nunes, the optician at 6 East Forty-sixth Street, has a shaving mirror that is placed on the front of a metal box with a bulb concealed inside, and a trough at the bottom which reflects the light up onto your face, making each detail of it plainly visible. Not a very encouraging sight perhaps, but we have to face facts if we want a clean shave.

This shop also has some of those large rubber balls on which the map of the world is printed in bright blue and yellow. The map was drawn, they say, by the hand that charted the Antarctic for Rear Admiral Byrd. They were designed for the nursery but, mounted on the iron stand which comes with them, they are decorative enough to go anywhere in the home as a solace to the landlocked traveller.

Another trifle that should appeal to shackled adventurers is a barometer that is an exact copy of those used on clipper ships. It is a glass vessel with a spout, and hangs from a hook attached to a wooden stand. Filled with colored water, it foretells approaching storms by the amount of water that rises in the spout.

MACY has some new handmade English shoes. They prove to you that they are handmade by pointing out an exhibition in one of the showcases, where each step in the making of a shoe by hand is shown. The leather feels firm, but soft and pliable; the last is a good one—small heels and flat toes that are not too pointed; but most important of all to the man who appreciates that the only really comfortable shoes are those that fit perfectly, is the fact that these come in all sizes and in A to D widths. Since a complete stock is constantly maintained, it is always possible to be fitted accurately. The price of the shoes is $16.89.—G. McC.

•

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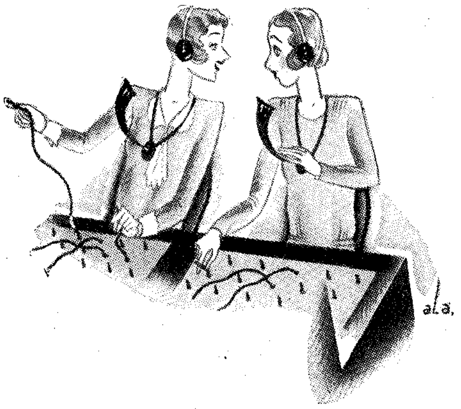
ONE and two and three, one and two and three, one and two and three. Just listen to that big stiff bawl me out. Why does he pick on me? Why don't he pick on someone else? Good God, why don't he let me alone? Don't he see I'm trying to do the step? One and two and three, one and two and three, one and two and three. Tap dancing. That lousy tap dancing. Who the hell wants to see a tap dance anyhow? I never did a tap dance in my last show. I *would* have to draw a dance director who does tap dancing.

Yes, Mr. Vale, I'm tryin'. No, sir, I watched you all the time. No, sir, I wasn't talkin'. All right, Mr. Vale, I'll try again.

The big stiff. Can't he see I'm trying to learn his lousy step? It's a rotten routine. If I was in the audience I'd walk out on such a lousy routine. They don't do tap dancing no more. Sammy Lee didn't make us do a tap dance with his show. Who does Mr. Vale think he is anyhow? A king or something? He's a rotten dance director, that's what that big bum is. Just a lousy dance director picking on poor little girls who can't talk back. He don't dare pick on Lorraine Dane. Lorraine Dane's his girl and he don't dare pick on her. Well, she's welcome to him. I wouldn't have him if he was the last man on earth. I wouldn't have him if somebody came to me and told me they'd give me a million dollars. She's welcome to the bum. I've got a good mind to tell Mr. Smetnik what's going on between Mr. Vale and Lorraine. I've got a good mind to get Mr. Vale in Dutch.

Yes, sir. You mean alone? Yes, sir. One and two and three and one and two and three and one and two and three. I'm sorry, Mr. Vale, I had it right a minute ago. All right, I didn't mean to contradict you. All I meant to say was that I had it right a minute ago. Heel and toe and *heel and toe* and *heel and toe. Yes, Mr. Vale.*

THE big baboon. Did he have to make me get out there alone and do it? Why didn't he take me to one side like a gentleman and tell me how to do it? Because he ain't a gentleman, that's why. He didn't have to make me out a laughing-stock in front of the whole company. That wasn't necessary. I wished to God Mr. Zieg-



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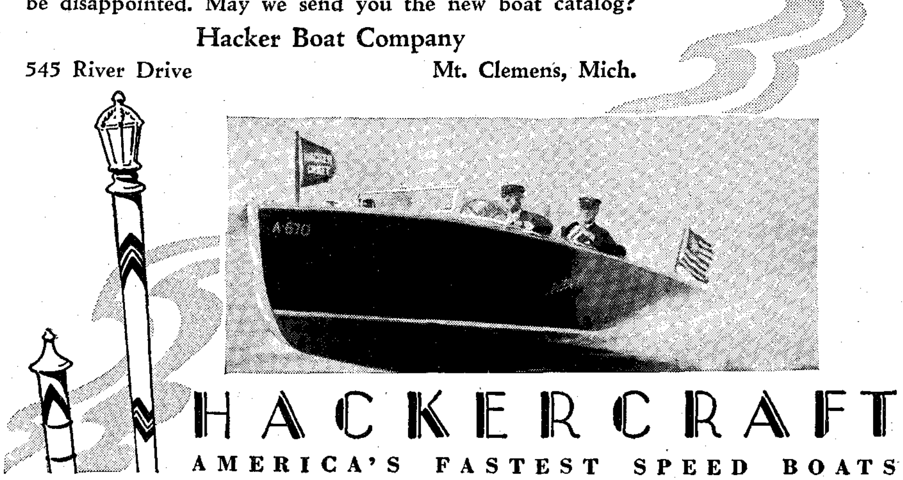

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feld was putting on this show. Mr. Ziegfeld wouldn't stand for Mr. Vale one minute. Mr. Ziegfeld would tell Mr. Vale where he got off at all right. Mr. Ziegfeld would say to him he should stop picking on me and let me alone. I'm only human. After all, all I got is two feet. What more does that guy expect? I'm trying my best. Is it my fault I can't learn them lousy rotten steps? Why don't he do an acrobatic number? I'd show him if I could dance all right. I can do a better split or a cartwheel than anyone in the whole company. The big bum wouldn't put on an acrobatic number. He can't do one himself, that's why. They threw him out of vaudeville because he couldn't do nothing but a tap dance. And now he's picking on me. Oh, my God, I can't do this much longer. I'll get sick, I know I will. I'm dizzy already. If I get sick I'll tell everybody it's his fault, and when I'm dead he'll come around and look at me and his conscience will bother him; but it will be too late and he'll be plenty sorry all right and he'll break down and get gray prematurely and he won't be able to get a job and all the papers will print the story of how his rotten picking on me made me sick and made me die. Oh, I must stop crying. He'll see me putting on the waterworks and I'll get bawled out all over again. There, he saw me. Oh, my God, I'm gonna get hell again.

No, Mr. Vale. On'y somethin' got in my eye, that's all. I was payin' attention to you, Mr. Vale, on'y somethin' got in my eye. Yes, Mr. Vale. All right, Mr. Vale. Yes, sir.

OH, the dirty bum. He'll put me in the second line, will he? I won't stand for it. If he puts me in the second line I'll quit. The hell with what Equity will say, I'll quit. I won't stand for being in the second line. Mr. Smetnik should be glad he got some Ziegfeld girls in his show without them being put in the second line. Mr. Ziegfeld put me in the first line and who the hell is Mr. Vale he should put me in the second line? Where the hell does he get off at anyhow? Does Mr. Vale think he's better than Mr. Ziegfeld? Like fun he's better than Mr. Ziegfeld. Mr. Ziegfeld wouldn't have a director like Mr. Vale for all the money in the world. Mr. Ziegfeld wouldn't have a tap routine like this in all his shows. Huh. What does Mr. Vale know about dancing except taps? The lousy hoofer.

Who—me? I should get out a minute? Watch them?

Oh, the dirty rat. Picking on me again. Disgracing me again in front of the whole company. I gotta stand out front and watch them. He's making me out a fool in front of the whole company. I've a good mind to tell Freddy Burke to get him in the alley and punch the hell out of him. Freddy would do it, too. Oooh, I'd like Freddy Burke to beat hell out of him and give him a taste of his own medicine, and then maybe he wouldn't pick on me all the time.

Yes, Mr. Vale. I'm sure I got it now. Yes, Mr. Vale. You mean try it alone? Yes. One and two and three and one and two and three and one and two and three. Yeah, I've got it now. Yeah. Watch this. Ha? Yes, Mr. Vale. Yeah, all I needed was the practice, that's all. I got it now.

THANK God I've got it. Well, he won't have to pick on me again no more. I got that step all right. Geez, wasn't that a hard step to learn? But it's really so simple. It's heel and toe *and* heel and toe *and* heel and toe. Geez, what a simple little step. Well, it's easy. I bet it's gonna look very pretty out front too.

Ha. What's that, Alyce? Can't you get it? Why, it's easy. Look. One and two and three and one and two and three and one and two and three. It's so simple a child can learn it. No, you start with your left. With the left. Don't be such a dumb bunny, Alyce. One and two and three. Oh, you can't get it into your bean at all. No, no, no. Here, Grace, you better show Alyce how to do it. She's drivin' me off my nut.

What a dope! What a terrible dope! I wonder how some of these dames have the nerve to get into the chorus when they can't even do a simple little routine.—ARTHUR KOBER

•

RANDOLPH, March 21.—To correct a mistake in last week's correspondence. It should have been Donald Poole instead of Kenneth Poole who was married.—*Alliance (O.) Daily Review.*

Isn't that being a bit dogmatic?

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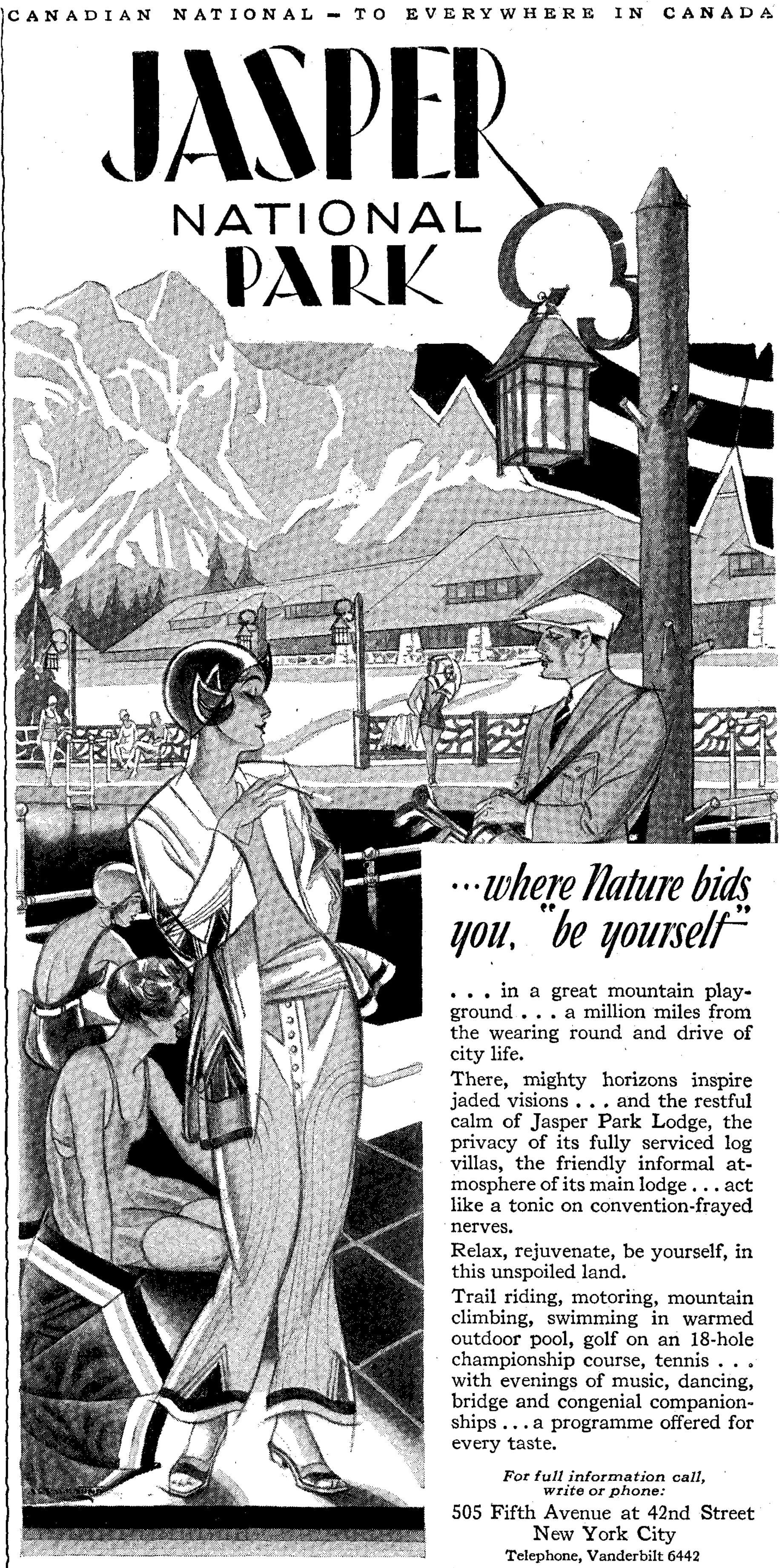
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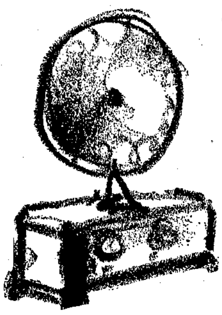

THIS is as good a time as any to list with brief comments those regular program features that will not, except for occasional human lapses, let you down. Those who like sketches or organ recitals must look elsewhere for guidance. This list will be restricted only to those stations which virtually force themselves on you.

STATION WEAF's best Sunday features come in the late afternoon and evening. The Davey Hour at five o'clock has soothing music and pleasant talks about trees. At six comes the Catholic Hour, with good church music and intelligent, not too partisan religious talks. The Capitol Family at half-past seven is one of those things which you either dote on or cannot tolerate.

The Atwater Kent Hour at nine-fifteen has already been praised by this department. You usually can be sure of good soloists and excellent music. "Sunday Night at Seth Parker's" (ten-forty-five) brings you the old-time religion in a mellow way.

Of course, the Roxy Program (two o'clock from WJZ) is one of the best features of the week, and so, naturally, is the Philharmonic Program at three-fifteen from WOR. Mr. Toscanini and his associates need no word from me.

ON Monday, WEAF is good straight through the evening, what with the Voice of Firestone, the A. & P. Gypsies, the General Motors Family, and the Whittall Anglo-Persians. At eight o'clock, from WOR, you can get Footlight Echoes to revive your memories of old musical comedies. At nine-thirty, WABC has "An Evening in Paris," which is good in its more French aspects.

TUESDAY night, from WEAF, Soconyland Sketches rate high in their class. They are recommended with reservations. The time is seven-thirty. The Eveready Program, mostly music, comes at nine and, at the same hour, you may hear Paul Whiteman's Old Gold Orchestra from WABC. There are several bands on Tuesday night, what with WJZ also offering Vincent Lopez on the Pure Oil Hour at eight.

"Going East?"
"You bet!"
"Antwerp Exhibition?"
"You win!"

IF there is any American who hasn't booked his passage for the Antwerp International Exhibition he's risking becoming a back number. For all the world is going there—both the hard-head and the aesthete—and all the world is going to tell the world all about it. Yessir! Your business needs new stimulus maybe, or your artistic senses could do with a little more mental food. Both are available, from April to October. Get literature from Dorland, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, or any travel bureau.

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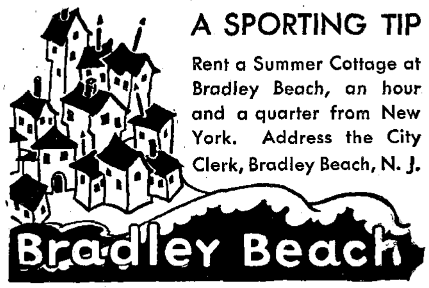

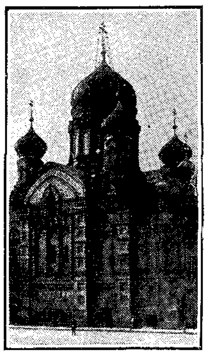

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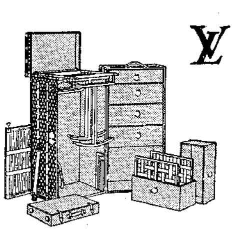

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Station WOR's big feature is the Main Street Sketch at eight o'clock, which evidently will go on forever.

I BELIEVE that, next to Saturday, Wednesday is supposed to be the best evening on the air. At half-past seven, WOR has an attractive musical program, the object of which is to get you to build your summer home at Lucerne-in-Quebec. If you are lucky, you may hear the quartet sing some unusual French songs. Station WEAF has another all-star evening with Mobiloil, Palmolive (a really de luxe event), and Coca-Cola. Station WJZ has two good musical events in the Yeast Foamers and the Sylvania Foresters. At ten, over WABC, you will find one of my pets, the Philco Hour.

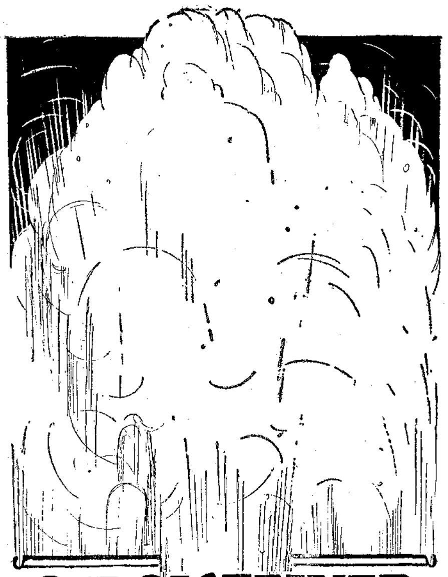
ON Thursday, the National Broadcasting Company, over WEAF, sends you Rudy Vallée and the Fleischmann Hour, at eight o'clock, which you shouldn't miss. The Seiberling Singers come at nine and the R.C.A. Victor Orchestra, which has been good for many seasons, at ten o'clock. From WJZ you can get the Smith Brothers, the Maxwell House Orchestra, and the Atwater Kent Dance Orchestra. Really Thursday night you need two sets.

TO me the high spot of Friday is the Interwoven Pair (Jones and Hare) at nine o'clock, over WJZ. If you don't like puns, switch to WEAF and get the Clicquot Eskimos. The Old Company Songlogue (WEAF) sends you good close harmony and the Cities Service Concert Orchestra, at eight o'clock, is good if you like band music. At ten-thirty WABC broadcasts a program from the Curtis Institute of Music that is worth your while.

AS for Saturday, there is Walter Damrosch at nine o'clock from WEAF, another of the high spots of the week. If, however, you are so sodden that even Mr. Damrosch's unctuous presentation of the best music doesn't touch you, I would advise that you turn to WABC and listen to the Nit-Wit Hour. In a recent broadcast, the Nit-Wits held a race between Chopin's Minute Waltz and a minute steak.

For the rest of the evening, you are safe in sticking to WEAF, what with B. A. Rolfe's Lucky Strike Orchestra at ten o'clock and with Rudy Vallée working his wiles at midnight. At ten, too, WABC has the Paramount Publix Hour, which may or may not be what you want.

—A. S.



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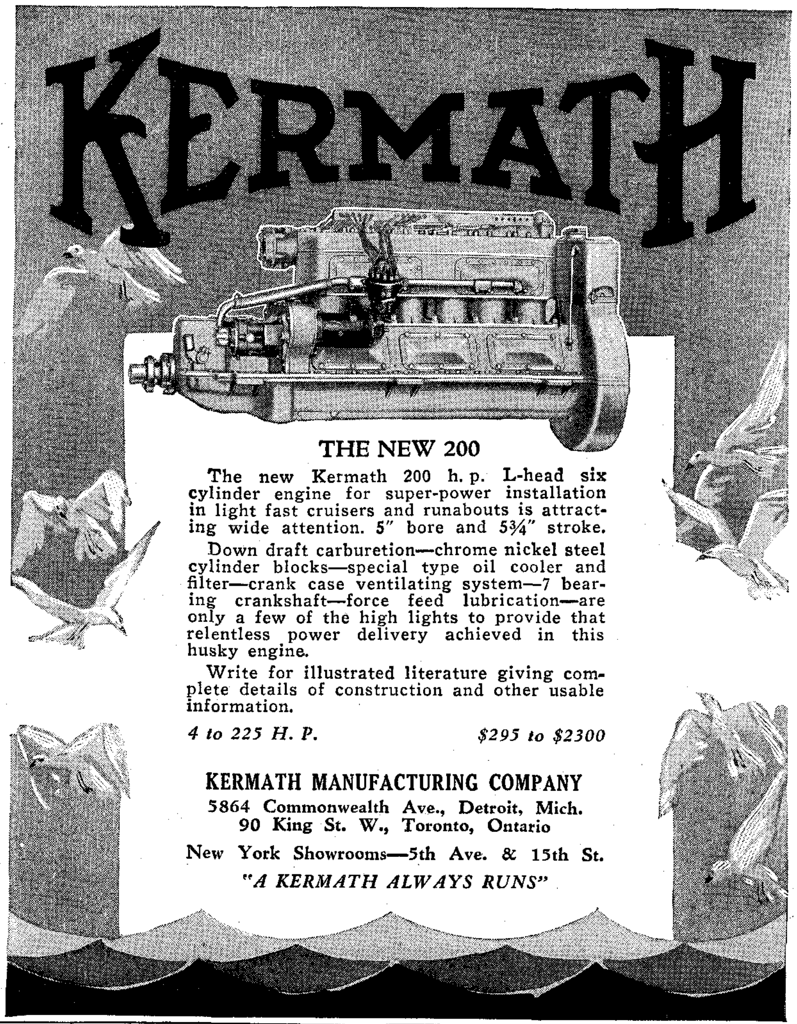
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The new Kermath 200 h. p. L-head six cylinder engine for super-power installation in light fast cruisers and runabouts is attracting wide attention. 5" bore and 5¾" stroke.

Down draft carburetion—chrome nickel steel cylinder blocks—special type oil cooler and filter—crank case ventilating system—7 bearing crankshaft—force feed lubrication—are only a few of the high lights to provide that relentless power delivery achieved in this husky engine.

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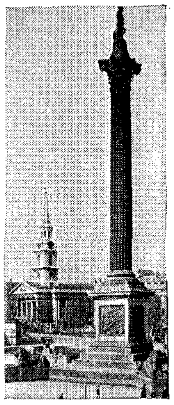
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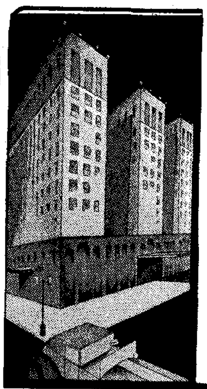
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[— JOHN GALLISHAW —]
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I let the magazine fall heavily to the floor. Somehow there wasn't any fun in reading the advertisements any more since George Asnip disappeared. *There* was a man who got a real kick out of advertisements. He would rather read a good, fancy advertisement than a thrilling novel any day. He was fascinated by the witchery of the copy and the subtle allure of the pictures. Indeed, I believe that it eventually went to his head. Something, I am certain, was a little wrong the day he disappeared. I shall always remember that day. I happened to meet him at his club.

"How would you like to go on a little shopping trip?" he asked. "I have to buy a piano, a flashlight, and—er—some things."

"All right," I said, "where shall we go?"

WE went over to the Avenue to a fashionable piano showroom. It was a gaudy cathedral of display with amber lights, thick rugs, and perfectly poised salesmen. None of them had quite George's poise, however.

"What can I do for you, sir?" said the floor manager as he entered. "I am Mr. Peabody," and he smiled at George.

"Just listen," said George, smiling at Mr. Peabody. "I want to buy a piano, but I want you to listen first." He struck a Byronic pose, pointed toward the ceiling, and began to recite in his bell-like voice.

"A feather flutters from the sky as a tiny bird hovers aloft in the deep Venetian blue, swung from the stars by invisible cords . . . until, with the tremulous beat of sensitive wings, it thrills to life . . . away in a swift soaring glide —so smooth, so exquisitely balanced . . . so effortless."

George lowered his lofty glance and looked at Mr. Peabody.

"Now, Mr. Peabody, will you kindly explain to me how this flight expresses the velvet action in your piano?"

Mr. Peabody studied the floor and

traced the pattern of the carpet with the toe of his shoe. George took a long breath and resumed his pose; this time his expression was dark and mysterious.

"Out of an Eastern garden of another day rises a sitar's soft exotic perfume. There, behind tall gates of sandalwood, beneath tamarind trees that flash with yellow sun birds, sits the one most favored of a rajah's court. Through lashes lustred with a sorma stick, she regards the shimmering mosaic of her jewels, held before her in their musk and champak-scented case. . . . Exquisite amulets, jhunkies, rings, dohlnas . . ."

George was breathing heavily. He fixed a piercing eye upon Mr. Peabody.

"Please, Mr. Peabody, tell me how the beauty and workmanship of your pianos rival these Jewels of Old India."

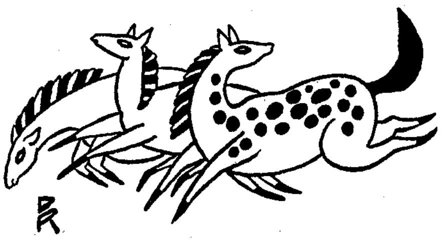
Mr. Peabody choked once or twice, remained speechless. George picked up his coat and hat.

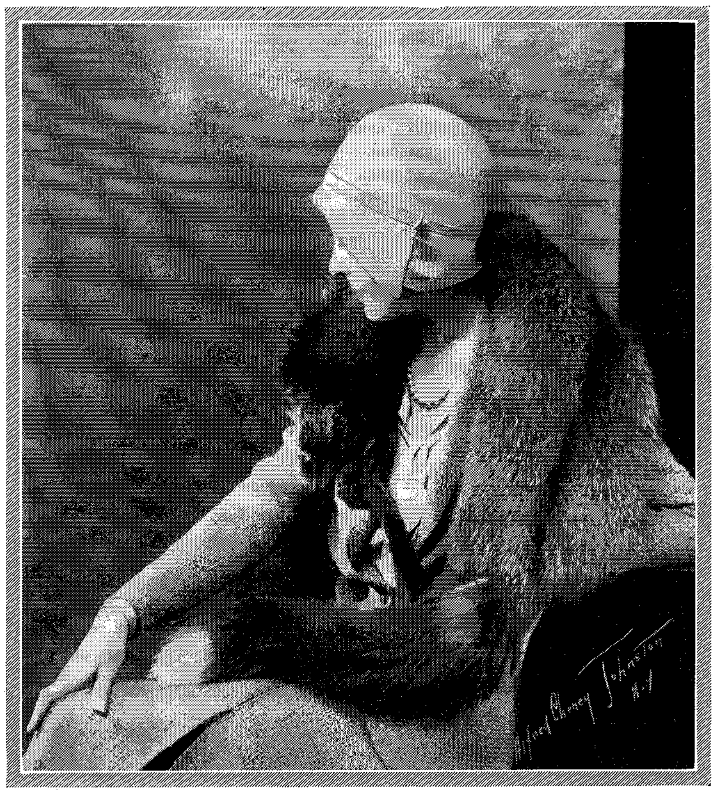
"I don't think he wants to sell us a piano," said George. "Let's go. I have to buy a flashlight anyway."

WE went to a big electrical-appliance store and walked in slowly. Just before we got to the flashlight department we passed a water-cooler. George ducked his head under it and soaked his hair. He started running.

"S.O.S!!! S.O.S! S.O.S!" yelled George as he approached the flashlights. A score of clerks and shoppers rushed over to him. George scorned them and vaulted lightly to the top of the flashlight counter.

"S.O.S! S.O.S! . . . A foundering vessel, wave-lashed and weak, appeals for help. But her bow already is diving for death. The weary crew cannot wait. They lower away—abandon ship for a wildly rolling lifeboat. From crest to trough—trough to crest—plunging over the cold gray swells. At the top of each foam-fringed wave the dog-tired men scan the swashing sea. Night comes on . . . hope droops lower. And then they sight a steamer's running lights! But their matches and rockets are wet. The master remembers a Day-Glow Flashlight hastily jammed into his coat pocket. A moment later the passing ship veers

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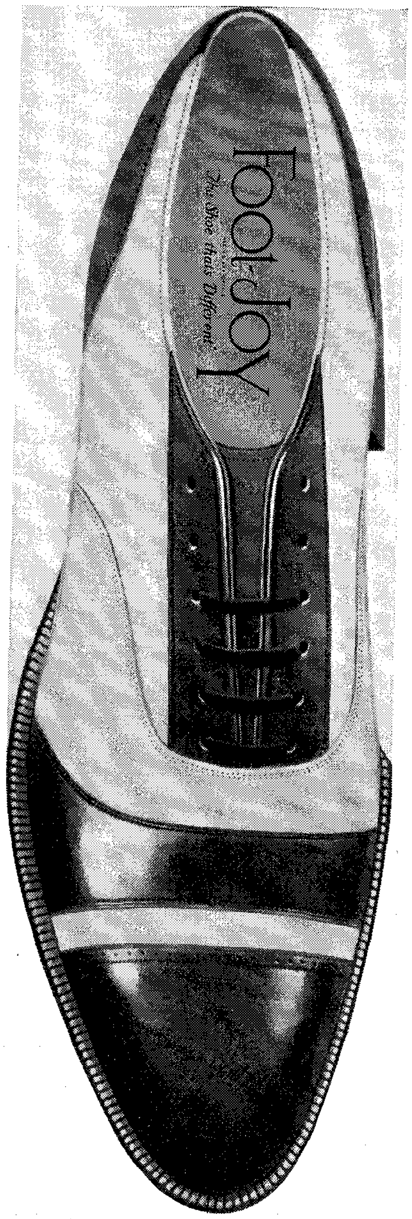

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The above statement is also true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

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toward the beam of light. . . . Saved, men, saved! . . . Saved. . . . Saved. . . ."

With a sob George sank into my arms. The clerks and shoppers set up a lusty cheer and there was scattering applause all over the store. A policeman who had heard the noise and seen the crowd pushed into the store.

"Outa my way," he panted, shoving toward us. "You can't hold no meeting without a permit."

George and I slipped out a side door before any unpleasantness developed.

"Have you any more shopping?" I said.

"No, not right now," said George. "Let's go over to the Bellmore for a bite of dinner."

WE went into the Bellmore Grill and got a table next to the dance floor. The orchestra wasn't playing when we went in, but before we had ordered, the dance music began. Two seconds later George was in the centre of the floor signalling for quiet. The orchestra died away to a mere thumping. The diners were all attention.

"Ahhhh!" sighed George with an exquisite intake of breath. He raised both arms in supplication and began. "Over the dance floor spreads a coral glow. . . . A poignant rhythm has begun. From amorous saxophones and muted cornets come the quickening strains of hidden, seductive music. . . . Lights change to dream-dim sapphire. A waltz like the whisper of warm winds holds you captive in its spell. . . ."

That was as far as George got. I know he was prepared to do some more, but a flying wedge of waiters struck him four points off the midriff and carried him out into the service pantry. When I inquired for him five minutes later, he wasn't to be found. In fact, no one, not even the manager, knew a thing about the occurrence. I haven't seen George to this day, and, somehow, I don't get any fun out of reading the advertisements any more.

—ROBERT WOHLFORTH

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ANAGRAM RHYMES—IV

[ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS PRINTED ON PAGE 65]

I.—Sole, loser, sorrel, rollers.

II.—Rages, grease, regales, galleries.

III.—Lobes, bowels or elbows, bellows, cowbells.

Beauty *and the* Baggage Master

Her trunks arrived—two days late. But what difference did it make. A messenger can always fetch a jar of Geranium Cream, and so Beauty goes on forever.

At Night

take a fingertipful of this fragrant *fluid* cream and rub it gently into your face—planting the flower-garden feeling, cool and pleasant and relaxing. Don't forget an extra layer under the eyes to get rid of circles . . . next morning your skin will wake up looking as you used to hope it might . . . a little more even in texture and color, less wear-and-tearish. . . . In a week, the improvement will be quite noticeable . . . in a month, incipient lines are gone, muscles are firmer . . . if you've been threatened with telltale sags, they're out.

In the Morning

use Geranium instead of your old foundation cream—doesn't dry the skin—or lay you open to shiny nose. Makes an even base for makeup—and the powder stays on without perpetual renewing. . . . As you begin to tan, the brown comes slowly, not with those preliminary red blobs where you don't want them. . . . And all day long, the refining of texture and contour keeps up as it does at night.

Cost?

A jar of Geranium Cream hits you for three-fifty—but it lasts 3 months—6 if you're Scotch—and you don't need a flock of other preparations. Your time-investment is 4 minutes a day—2 night and morning.

At your favorite Fifth Avenue
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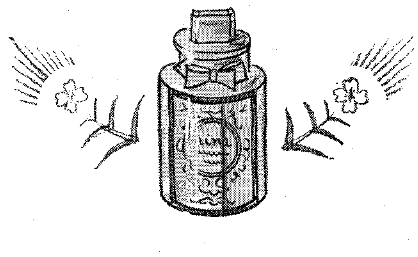
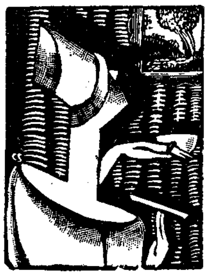
GERANIUM CREAM



THE ART GALLERIES

With and Without Labels—Some Primitives—Opportunity's Choice—Still Another Museum

ARTHUR G. DOVE is always an exciting adventure. Whether he is so far ahead of us that we cannot keep up with him, or whether he tarries in the land of our consciousness, deeply rooted as it is in the sentimental past, we cast our solid vote for Dove. There were times when he was going so rapidly that we would only glimpse him passing over the hill, and others when he tried to make us believe that he thought the best expression of his rare gifts was to assemble sticks and stones cast up by the waves. Now he has come to some sort of terms with himself and has marshalled the vasts of beauty that he can command. Fortunately, for those of us without wings, he has said his say with paint on canvas.



His latest show, now on at Stieglitz's new gallery, would be a thrilling one at any time of the year. Some proof of its strength is its ability to shock you into awe near the end of the season. The advantage of having this kind of a gallery for this kind of an artist is apparent the second you open the door. The fireworks of a truly great American painter, hung against white walls, fairly take away your breath. With consummate stagecraft, Mr. Stieglitz has arranged the most vibrant of the lot to greet your entrance.

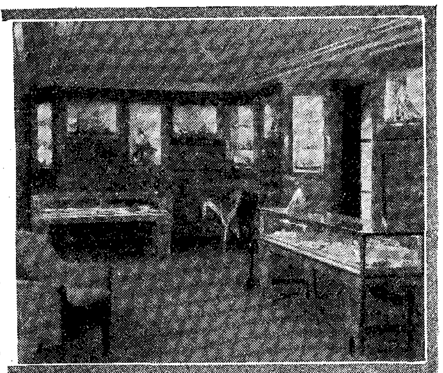
Dove has carried his art to a further point than any other American we know. Combined with his great poetic gifts there is a sound love of the intellectualized approach. What he does results from no haphazard study. It is the product of a great deal of knowledge, assimilated and refined, added to a real painter's gift. We are sorry that he works in a country enslaved by the shackles of representation in painting. So often the most thrilling and beautiful of Dove's canvases are nothing more than a completely realized composition in color. "The Harbour in Light" perhaps steps down a little, allowing the sluggish part of the public at least a handle to cling to—but by any other name it would be a swell painting; and merely looking at it, a high experience.

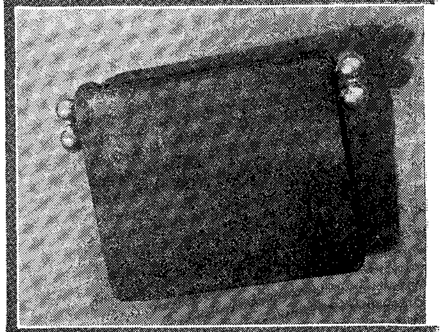
The two sunrise pictures are also labelled. Perhaps Dove has wearied of misunderstanding and has realized that art isn't much fun without an audience. Both of these canvases could be brought under his classifications of images, as could most of the other paintings. Named or nameless they are satisfying and gorgeously beautiful—and by this we do not mean at all pretty. Dove is robust and solid, with that savage beauty that stays with the beholder for a long time. The boys who carry aloft the banner of praise for native painters should shout with joy for Dove. If you like art at all, we don't see how you can afford to overlook him.

SOME of the finest African sculpture ever come to these shores, part of the famous Guillaume collection from Paris, is on view at the Valentine Gallery. If we know our African lore aright, Guillaume was one of the first to see the substantial value of primitive wood carvings in relation to the French movement of today. Anyway, here it is, a pure expression of an uninhibited country, where the artist at all times works for his own soul's release and not for the middleman or the market. The interest in such shows is not necessarily limited to the scholar. We find a great deal of comfort in an art that is such a simple expression of inner fire, *sans* the censoring hand of technique.

ARNOLD WILTZ, at the Dudensing Galleries, is one of our favorites in the primitive school of Americans. His trip to Paris last year afforded him considerable release, allowing him to eliminate a good many of the usual brown Woodstock trees. His work of that period has a fine sensitivity not unlike that of the later Rousseau. "Le Pont St. Michel" is the best example. Among his latest endeavors, "Snowbound" is somewhat pretentious, containing some fine spots of painting and a good deal of waste area.

THE Opportunity Gallery is holding its sixth exhibition of the year, this time on the main floor. It contains the works Mr. George S. Hellman has selected as the best the gallery exhibited during the current season. In the array we find some of our favorites—Joseph de Martini, Dorothy Eis-





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PATOU'S
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Of sturdy leather,
conveniently ample,
with great silvery knobs

$13.89

This bag will hold all a modern maid must carry—it is tailored so beautifully that it will keep its shape to the very end—and it is superbly smart.

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MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway
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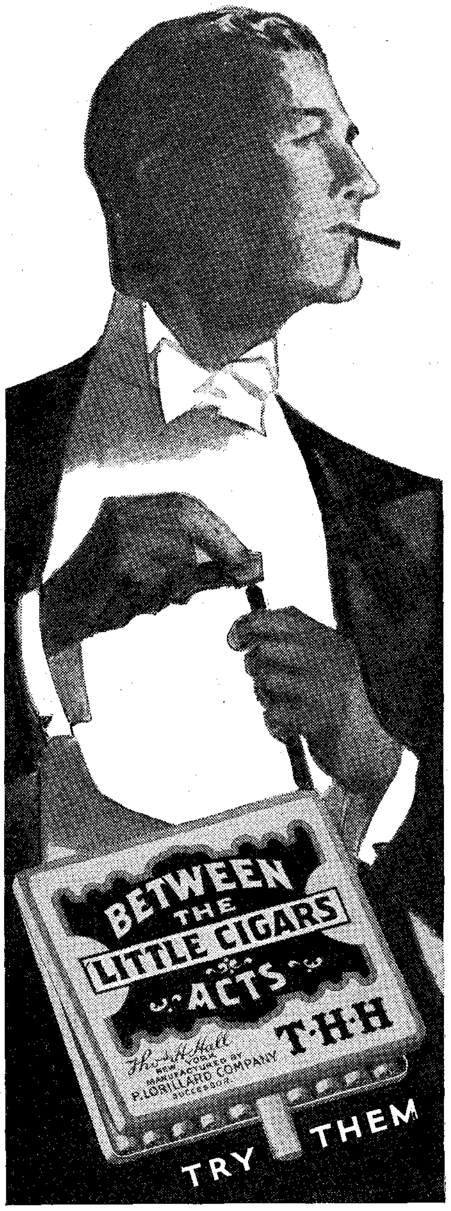
just your favorite
15¢ cigar
split into
ten dividends



. . . for moments when time's too short for a long perfecto. "B. T. A.'s" multiply your smoking pleasures . . . Save the waste of half-smoked cigars.

BETWEEN
THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS
10 for 15¢

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If dealer can't supply you, send 15c for sample tin to P. Lorillard Co., 119 West 40th St., New York.

ner, Ada Gabriel, and Gregorio Prestopino. The show will be on until April 14, at which time, we believe, the paintings will be auctioned off.

THE Whitney Museum of American Art announces it will open next autumn. Now that it approaches its actual début, it is feeling a little more conservative, for it states that it will not concern itself much with experiment, since a museum cannot afford to do so. It will show at first the works of those Americans it once favored as the Whitney Studio Club, and later as the Whitney Studio Galleries, the nucleus for its collection—and a very good start—having been selected by the able Mrs. Force. In this lot there are some fine names and some good painting.

The foundation of another museum is a good sign, for the Museum of Modern Art proved that where one man will go to a dealer's show, thousands will go to a place labelled "museum." The more the merrier for the cause of art. In addition, the Whitney has something of an advantage over the Modern, it being the former's intent to purchase paintings, while the latter spends most of its allowance on arranging exhibits. If any rivalry develops between the two, that also will have a tonic effect on art.

The Whitney Museum will be located in West Eighth Street, and under the experienced direction of Mrs. Force.

HERE AND THERE: Walter Gay, one of the Old Guard, is holding a show of interiors at Wildenstein. . . . Edwin Avery Park will exhibit his water colors at the S.P.R. Penthouse, beginning April 7. . . . Milton Avery has paintings at the Morton Galleries. . . . The Balzac Galleries are commemorating the centenary of the birth of romanticism with a show of Constantin Guys. . . . The works of Sigurd Skou are on view at the Milch Galleries. . . . Joseph Pennell and Childe Hassam etchings can be found at the Leonard Clayton Gallery. . . . The New York Society of Women Artists is holding its annual exhibition at the Art Center. . . . Birger Sandzen is showing prints and water colors at Esther Markham's. . . . Paintings by Emil Lahnor are at the Hackett Galleries. . . . The show of sculpture by Charles H. Rathbone, Jr., at Dudensing, closes April 7. . . . So does Clara Lea Cousins' exhibition of paintings at the Morton Galleries. —M. P.

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tomorrow!

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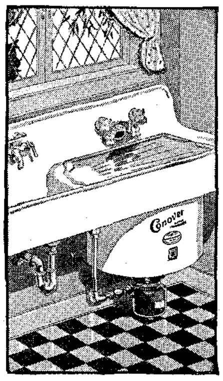

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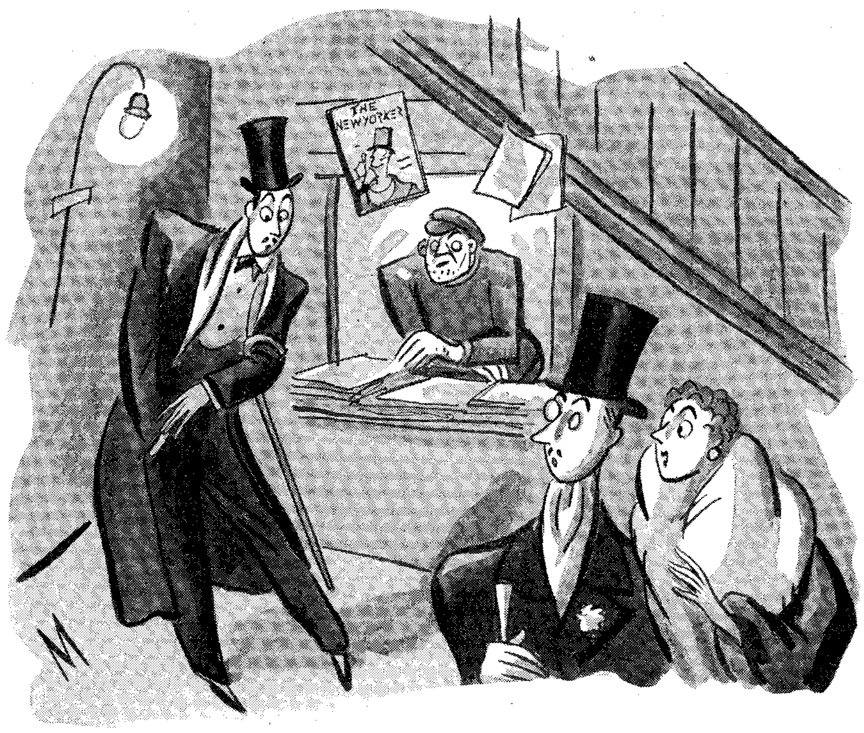
COURT GAMES

The Final Figures—Tournament for Tyros—Triumph of Age

THE squash season is officially over. Mr. Norman F. Torrance, chairman of the National Squash Tennis Association, after spending several days alone with an adding machine, has divulged the ratings for 1929-30. Harry Wolf of the New York A.C. ranks first. He has won the National championship, the New Jersey championship, and the Princeton Invitation tournament. Next comes Rowland Haines of Columbia, while Fillmore Hyde and Tom Coward, of Harvard and Yale respectively, are tied for third place. Last year neither of them played enough to be ranked in the first ten.

B. H. O'Connor, who was listed as seventh last year, has moved up two places, while Dr. Mixsell, who has been just behind Haines for several seasons, has dropped to sixth place. The last four in the select little group are, in order: E. H. Larigan of the Crescent A.C., Milton Baron of the Fraternity Club, Henry S. Thorne of the Yale Club, and Gavin Brackenridge of Princeton. In other words, Murray Taylor of Harvard, F. A. Sieverman, Jr., of Park Avenue, and Jerome Kerbeck of Columbia (prevented from playing by illness) have been supplanted in the first ten by Wolf, Hyde, and Coward.

FURTHER messing around with names and figures reveals the fact that thirty-five men are listed in Class A, of whom seven hail from Columbia, five each from Princeton, the New York A.C., and the Crescent A.C., four from Harvard, three from both Yale and Fraternity, two from Park Avenue, and one from the City A.C. Moreover, if you add these numbers up you get thirty-five. This department is feeling pretty dizzy now, but we can't stop here. Of the thirty-five Class A players, seven are so ranked for the first time, to wit: Howell Van Gerbig of Fraternity, who leaped from Class C to Class A in one leap, H. P. Cole of Fraternity, Adrian S. Kuhn of Crescent, C. J. Mason, Jr., of Har-



HE HAD NO CHANGE . . .
AND WE HAD NO CHANGE

There he stood, fumbling through his clothes. All his silver, apparently, had flowed away. Only a twenty.

There we stood, waiting for a cab.

There the newsdealer stood, looking sympathetic but determined. On the top rack was The New Yorker—his last copy.

It was late. Cabs and pedestrians were scarce. In all Manhattan there seemed to be no change for a twenty.

Finally he went away, turning up his coat collar against a world that could stand by and see a man suffer for the lack of fifteen cents.

Finally we found a cab and went home to draw up a special coupon for those unfortunate people who never have any change.

If you have already arranged to have The New Yorker pop in bright and early every Friday morning, you can use the coupon for a near relative or dear friend. Surely you don't want anyone you like to miss The New Yorker just because he gets baffled by our monetary system or lets all his silver disappear into the eager hands of cigarette and hat-check girls.

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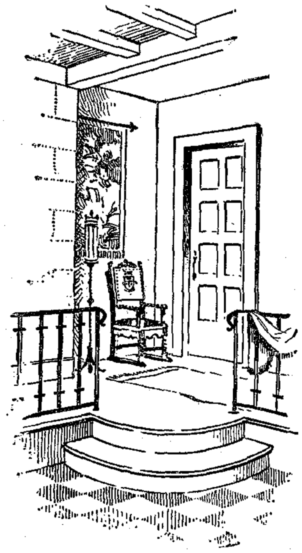

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vard, Edwin Muller of Princeton, R. H. Reutter of Columbia, and Lester A. Strasser of the New York A.C. By analyzing the Class B and Class C players, not to mention that esoteric little gathering known as "those not ranked because of insufficient data," we could keep on this way indefinitely, but fortunately we aren't going to.

IN spite of Mr. Torrance's calculations and the season's being officially over, there is a good deal of intraclub activity going on. Class C tournaments are flourishing, with entries who in some cases hardly know the bat from the ball and, worse yet, frequently fail to establish much of a relationship between the two.

At the Yale Club, where almost as many people seem to be playing as at all the other clubs combined, survivors of the fourth round include Phil Bunnell, former football captain, W. W. Stokes, Jr., G. M. Ives, S. C. Farrington, and S. R. Masters. It seems there is some idea of having squash-racquets courts at the Yale Club some day, as post cards have been sent out to discover how many members would use them. However, nothing definite will be done for a year or two on account of lack of sufficient space at present.

PROBABLY the last more or less official match between two first-ten players this season took place last Saturday at the Princeton Club, when Dr. Mixsell and Gavin Brackenridge played off the final for the club championship. In the first game Dr. Mixsell,

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The finest housekeeping apartment building on Park Avenue. Excellent restaurant. Maid service available. There are still a few 6 to 14-room simplex or duplex apartments ready for immediate or October occupancy.
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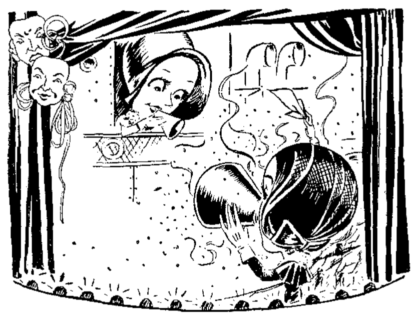


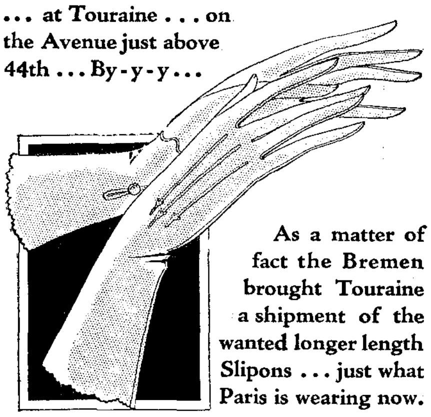
LITTLE DRAMAS OF NEW YORK LIFE

ONE ON THE PIER

Yoo Hoo! Bring me back some gloves from Paris . . .

ONE ON THE BREMEN

Don't be sil' . . . There are better gloves in New York . . . at Touraine . . . on the Avenue just above 44th . . . By-y-y . . .



As a matter of fact the Bremen brought Touraine a shipment of the wanted longer length Slipons . . . just what Paris is wearing now.

IN SUEDE AND KID $3.50

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after trailing at 4–8, took eleven points to his opponent's one, winning 15–9. In the second he got off to a 10–1 lead, and although Brackenridge made an impressive rally and fought for every point, won by a large margin. The last game was much closer: Brackenridge led at first, but Mixsell passed him after 6–all, and kept his lead the rest of the time.

The Doctor was in fine form; he never seemed to tire, while his young adversary, on the other hand, seemed all in toward the end of the match. As a Russian squash enthusiast in the gallery observed, "It was a great exhibition of Age triumphing over Youth." —G. T. H.

•

THE SEMPITERNAL SPASM

Adam, first sensing the fashion facilities
  Lying untouched in the tropical trees,
Grasped the sheer scope of the bare possibilities,
  Shivered—then signalled his find with a sneeze.

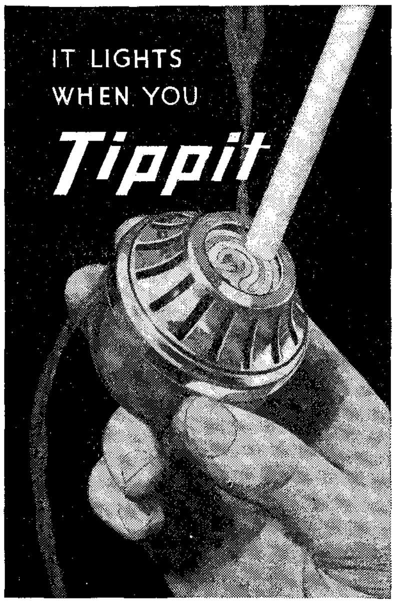
Picture the spy in the days of antiquity,
  Arras-hid, cool—for each plot must be crossed—
Checking grim chiefs in some den of iniquity . . .
  Suddenly, *whish!*—and a kingdom is lost!

History tells us that headsmen unfeelingly
  Chattering shop had a phrase rather pat:
"So-and-So's wife"—ran their argot—"appealingly
  Sneezed in the sawdust . . ." Of course, that was *that!*

Gallants took snuff, when occasions seemed harassing,
  Long ere the day of the suave cigarette;
Sneezes diverted, at moments embarrassing,
  Saved, not infrequently, years of regret!

Sneezing while wooing—ah, pathos Homerical!
  Sneezing in church—oh, the comic relief!
Pepper-fume sneezing—what torment hysterical!
  Hay-fever sneezing—ridiculous grief!
  (Har-ras-choo! in brief!)

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON



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Popular Request Program
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a new play by Margaret Ayer Barnes & Edward Sheldon
EMPIRE THEATRE B'way & 40th St. Evs. 8:40
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By John L. Balderston
With Leslie Howard
and Margalo Gillmore
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ARCH SELWYN'S presentation of
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"Tuneful and jolly show sure to delight the town."—*Darnton, Ev. World.*
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Good Balcony Seats $1, $1.50, $2. NO TAX
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THREE SAILORS
56 PRIZE BEAUTIES

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"The play is an event. It is not a play to miss."
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"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

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Bernard Shaw's
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CLARK & McCULLOUGH
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"STRIKE UP THE BAND"
"Will send you home still chuckling, humming, tingling."—*Gabriel, American.*
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Brock Pemberton Presents
Strictly Dishonorable
Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton
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—*Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American*
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Lew Leslie's International Revue
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SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

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Specially equipped seats for the Hard of Hearing. Seats in advance.

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TOPAZE
A Comedy Hit from the French
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FRANK MORGAN
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THE LAST MILE
"MUST REMAIN THE LAST WORD IN DRAMA FOR A LONG TIME TO COME."
Benchley, New Yorker
SAM. H. HARRIS THEATRE, 42nd Street West of Broadway
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6 TH MONTH
JOE SMITH & CHAS. DALE
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MENDEL, INC.
GEO. M. COHAN Theatre, B'way & 43rd St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Seats $1 to $3.

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JACK DONAHUE in
SONS O' GUNS with
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(By arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn)
ALBERTINA RASCH GIRLS
IMPERIAL THEA. 45th W. of B'WAY. EVS. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30
"One of the best musical shows to come this way in several seasons."—Heywood Broun, Telegram.

LEXINGTON
LOEW'S
Apr. 5, 6, 7: "SARAH & SON" with Ruth Chatterton; Apr. 8, 9: "Chasing Rainbows" with Bessie Love and Chas. King; Apr. 10, 11: "Case of Sgt. Grischa" with Chester Morris.
51ST ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

More Minstrels and Mr. Jolson's Mammy

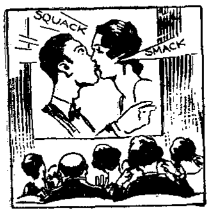
MINSTREL shows have never been my favorite form of entertainment. The elaborate ritual of this species of amusement, the very bigness of them, and the traditional pronouncement of their jests would flatten out, I think, the best jokes in the world, and the best jokes in the world don't seem to crop up in minstrel shows. Aside from this querulous generality, though, there are some pleasant moments in "Mammy," at Warner Brothers', and the thing shapes up into something bright enough.

The brightness is due to Al Jolson, of course, and to that vigor with which he flings out at you the Irving Berlin songs. There is the conjectural historical ditty, "Who Paid the Rent for Mrs. Van Winkle When Rip Van Winkle Went Away?" There are the more personal confessional lyrics, "Let Me Sing and I'm Happy," "To My Mammy," and "Across the Breakfast Table Looking at You," as well as a small tribute to the charm of travel on the Albany night boat. The story is an inoffensive affair about that trick of loading a stage pistol with a real bullet, which gives the audience more of a show than even ticket scalpers could promise.

"CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD" is also musical, and for all we know of the Hereafter, Rouget de Lisle may be noting with satisfaction, as he leans over the golden bar of Heaven, how well his "Marseillaise" records in the talkies. John Boles sings it nicely, but not until he has sung a number of much less stirring lyrics of a sentimental nature. The story is vaguely about the French Revolution, and there is a big moment when the mob takes the Bastille and finds tucked away in one of its cells no less a person than Laura La Plante. You are left somewhat with the impression that the purpose of the whole upheaval is attained when Laura and her beau are reunited.

JOHN BARRYMORE'S new picture, "The Man from Blankley's," at the Central, seems to me just a little too

it's a racket!



say bored new yorkers who have listened to the soundies in certain cinema cathedrals; that's why they consistently seek out that smoothly superior entertainment at

the rialto

where there's united artists' "hell harbor" —well knit melodrama with lupe velez dropping a stitch or two.

the rivoli — united artists

where there's "lummox"—united artists' version of "it's the woman who always pays", paradoxically by fannie hurst and herbert brenon who took what was left after the royalties.

the criterion

where there's paramount's "vagabond king"—ten or more knights in a parisian bar in the days before the ritz—set to music by friml, sung by dennis king.

the paramount

where "honey" from paramount's hollywood hive is on sale for another week — nancy carroll, skeets gallagher, lillian roth, harry green — sweet music! paul ash up on the stage and jesse crawford at the organ.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

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"45 minutes of Broadway"

CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
ST. PAUL
AND PACIFIC

on the new

PIONEER LIMITED

**Chicago-
St. Paul-Minneapolis**

"Same old Rector, aren't you," remarked George M. Cohan (right) as he dined on the Mid-West's outstanding train at Chicago. "As far as I'm concerned, you're the big King of Cuisine."

Thousands of other patrons say likewise . . . for Rector, erstwhile Broadway favorite, rules on every Milwaukee Road dining car.

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

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Electrified
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Rockies
to the
Sea

much for the talkies to manage at this point in their mechanical development. However accustomed, even addicted, we may be to the aural sensations of the new Art, a comedy dependent entirely on its lines, and character lines at that, is bound to be pretty hard going. It wears you down. This is one of those English whimsy things about a guest getting into the wrong dinner party, because of the London fog, and because he is drunk. Mr. Barrymore, for instance, must hiccough quite a bit, and what the talkies can do with a hiccough is almost Wagnerian. The dinner party, a Cruikshank collection of people, is funny.

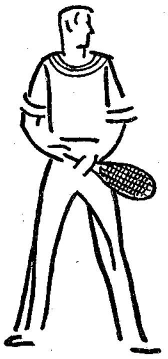
THE laughs in "The Man from Blankley's" come through, you feel, with some effort, which is not true of those in "Honey." Adapted from "Come Out of the Kitchen," "Honey" is an unpretentious story about, as you may remember, some young people who play at being servants to the rich tenants who have leased their house. The movie lifts the tale into farce and burlesque, with songs and dances, and achieves actually unexpected laughs, especially in the scenes given Jobyna Howland and the little child in the piece, a Miss Mitzi Green. Jobyna and the brat are delightful. Nancy Carroll is responsible for the more tender moments.

THERE is nothing unexpected in the other movies of the week. If you pull yourself together for a big dinner and your hosts take you on afterwards not to the important opening you had anticipated but to, say, Lupe Velez in "Hell Harbor," at the Rialto, you may have to work hard to be a little gentleman, and console yourself as well as possible with the pretty scenes of moonlight on the waters in this story of a row in the Caribbean. The new underworld pictures, "Playing Around" and "Framed," are very much the usual thing also. "Playing Around," with Chester Morris, is probably the better of the two. The bumptious humor of "Dames Ahoy," with Glenn Tryon, would be, I think, the most difficult to accept with equanimity under such trying circumstances. —J. C. M.

•

Mr. J. T. Kirk left last week for Georgia on business. He probably will be away until full.—*Lake Wells (Fla.) Times.*

Knowing him as the editor apparently does.



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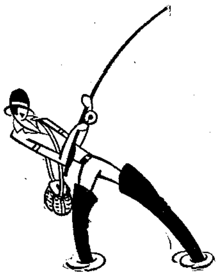

THE trout season opens in New York State April 5, so now such gentlemen as are interested may rush up to the Catskills any day they can get away from the grind. In the following counties the trout streams boast the biggest and the greatest number of denizens: Westchester, Putnam, Orange, Dutchess, Sullivan, and Ulster; and in three streams—the Esopus, the Neversink, and the Beaver Kill—the year's best sport is to be had. Local trains of several lines will get you into the vicinity of your destination, but motoring is by far the best way to go. Phoenicia, in Ulster County, and Roscoe, in Sullivan County, are the two towns you can most easily use as headquarters; the Phoenicia Hotel at Phoenicia and Ferdon's Riverview Inn at Roscoe are old favorites.

LESS familiar fishing, but rapidly gaining in popular favor, is the pursuit of channel bass—sporty swimmers that live in the waters off the coasts of Virginia and North and South Carolina, and venture up into Pamlico Sound. These regions, as you doubtless know, are desolate and devoid of interest except to anglers; the coast of North Carolina is a sandy stretch that lies prey to violent storms. However, having gone first to Norfolk, Virginia, by train, you take a bus or an automobile to a series of hamlets on Pamlico Sound known as the Outlets, and are there met by your guide (with whom, of course, you have made arrangements in advance). You usually live either with the guide in his house or in some quainter fashion—on a houseboat, for instance, as is the case if you go to Ocracoke, North Carolina, to fish under the aegis of Uriah Garrish. This gentleman, literary name and all, is an expert guide and a wise soul. Another headquarters in North Carolina is a place called Point Harbor, from which you may catch as much as two hundred pounds a day.

IN Virginia, there is good sport at Wachapreague, a spot up on the spur that runs off Chesapeake Bay. There is a small hotel of the same name as the town, and guides for the asking. If you aren't feeling altogether primitive, you can go from New York to Virginia Beach, put up at the Cavalier (which is a big, pleasant, smart resort hotel), and intersperse your beach mornings and ballroom evenings with trips forty or fifty miles south for channel bass and indulgence in taciturnity.

WHATEVER you want to know about spring fishing—where to go and what to take, whom to see, what guide to engage, what hotel to put up at, and what size party would be successful—ask your questions of Frederick J. Burghard, Inc., at 545 Fifth Avenue. He is a sportsmen's consultant, and will follow up his good advice by planning routes, engaging guides, making reservations, etc. If you call him up on Thursdays during the spring fishing season, he will tell you what streams hereabouts are yielding the best catch of the week.

TICKETS for the Passion Play at Oberammergau (the first of the thirty-three performances will be held May 11 and the last September 28) may be had from your own travel agent. There are various things to remember. One is that the village is tiny and cannot accommodate more than a single audience at a time; therefore your ticket is attached to a coupon reserving board and lodging for the night. All of which means you have to make your plans carefully; you are apt to be shooed along the day following the performance you see. The Passion Play is taking place in the new auditorium seating fifty-three hundred people; the spectators' space is glass-roofed, though open facing the stage, which is completely exposed to the weather, come what will.

Tickets for Bayreuth are, of course, sold out, though hopeful souls will appear in Munich in large throngs trying to hear Toscanini and the Philharmonic. Germany will be the destination of such crowds this summer that those who plan well in advance will be richly rewarded.

TO the chorus of cheers for the new Europa, I add, in my small voice, assurance on one point which is as important to many travellers as the knowledge that they will cross the Atlantic unusually rapidly: you can be comfortable on the Europa—supremely

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Twin Peaks of Perfection
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Both Distinctive in Every Way. . . .
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At the upper end of the Grand Central Zone in the smart "East Fifties." Suites are of 1, 2, and 3 rooms with foyers and service pantries. Windows are glazed with Vita-Glass which admits the unfiltered rays of the sun. Rentals include maid service, electric light and refrigeration, vacuum and window cleaning service.
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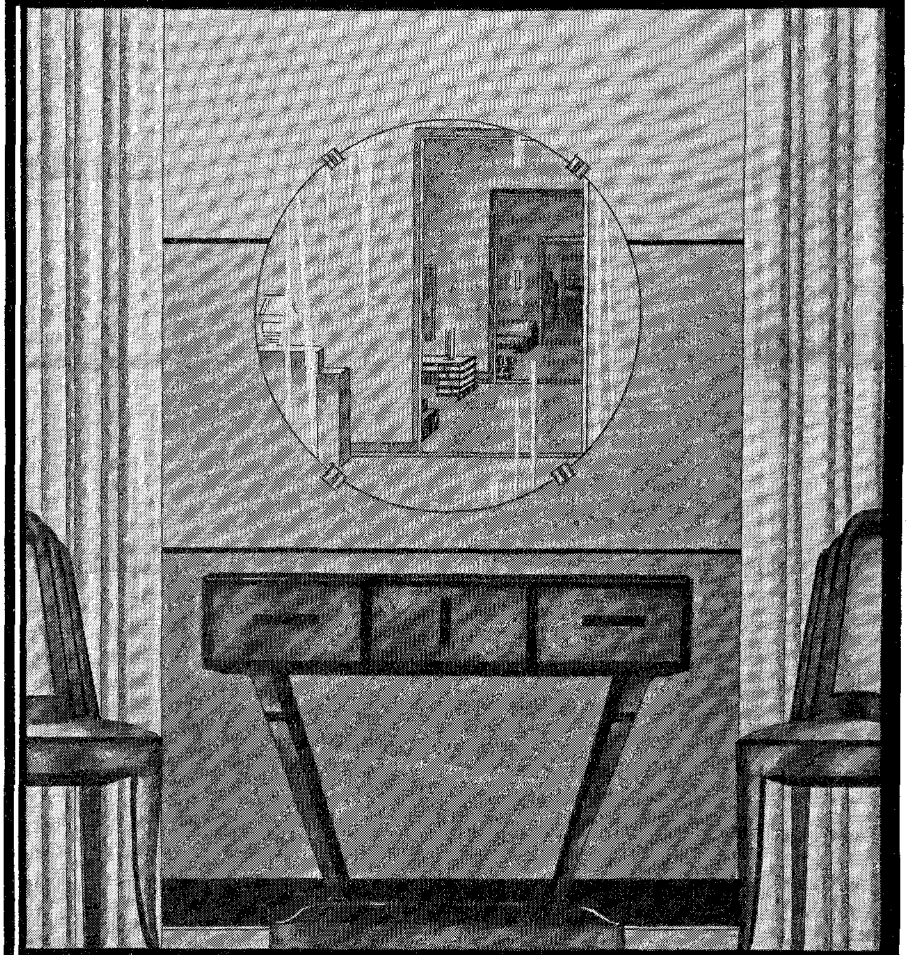

The artists exhibiting include—

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Walter Pach
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comfortable. Avoiding nightmarish modernistic carpets and fantastic damask draperies, the Germans have furnished a ship in what seems to me an ideal style, yet distinctly of the modern school. Nearly all the woodwork is mahogany of the happiest ruddy-brown tone; the rest has the cool café-au-lait shades of the newer panelling. The public rooms—notably the main lounge, smoking-room, and dining-salon—are all handled in a quiet and charming way; nothing in the furnishings or decorations jumps at you; you feel surrounded with solid comfort. Perhaps the most successful gesture of the designers was the use of modern patterns in wood alone, without bars and stripes of metal which startle and do not soothe. In addition to the mahogany tone, beige, peach, and almond-green predominate in the color scheme, the legend of Europa and her bovine mount serving as a recurrent motif in the decorations.

In spite of the now-familiar low-slung construction of the ship, the interiors are unusually airy and give a pleasant feeling of high ceilings and wide corridors. The staterooms are delightful; to say that they are simple and clean is but to remind you of the ship's nationality. In addition, they have a distinctly soothing quality that can be traced to softly colored rugs and to bedspreads and curtains of linen printed in modern designs in shades of green or peach. They have beds, of course; almost always private baths, which are tiled in pastel colors and furnished with creature comforts to the last tiny detail; and pleasant little touches such as a clock in every room and hemstitched real linen on the beds, to gratify the ladies. For the gentlemen, there are the attractions you already know about—a shooting gallery, gymnasium, medicinal baths, numerous bars, a tremendous sun deck for sports, and a smoking-room that suggests a corner in a men's club.

SEVERAL maiden voyagers supplied this additional report: The Europa does *not* vibrate in proportion to her speed; the stern of the boat does *not* suffer from proximity to those enormous propellers; and the food and service are all you'd expect of the flagship of a major line. —FOOT-LOOSE

•

HOOVER'S FIRST YEAR ONE OF FACT FINDING—*Newspaper headline*

Uh huh. Fact finding and shirt losing.

SOME PLACE LIKE HOME

ON returning recently to London from New York it came over me suddenly—just as we steamed into Southampton and were welcomed by a rousing blast of English winter chill—that I could not face another dose of London home life. The cold house, the icy bathrooms—I could face those all right, for you didn't expect ever to be warm in England. It was the staff that I couldn't face. Those British cooks who went on making you eat five courses of what you didn't want when what you wanted was two courses of what you did want. Those housemaids—those parlormaids—oh, I couldn't face them. They were all too civilized, too refined. After the low kind of upbringing I'd had in New York I simply wasn't up to them.

What was it, then, that I did want? Well, just a little place all my own. Something simple, with somebody running in to make the beds and wash the dishes and running out until needed again—the way it is back home. A kitchenette. The right—if I wished—to find my yesterday's castoff clothing in the middle of my bedroom floor tomorrow. How could you find this in London?

I ran into an English friend, Mrs. Craig-Higgs. I asked her: "Can a person live a simple carefree life in London, and if so how?"

"Certainly," she replied. "One takes a service flat, reahlly."

"What is a service flat?"

"It is a furnished flat in a house full of similar flats. One has one's own sitting-room, bedroom, and bath."

"And kitchen?" I put in eagerly.

"What in the world would one do with a kitchen, reahlly?" inquired Mrs. Craig-Higgs. "To be sure, there's a central kitchen downstairs which serves all the flats. One wishes something, one presses a bell, one gets it. Indeed one has all the comforts and privacy of home without any household cares whatever. An ideal life, reahlly."

SO I took a service flat in Mayfair. Sitting-room, bedroom, bath. In the sitting-room were chintzes, Chinese vases, steel engravings of several Battles of Trafalgar, a clock minus the minute hand, with stark fascinating works under a tall glass dome, and a library consisting of the bound volumes of the *Rifle Brigade Chronicle* from 1890 to 1923.

I had arrived in the evening. I went to bed at midnight. I was awakened about seven the next morning by the sounds of metal scraping against more metal.

"Who are you and what are you doing?" I asked.

"David, Madam. The house-parlorman-valet, Madam. I am lighting your fires, Madam."

I was about to comment appropriately when a maid came in bearing two large jugs of hot water, which she carried to the bathroom. This was the first time I'd realized that it was that kind of bathroom. I almost said something, but was kept from doing so by the appearance of another maid who carried something that looked like a kind of sacrament on a little tray. This turned out to be my early-morning tea. I don't want early-morning tea. I won't have it. Oh, well, I took it.

While I was drinking my tea, David, the house-parlorman-valet, returned to ask, thank-you-Madam, what I'd like for breakfast. What did he have? Porridge—kippers—bloaters—kedgeree—anything I liked. Breakfast, being served in the sitting-room, got me out of bed long before nine. It was a big long breakfast. I had barely got through with it when a strange man came in and paused monumentally on my threshold.

"I am the butler," he announced. "Will you kindly give your orders now for luncheon, tea, dinner, and tomorrow's breakfast, as we like to do the shopping before ten, Madam."

I was still racked from the strain of thinking up all these meals immediately after an English breakfast when one of the maids came to ask which afternoon dress should she press and which dinner dress would I be wearing. Had she said *dinner* dress? Was I going to have to dress for dinner amidst these Battles of Trafalgar, for the company of that timeless clock? Well, I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't! Well, tonight maybe—but not every night—at least—

BY noon I had my place practically to myself. I had begun to feel quite simple and carefree, when a lady came in. She was very tall. She had a hawknose. She wore trailing brown skirts and a starched shirtwaist with a lavender ribbon pinned across its front.

"I am the manageress," she announced. "I do hope you're feeling quite at home?"

"Oh. Thank you very much."

"Americans always like my house, you know. I rather cater to them, really. I spent four years in New York and I sometimes think I'm more American now than English. By the way, do you know Mrs. Vanderbilt?"

"No," I admitted, too, *too* weakly.

"Oh," she replied.

"Be assured," she continued, "that there is no one in my house that you wouldn't care to have in your own home. I take only the right sort of people. Prince and Princess Blavatsky have the flat above yours—of course they're Russians, but still . . . The Dowager Lady Jones has been across the hall for years and years, the Honourable Mr. Hickson-Smythe at the back—such a delightful young man—he's related by marriage to Royalty, you know. I am so glad you're comfortable. Americans always like my house. If there is anything I can do to make it more homelike for you—"

"Thank you," I hope I said.

—FRANCES CRANE

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NEWS PICTURES

[OR THE GAME OF THE CENTURY]

There's a matter so involved
That it never will be solved,
Yet we're constantly confronted by
the thing:
Could a person ever learn,
Or a citizen discern,
The earmarks—of a robber or a
king?

Here's a banker drinking beer
With a handsome racketeer . . . !
Regard the face of him who forged
a cheque—
And this bandit with the brow
Of a scholar, showing how
He choked a fancy bishop by the
neck!

Will you kindly bend your glance
On the nonchalant advance
Of gangsters hacking people whom
they meet?
Such as gentlemen with cash
Whom they hammer into hash,
And leave all mauled and messy on
the street? . . .

It's a vision keen and strange
Which is able to arrange
The items in a scandal—or a grudge.
Though I thoroughly peruse
The murders in the news,
I always pick the cutthroat for the
judge!

—PATIENCE EDEN

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If you are building or opening your country home, remember that Chez Vous originates unusual and charming interiors. The porch and terrace are two spots to which we devote special attention.

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ANTIQUES

SUMMER-SPORTS FORECASTS

IV—A LITTLE LOOK AHEAD AT SWIMMING

MORE and more bathing suits made of less and less will be worn this year. Swimming, perhaps the cleanest sport of all, is becoming a national pastime, and it is expected to continue and increase in popularity so long as women are anxious to learn how to swim every year and men are willing to teach them.

As in the past, swimming will consist of ten per cent splashing around in the water and ninety per cent sitting in the sun on the beach. It used to be that, for lack of an excuse to do otherwise, everyone had to shiver in the water for hours, but now one has an excellent alibi in the popularity of sunburn. Swimming is practically painless if you don't go into the frigid water—and provided you don't mind having your shoulders blistered by the friendly rays of Old Sol.

The raft anchored fifty yards from shore will seem very near when one first starts to swim out to it, and will gradually recede into the horizon after the first twenty vigorous strokes have caused one to breathe jerkily, inhaling a mixture of two parts water and one part air. Arms which were strong and supple at the start will acquire certain of the more unpleasant characteristics of lead. And when the raft is reached at last, the superhuman effort required to hoist one's self on it will be the last straw which will cause one to consider quite seriously staying out on the raft permanently.

Fat men will continue to try to emulate the easy grace of their daughters in diving, thereby holding themselves up to ridicule and raucous laughter, and seriously threatening the safety of small children on the beach with the tidal waves they throw out. There will be a number of well-executed swan and jackknife dives at the more popular beaches, but these will be far outnumbered by dives coming under the category of "belly-flops."

Bronzed, muscular life guards will, as before, be symbols of romance to impressionable members of the opposite sex, but every beach will have a skinny, undersized guard who, despite a tendency to peel rather than brown, will actually earn his pay. There will be a great amount of playful screaming, to which no attention will be paid, unless the girl is pretty.

—JOHN C. EMERY

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Excuses

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JUST a simple cake, light and fluffy, with the fascinating crumby top that children love—and even cry for. With a glass of Suesskind's rich creamy milk, it's the perfect dessert for them. We wonder if all the orders for "streussel cake and coffee" are for the kinder too! One way or the other it's a very popular confection at

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RECENT BOOKS

Splendid Scottish—Creative Struggles—Jungle Terrors—Michael Angelo—A Family Sacrifice—The Office—Gunmen

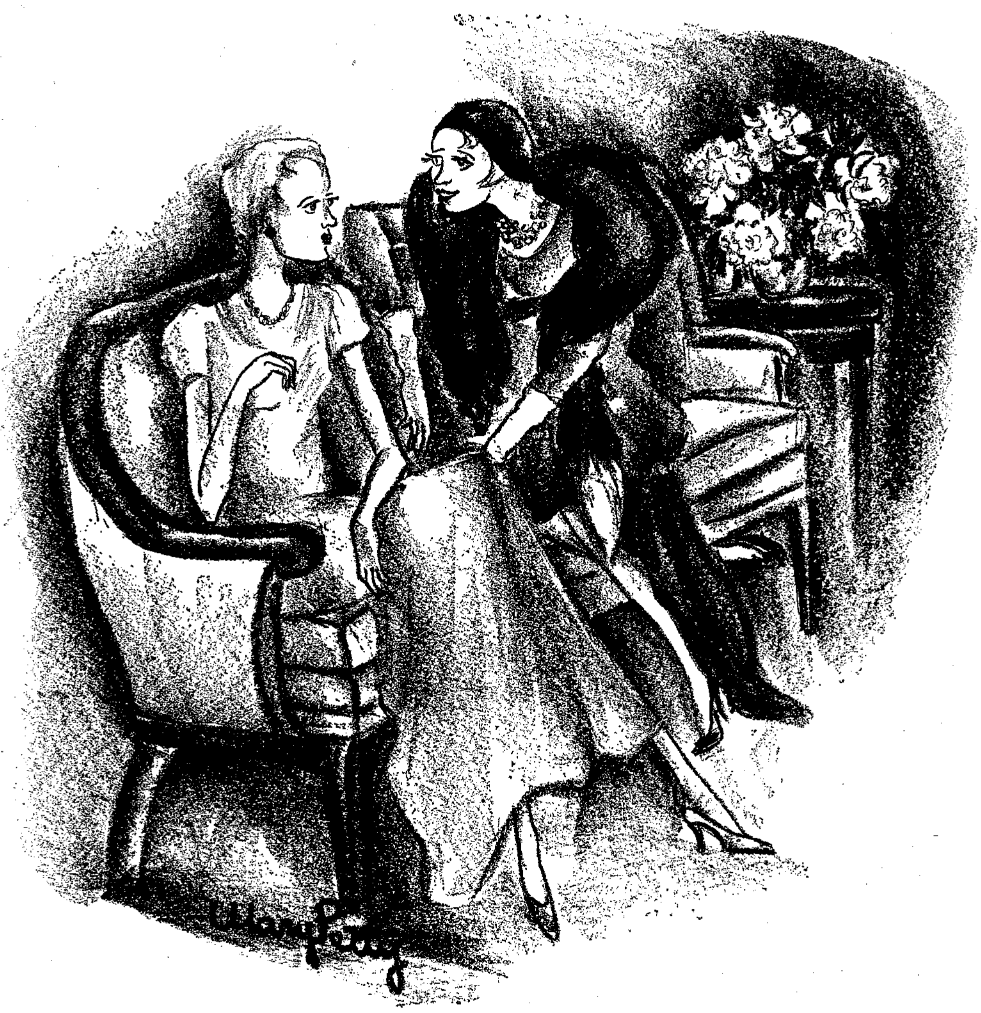
“GALLOWS’ ORCHARD” is only incidentally a good first novel. What is more important, it is, regardless of its opus number, a novel of sentence-by-sentence, word-for-word excellence. Miss Claire Spencer should be allowed to shoot down the first reviewer who, in well-bred enthusiasm, calls it “promising.” For it is not, and let us be firm about it, a book for literary sharpshooters, but one for wider and more critical audiences.

This, then, is a tale of a Scottish village with its uncanny mixture of dour morals and eerie mysticism. In her narrative, Miss Spencer is not afraid of simplicity; her story is the ageless, placeless biological tragedy of a woman and of the inevitable Biblical stoning. In creating the character of Effie Gallows, she has also been brave. Effie is presented in clear, bright beauty as one of those disturbing, unhuman, unholily lovely women marked out by fate for great tragedy. Modern novelists are skittish about these heroines planned in the grand manner; they put too great a strain on the imagination. Miss Spencer’s Effie is as splendidly and as nobly drawn as one of Hardy’s women.

It is a great temptation to quote at length from “Gallows’ Orchard,” because Miss Spencer’s pages are full of sudden surprises. The story of Effie, told by her lover, the village schoolmaster, has the twilight beauty of the Scottish speech. The description of the festivities of Effie’s wedding carries with it echoes of Tam o’ Shanter’s revels, and one short paragraph which tells of the finding of Effie’s murdered husband is vivid, compressed horror. I like, too, the freshness of Miss Spencer’s words. She speaks of a house standing on a “quick hill” and the flowers in the minister’s garden are “well kept and well groomed, and look healthy and insolent.” The very first picture you have of Effie stamps the woman indelibly on your mind. “She looked as if she might own every damned stick and stone on the whole countryside, and hold them in great contempt.” This sort of writing has vigor, precision, and insight; in comparison with it, your average novel seems mincing and vague.

ANOTHER first novel, “Huntsman in the Sky,” is a more conventional performance. However I will not hurl that insulting “promising” at the head of Granville Toogood. His book is definitely above average. If it fails to come off completely, it is because Mr. Toogood was working with that most difficult of themes—the creative struggle of a musician. Musicians, except as actualities and sometimes even then, are unwieldy literary figures. The dark things that go on in the soul of a composer are not easily brought to light. Because the drama that occurs in the heart of a sound-stricken person is so obscure, it must be conventionalized when it is set forth in words. Furthermore, to be trivial, I have yet to read a musical novel in which the hero, on first viewing the heroine, did not sit down and play “Tristan und Isolde.”

Mr. Toogood’s hero is a man whose talent is thwarted by the smoothness, the ease, and the conventionality of a Philadelphia background. No amount of training at the Conservatoire can put the necessary wrinkles in the man’s soul. This is, of course, an Edith Wharton theme. If Mr. Toogood’s musician never emerges clearly and sharply, his background is beautifully real and genuinely amusing. He has caught the exact color and taste of Philadelphia’s social background. There are, too, recognizable figures, as, for instance, the “Apollo in tweeds” who conducts the orchestra and the eminent gentleman who looks like a “dyspeptic postman;” and Mr. Toogood takes you to an Assembly—which was, of course, inevitable. Moreover he describes those grand mansions of Philadelphia with the air of a man who



“Listen, Estelle! Tuesday I’m having lunch with an author! Do you want to have tea with me afterwards?”

knows every carved walnut table in the city.

AS for other books of rather special interest: "The Fool's Parade," by John Vandercook, is a collection of very fine stories about Africa. In them you will find all the horror, the terror, and the weird beauty of the jungle. They are really worth your while.

Isabel Paterson's novel, "The Road of the Gods," is an odd story of a pagan tribe of Central Europe. It has a pretty air of unfamiliar romance and is engagingly told.

The biography, "Michael Angelo," by Dmitri Merezhkovsky, is rather a mannered work. It is not a full-length portrait but a glimpse of Buonarroti at the dramatic peak of his career. It is more a play, with Michael Angelo as its leading character, than a complete study. Included in the volume are two short stories by the same author.

Another very special book is "Arrogance: The Conquest of Xerxes," by the late Louis Couperus. It is magnificent and difficult writing by a great stylist, excellently illustrated by Theodore Nadejem, and a decorative volume to own. —A. W. S.

MORE BOOKS

THERE must be something contagious about the cheeriness of our younger novelists. Last week it was Julian Green, and now Morley Callaghan comes along with "It's Never Over," which starts with the hanging of a murderer and concludes with the death, from pleuro-pneumonia, of his sister. What's more, if his sister hadn't died of pleuro-pneumonia she would have been choked to death by the hero, one of her lovers. Imagine the poor fellow's chagrin when, after dropping in just in order to choke the girl to death, he finds that the little minx is already dying of pleuro-pneumonia! It takes a situation like this to rouse one of Mr. Callaghan's characters to a display of emotion; for the most part they don't seem to care what happens to them, and consequently neither does the reader. Mr. Callaghan's descriptions are good, though a little too precise; but his dialogue, deliberately toneless and repetitious, smacks of a somewhat devitalized Hemingway. His men and women never reveal themselves in their conversations, in spite of the fact that they converse almost continually.

"The Kramer Girls," by Ruth Suckow, is more of a tug at the heartstrings, although there is little in it that readers of Miss Suckow's previous books haven't come to expect. Family sacrifice is the main theme: Rose Kramer, the heroine, is a pretty but commonplace girl for whom her two older sisters toil, moil, and boil. Sister Georgie is very much like Cora in Miss Suckow's last novel—masculine, generous, always thinking of others. Rose's husband, too, is very much like the husband in "Cora." The Suckow men are too uniformly spineless to be convincing. Still, the story has a genuine emotional quality and will give you an insight into the lives of a few unpretentious individuals, its background being a small town in Iowa.

TO come to the big city: "The Company," by Edwin Seaver, is a series of sketches of people working with a large business organization. Clerk, boss, vice-president, stenographer, junior executive, advertising manager, and copywriter are shown as human beings, some likable, some—notably the higher officials—fatuous hypocrites, all rather pathetic. Mr. Seaver achieves pathos without sentimentality and has a fine satiric sense. His method of exposition, which relies on a unity of environment rather than action, is effective, and his lucid humor is a better weapon against the cult of Big Business than the partisan rage of those who fail to see that the boss may be as much enslaved by the organization as the office-boy. If the Gideon Society ever runs out of Bibles, we suggest they place copies of Mr. Seaver's book in the rooms of all hotels patronized by big executives.

"The Pig Is Fat," by Lawrance M. Maynard, is another *pièce-à-thèse*, the bugaboo this time being prohibition. August Wagner, a respectable saloonkeeper of thirty years' standing, is put out of business by the new law, after which his son Benny, having nothing better to do, gets involved with bootleggers and gangsters and becomes a criminal himself. Prohibition or no prohibition, Benny would probably never have come to an awfully good end, but there are apparently authentic accounts of gory combats engendered by the liquor traffic that don't shed any glory on the working-out of the Eighteenth Amendment. I say authentic because when Mr. Maynard writes of gangsters' quarrels and prison life he presumably knows what he's talking about. A contributor to the *American Mercury*, he is serving a seven-year term in a state penitentiary.

THE week's best travel book is "The Great White Silence," by Louis-Frédéric Rouquette. Rouquette was a young Frenchman who tried to escape unpleasant memories by wandering all over the world, particularly all over the Far North. He died four years ago. In this book he describes his adventures in Alaska, two of the high points being the hymeneal activities of a party of seals and the author's meeting with a French miner who, miles from civilization, wore a top hat and frock coat every Sunday. It kept up his morale.

A WAR book that will take you out of the trenches into the actual firing line is "Through Blood and Ice," by Ferenc Imrey. Mr. Imrey is a Hungarian artist of anti-militarist temperament who served against the Russians on the eastern front. The tale of what he and those with him went through, not to mention what they saw, is often almost unbelievably horrible, and is all the more impressive for being recorded with the detachment of the artist—the book's dime-novel title to the contrary. —G. H.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Gallows' Orchard, by Claire Spencer (*Cape & Smith*). A distinguished first novel that deserves your attention—beautifully told tragedy of Scottish village life.

Huntsman in the Sky, by Granville Toogood (*Brewer & Warren*). The struggle of a creative artist against Philadelphia society.

The Fool's Parade, by John W. Vandercook (*Harper*). Splendid and terrible stories of Africa.

The Kramer Girls, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). Family life in a small town in Iowa, recorded with feeling.

The Company, by Edwin Seaver (*Macmillan*). Satiric and sympathetic sketches of the cogs in a Big Business machine.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber (*Doubleday, Doran*). Colorful, cinematic novel of pioneer days in Oklahoma. Recommended with pleasure.

Bottom Dogs, by Edward Dahlberg (*Simon & Schuster*). The story of the son of a lady barber, with some fine realistic writing.

Vile Bodies, by Evelyn Waugh (*Cape & Smith*). Celestial satire for the intelligent.

'Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys, by Roark Bradford (*Harper*). Old Testament stories interpreted by a Negro preacher. To be read after seeing "The Green Pastures."

Christine and Other Stories, by Julian

Green (*Harper*). Four lugubrious tales, smoothly written.

Stephen Escott, by Ludwig Lewisohn (*Harper*). Mr. Lewisohn's clinical analysis of marriage.

Eroica, by Samuel Chotzinoff (*Simon & Schuster*). Pleasantly romantic novel based on the life of Beethoven—and, incidentally, good biography.

The Man Who Lost Himself, by Osbert Sitwell (*Coward-McCann*). The tragedy of a poet, told in brilliant, imaginative style.

Down in the Valley, by H. W. Freeman (*Henry Holt*). Ingratiating and charming novel of English country life.

Pending Heaven, by William Gerhardi (*Harper*). Smart satire on Free Love and Bohemianism.

The 42nd Parallel, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). Cross-section of American life, brilliantly written and beautifully constructed. An important achievement.

The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (*Viking*). Life, with a background of old Kentucky.

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder (*A. & C. Boni*). For those who like Thornton Wilder.

Australia Felix, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). The early life of Richard Mahony. Those who read "Ultima Thule" will need no further recommendation.

Pay Day, by Nathan Asch (*Payson & Clarke*). Sordid doings of a New York clerk on his night out. Effectively written.

Pure Gold, by O. E. Rölvaag (*Harper*). Prairie tragedy of the gold lust. Beautifully written, of course.

The Good Soldier: Schweik, by Jaroslav Hasek (*Doubleday, Doran*). The adventures of an idiot in the Austrian army, and a comic masterpiece.

All Our Yesterdays, by H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*). The story of the birth of the war, splendidly told by a fine journalistic mind. Some magnificent writing.

Mothers Cry, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Harper*). The tragedy of a New York mother—and something to break your heart.

Mysteries

The Master of the Day of Judgment, by Leo Perutz (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). . . . Murder on the Marsh, by John Ferguson (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . Author Unknown, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson (*Cosmopolitan*). . . . Red Aces, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). . . . Death in the Box, by Marcus Magill (*Lippincott*). . . . The Circle of Vengeance, by Nora and George E. Jorgenson (*Appleton*). . . . Death of My Aunt, by C. H. B. Kitchin (*Harcourt, Brace*). . . . Card 13, by Mark Lee Luther and Lillian C. Ford (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . The Beacon Hill Murders, by Roger Scarlett (*Crime Club*). . . . The Body in the Safe, by Cecil Freeman Gregg (*Dial Press*).

General

Arrogance: the Conquest of Xerxes, by Louis Couperus (*Farrar & Rinehart*). A great era recreated by a remarkable stylist.

Through Blood and Ice, by Ferenc Imrey and Lewis Stanton Palen (*Dutton*). An Hungarian artist writes without reticence of his war experiences on the eastern front. Gory but detached.

Byron, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). The romantic story of the limping angel. The wisest and wittiest of current biographies.

"Orderly!," by M. R. Werner (*Cape & Smith*). Life in a base hospital, told for those who enjoy their operations.

My Reminiscences as a Cowboy, by Frank Harris (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). A glimpse into Mr. Harris' unsuspected past.

Jews Without Money, by Michael Gold (*Liveright*). Authentic story of New York's East Side. Written with restraint.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria, by Karl Tschuppik (*Brentano*). Emperor Franz Joseph's unhappy wife sympathetically and intelligently portrayed.

A Gentleman Rebel, by John Hyde Preston (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Mad Anthony Wayne rescued from mustiness.

Mata Hari: Courtesan and Spy, by Major Thomas Coulson (*Harper*). An English officer writes without sentimentality about the notorious woman spy.

The Crusades, by Harold Lamb (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a gorgeous adventure told with fine color and spirit.

Columbus: Don Quixote of the Seas, by Jacob Wassermann (*Little, Brown*). Superior biography interesting both for its point of view and for its sharp light on an obscure and tragic character.

LoBagola, (*Knopf*). The life story of an African savage which, true or not, is good reading.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by Louise Schutz Boas (*Longmans, Green*). The poet presented in the terms of a romantic novel.

Year In, You're Out, by Samuel Hoffenstein (*Liveright*). You should read it yet.

Georges Clemenceau, by Jean Martet (*Longmans, Green*). A great man's words and deeds as recorded and seen by his secretary.

The Paris Gun, by Henry W. Miller (*Cape & Smith*). The complete story of that almost mythical gun with the seventy-five-mile range. Good reading.

Humanism and America, edited by Norman Foerster (*Farrar & Rinehart*). All about a cultural challenge.

Canfield, by Alexander Gardiner (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of the gentleman gambler, with good sidelights on New York in the glittering era.

Good-Bye to All That, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the current books.

Is Sex Necessary?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

Peter Arno's Parade (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

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APRIL ICE

Seeing in April ice
A budding bough
Clear under crystal,
He thought of how
His young love's tender beauty
Shone bright beneath
Its icy April's cold
And crystal sheath.
He thought of his young love
And said, "Like this,
Her beauty, caught
In chill enchantment, is
Snow White sleeping
In a glassy cell
Until the sun of summer
Breaks the spell."

—Jean Batchelor

NEW LACED effects!

$13.50

Laced but not straight-laced—this frivolous little sandal is designed for life's lighter moments! Expensive-looking but not expensive—the Modernmode price is designed to fit the moderate budget! . . . Fitting the Narrow Heel AAA to C

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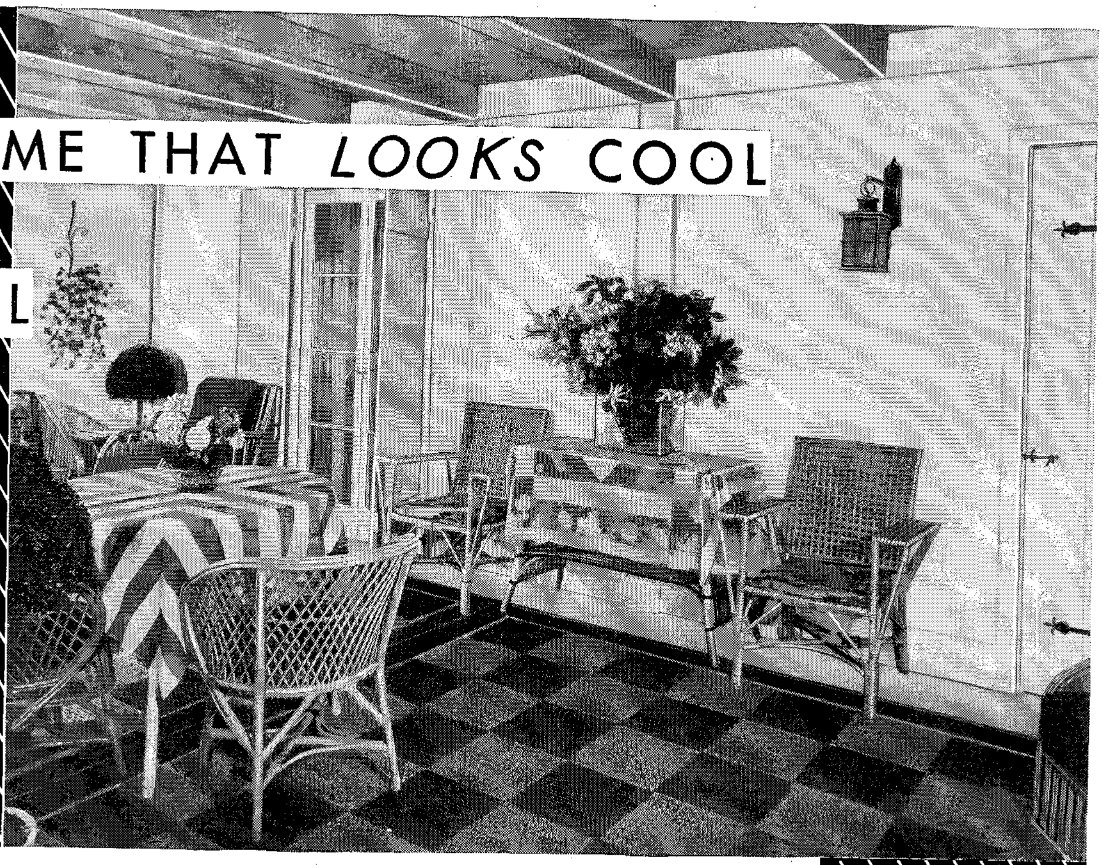
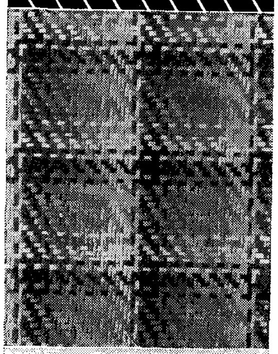
THE HOME THAT *LOOKS* COOL *IS* COOL



An invitingly cool sun porch, employing a Bozart Rug —as shown in DELINEATOR

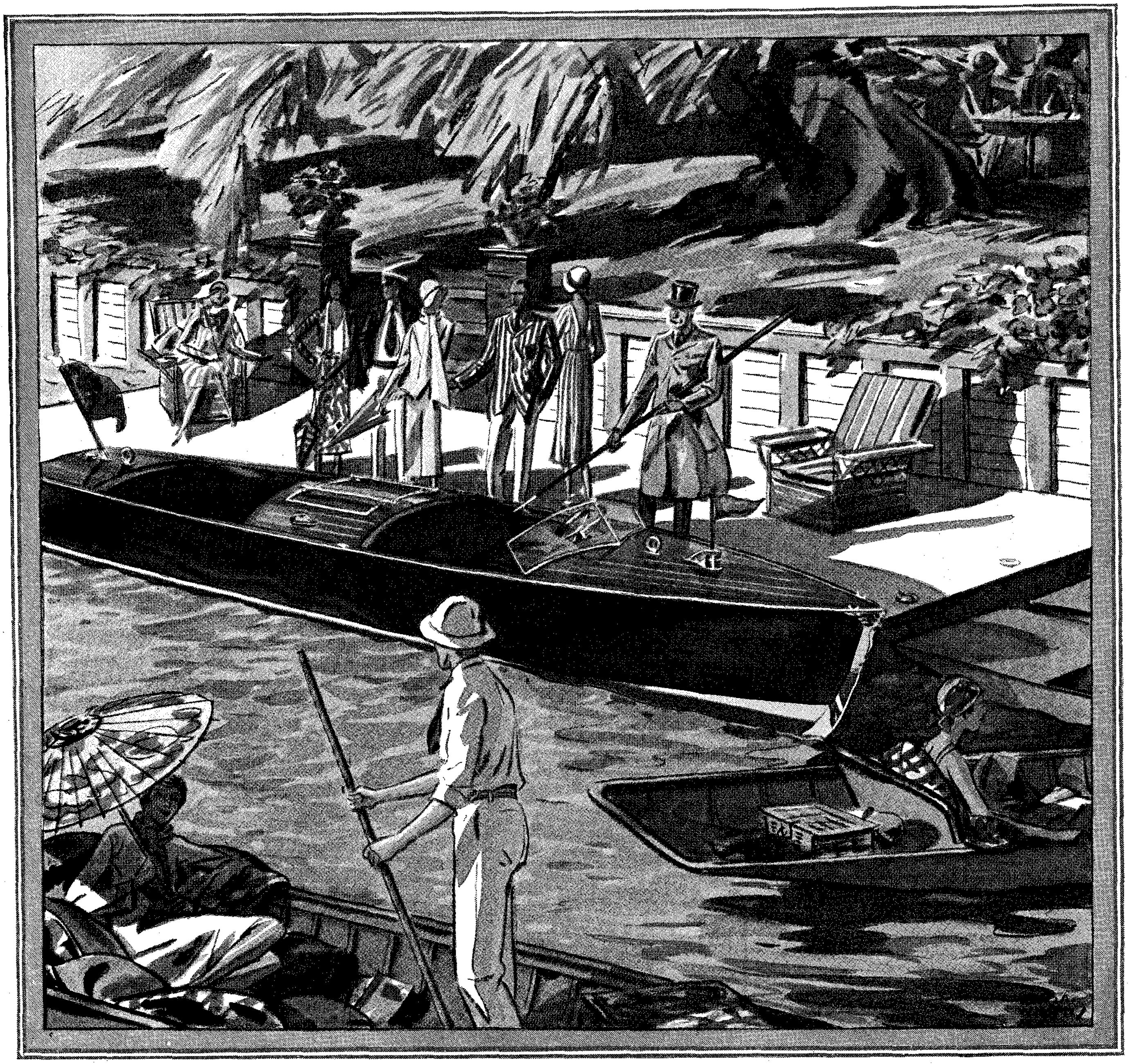
COOLNESS in summer is not alone a matter of the thermometer. It's very much a state of mind, as influenced by one's surroundings. New Yorkers who move in the vanguard of the mode are discovering this—just as innumerable hotels and clubs have discovered it in seasons past. They are defeating the mercury's worst by "summerizing" their homes. Of course, they are beginning with their floors —and Bozart Rugs. ● Bozart Rugs are as cool as they are freshly colorful to look upon and live with. The wide range of tones and patterns offered insures a perfect blending with any interior. ● Years of hard wear are woven into Bozart Rugs; water cannot injure them; they resist sunlight, clean readily with a damp cloth and are, withal, surprisingly moderate in cost . . . This year why not "summerize" *your* home? Take up, clean and store your more costly winter floor coverings for the hot months, and thus give them longer life. In their place lay Bozart Rugs and so "dress" your home to suit the season. ● Select your Bozart Rugs at any of the better stores, on or off the Avenue. If your favorite shop cannot serve you, communicate with the Bozart Corporation, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RUGS BOZART FABRICS



An Intriguingly "Different" Fabric

Bozart also offers a new and intriguingly "different" Fabric of many uses. It is woven of the same durable materials as compose Bozart Rugs, but is specially treated to render it softly pliant, yet sturdy. Bozart Fabric serves charmingly as permanent upholstery, slip covers, drapes, and wall coverings. It comes in many lovely colors and designs. Consult your decorator.



ILLUSTRATED IS THE 5-PASSENGER 16-FOOT RUNABOUT ↖ 40 H.P. MOTOR ↖ SPEED 25 MILES AN HOUR ↖ PRICE, FULLY EQUIPPED, $945

STORIED waters of many lands have purled a welcome to the new Dodge Boats ↖ ↖ ↖ Pictured here is England's River Thames — famous in fact and fable ↖ ↖ ↖ Only the miracle of modern mass production could create these new Dodge Boats at such amazingly lessened prices ↖ ↖ ↖ At $945 the new Dodge Sixteen Footer alone begins a new epic in boating history ↖ ↖ ↖ With mahogany planking from stem to stern ↖ ↖ ↖ bottoms double planked ↖ ↖ ↖ this gem of marine beauty is fully equipped from luxurious upholstery to electric starting and lighting ↖ ↖ ↖ with a 40 horse power motor ready to speed away from dock or mooring at twenty-five miles an hour ↖ ↖ ↖ It is merely one illustration of the striking values in the entire series of new Dodge Boats including ↖ ↖ ↖ the 35-miles-an-hour Twenty-one Footer at $2100 ↖ ↖ ↖ the 38-miles-an-hour Twenty-five Footer at $3200 ↖ ↖ ↖ and the 300 horse power Twenty-eight Footer with its better than 45 miles an hour at $4500 ↖ ↖ ↖ Victoria Sedans at $3900 to $5300 ↖ ↖ ↖ Write for a complete color catalog with descriptions of all Dodge Boats.

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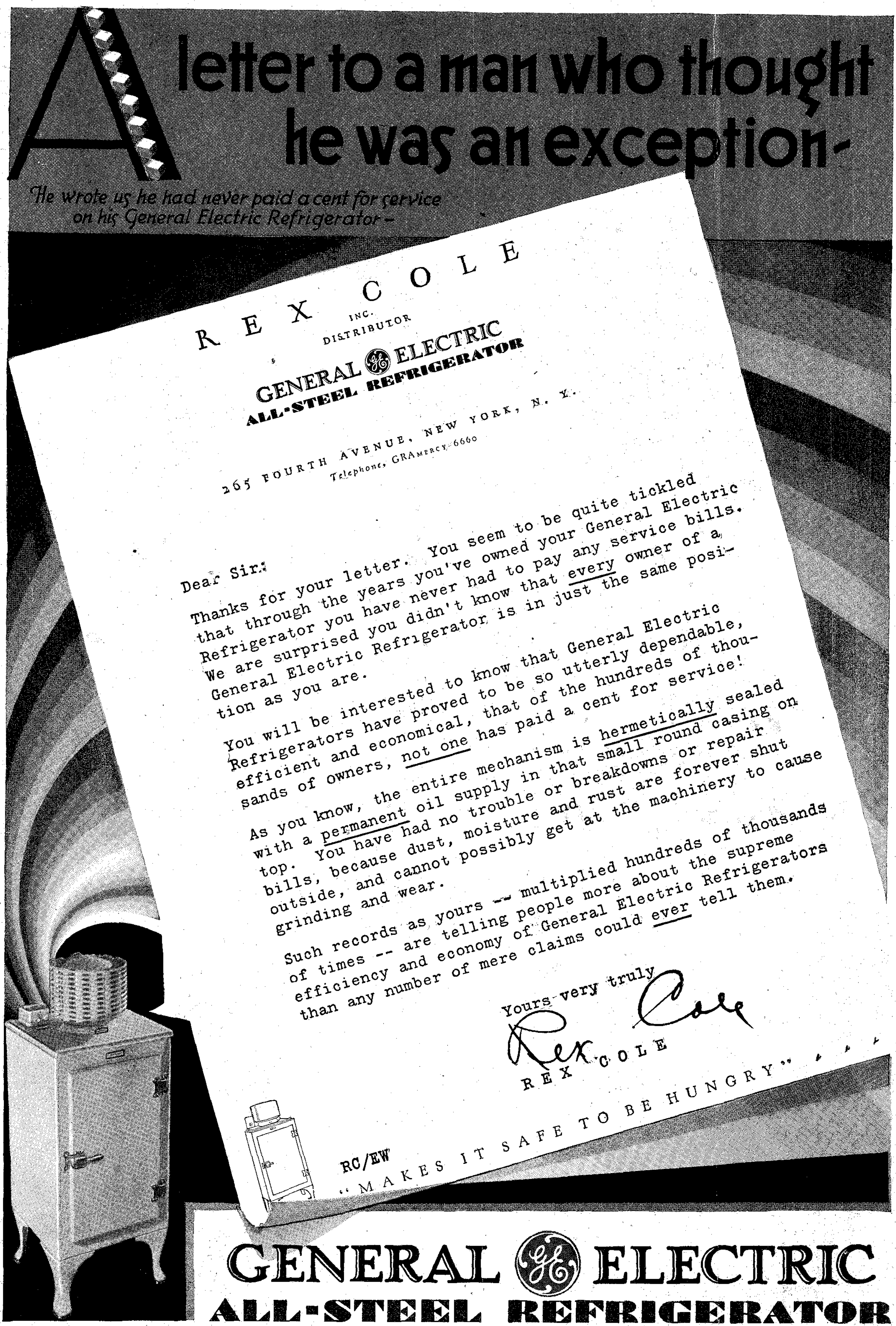

A letter to a man who thought he was an exception–

He wrote us he had never paid a cent for service on his General Electric Refrigerator–

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DISTRIBUTOR
GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

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Dear Sir:

Thanks for your letter. You seem to be quite tickled that through the years you've owned your General Electric Refrigerator you have never had to pay any service bills. We are surprised you didn't know that every owner of a General Electric Refrigerator is in just the same position as you are.

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As you know, the entire mechanism is hermetically sealed with a permanent oil supply in that small round casing on top. You have had no trouble or breakdowns or repair bills, because dust, moisture and rust are forever shut outside, and cannot possibly get at the machinery to cause grinding and wear.

Such records as yours -- multiplied hundreds of thousands of times -- are telling people more about the supreme efficiency and economy of General Electric Refrigerators than any number of mere claims could ever tell them.

Yours very truly

Rex Cole

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"MAKES IT SAFE TO BE HUNGRY"

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR